



MICKEY FINN



ROSCOE



POISON IVY



BIG TOP



SWING SISSON

# FEATURE

COMICS

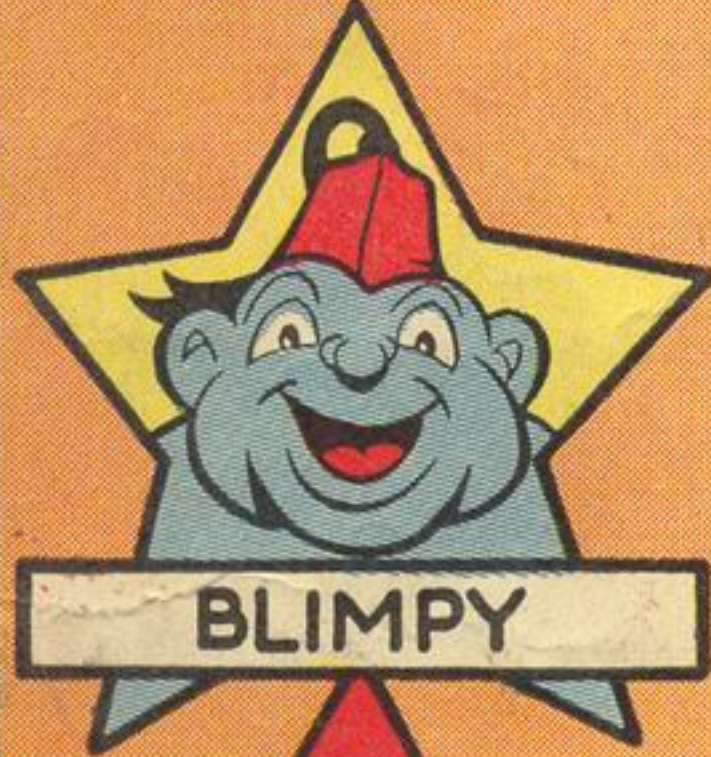
SM  
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QUALITY  
COMIC  
GROUP

AUGUST  
No. 113

*The*  
**DOLL  
MAN**  
meets the  
*HIGHWAYMAN!*

10¢



BLIMPY



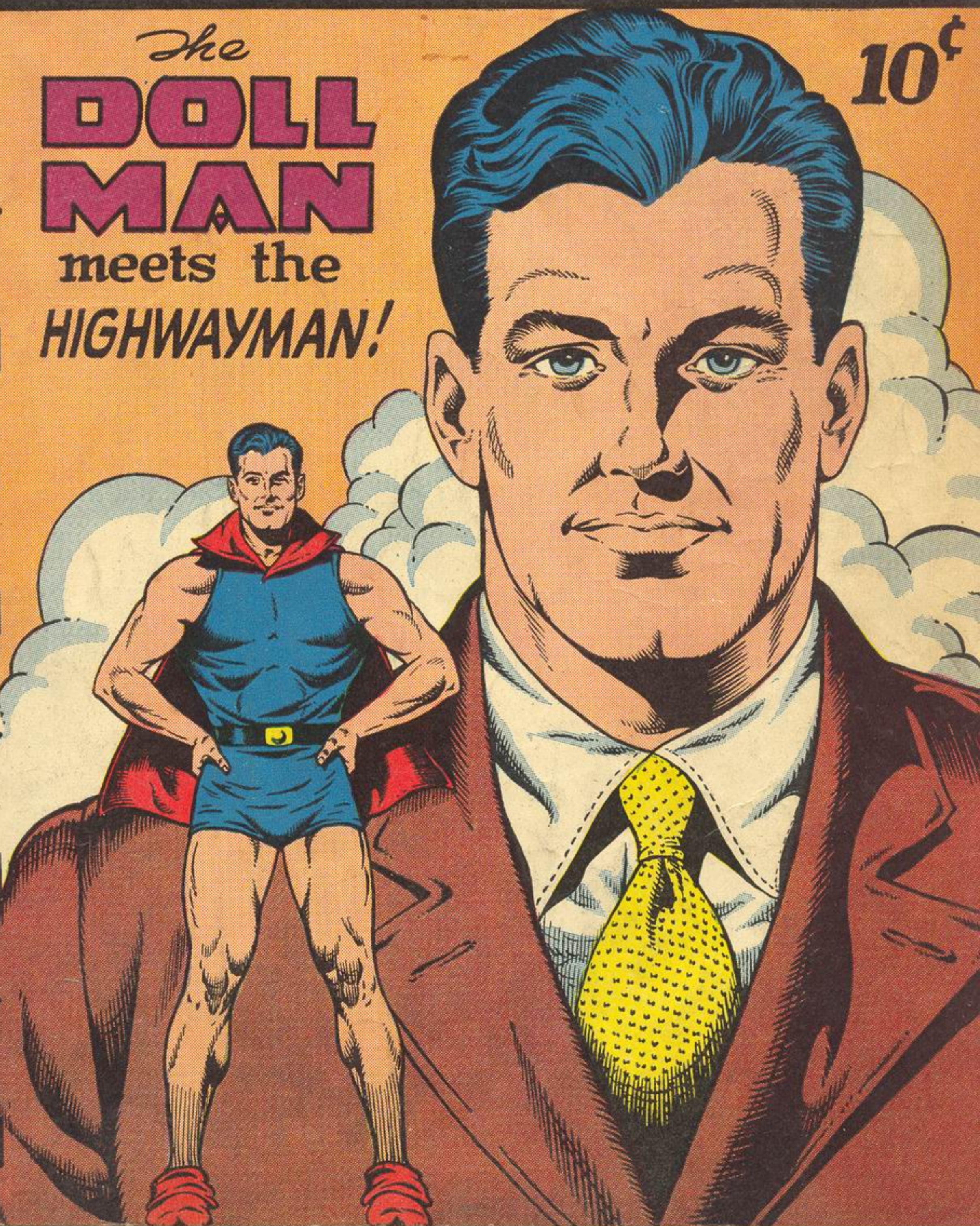
LALA PALOOZA



RUSTY RYAN



PERKY







WEB COMIC  
UNIVERSE.COM





THESE  
TITLES ARE TOPS!



LOOK FOR  
THE SEAL OF QUALITY



PACKED WITH

ACTION, LAUGHS AND THRILLS!

HIT  
COMICS  
NATIONAL  
COMICS



# *The* DOLL MAN



"The wind was a torrent of  
darkness among the gusty trees;  
The moon was a ghostly galleon  
tossed upon cloudy seas;  
The road was a ribbon of  
moonlight over the purple moor,  
And the highway man came  
riding... riding... riding..."

Out of the pages of poetry, restored  
to life from the dusty pages of the  
past, **The Highwayman** returns!  
And so begins one of **The Doll  
Man's** strangest adventures!



So as it was, so shall it be in the time to come  
\*\*\*\*\*

John Drum remembered only one thing clearly since he was a boy...

ERIK DRUM WAS YOUR ANCESTOR, BOY! YOU SHOULD BE VERY PROUD OF HIM! HE WAS A GREAT MAN!

YES, AUNT EMILY!



THAT'S ERIK DRUM! HE LIVED SO MANY YEARS AGO! MY FAMILY HARDLY KNOWS ANYTHING ABOUT HIM, EXCEPT THAT HE WAS VERY RICH!



One day, while John Drum was looking through the attic, he came upon a forgotten diary...

"THE DIARY OF ERIK DRUM, AGED 33!" WHY, THIS IS HIS VERY OWN WRITING!



"IN MY CAREER AS A HIGHWAYMANNE, I ROBBED CLOSE TO ONE MILLION DOLLARES!" THIS ISN'T THE WAY I WAS TOLD THE STORY! ERIK DRUM WAS JUST A THIEF!



Night after night, John Drum read the bizarre and colorful adventures of his infamous ancestor....

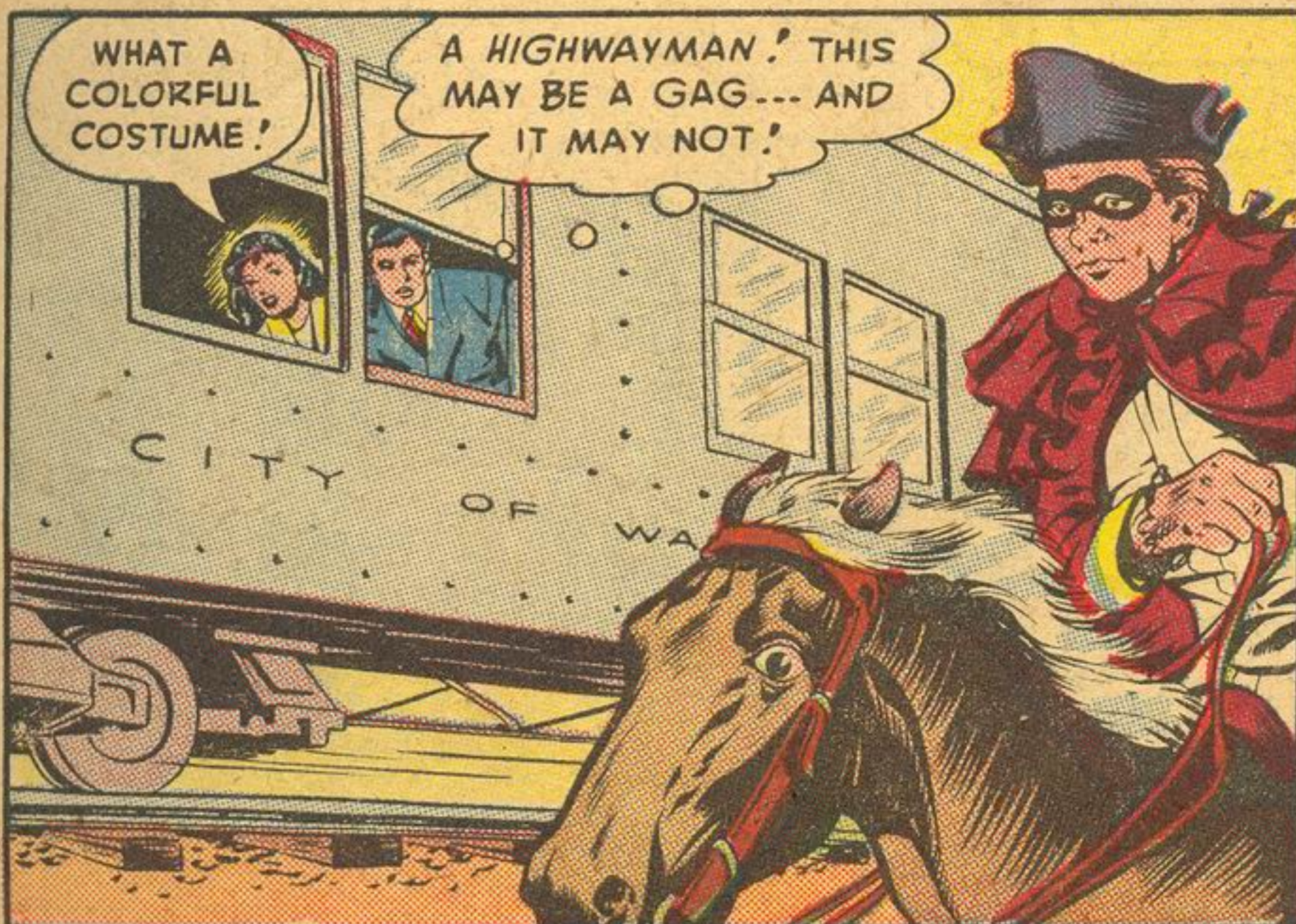
GOLLY, WHAT AN EXCITING LIFE HE LED! I WISH I COULD BE LIKE HIM!



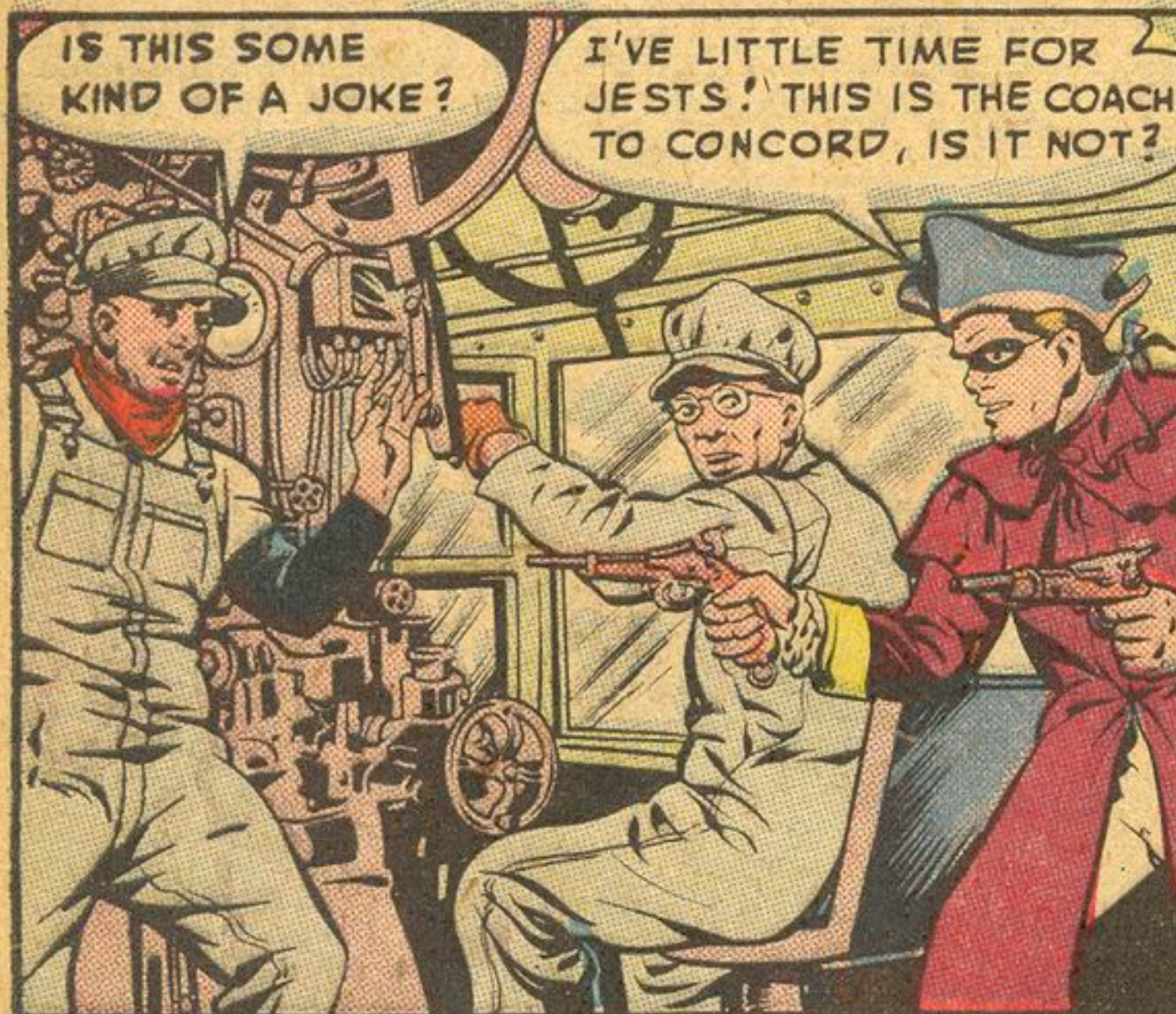
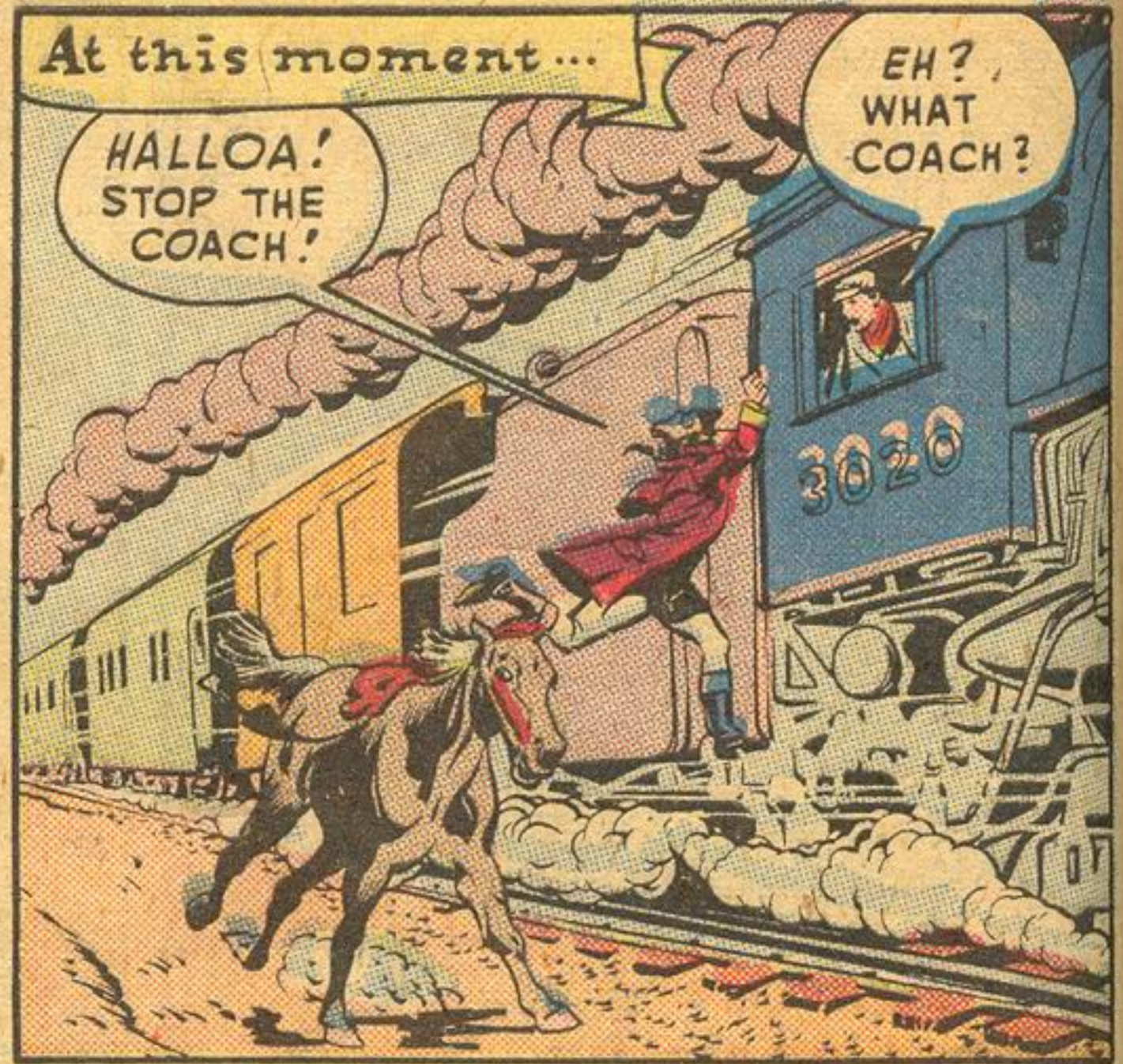
YOU'RE THE LAD I'VE WAITED FOR! AYE---AND IT'S ONLY YOU KNOWS THE WHOLE TRUTH ABOUT ERIK DRUM! HA-HA!





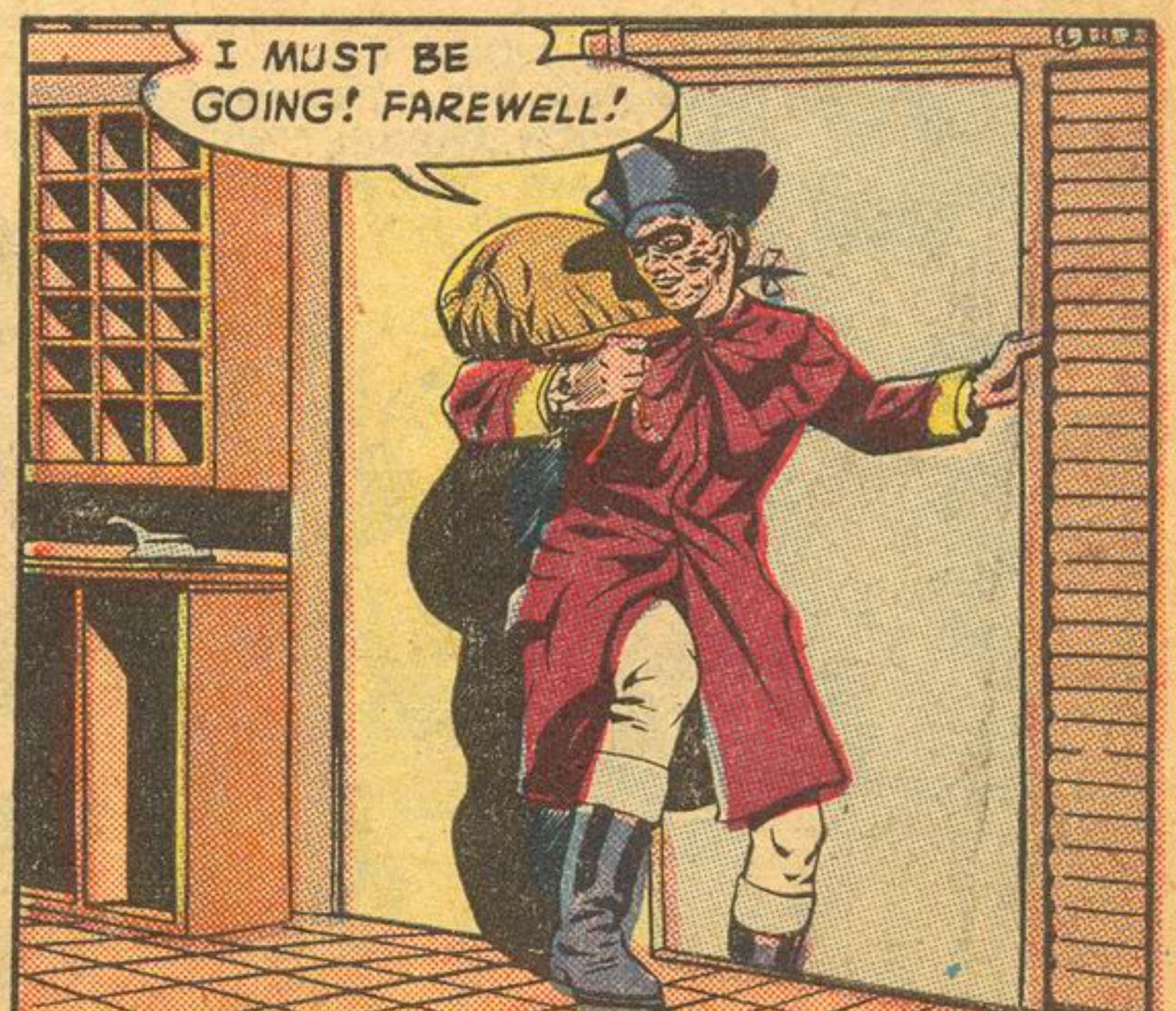
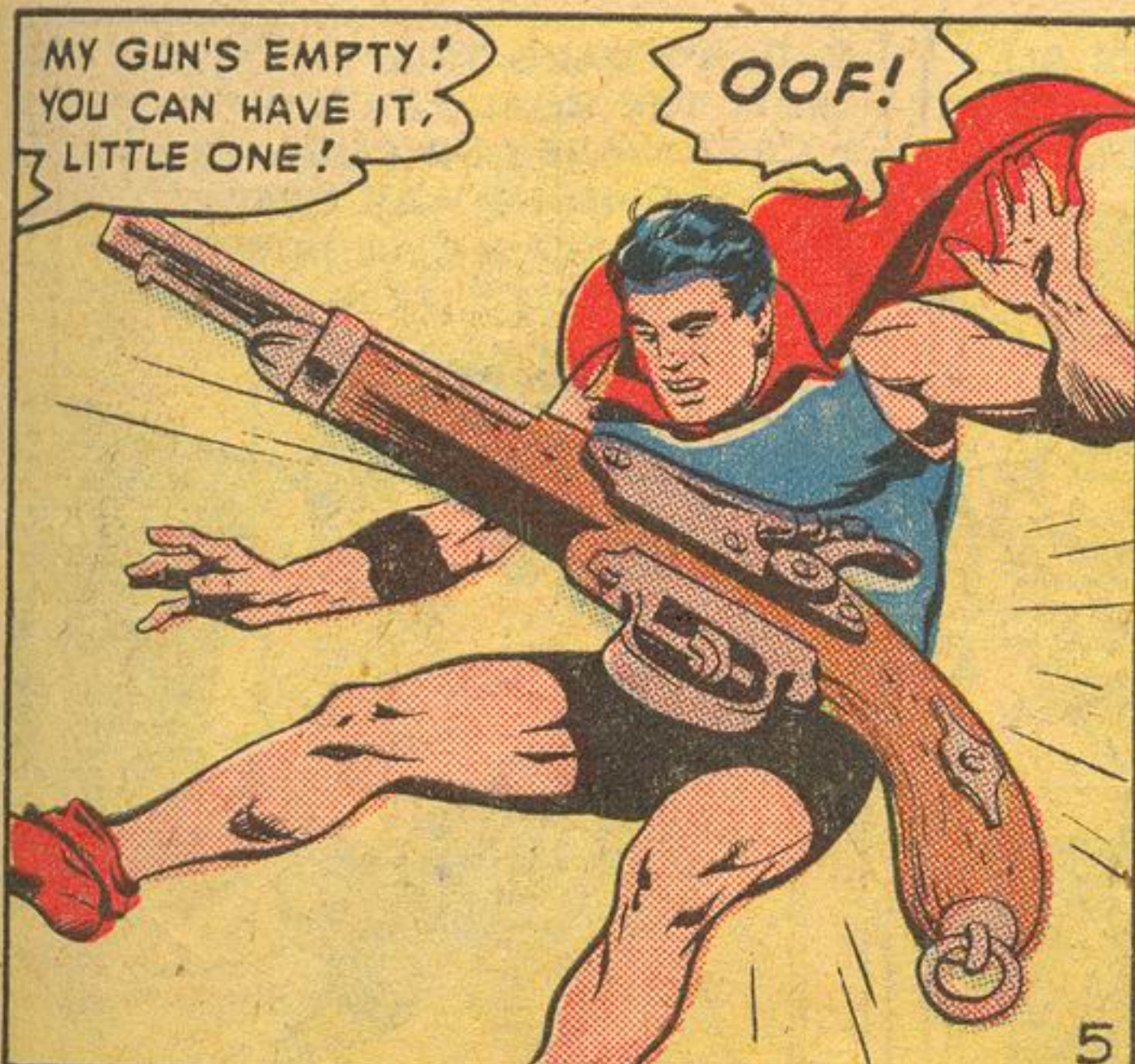
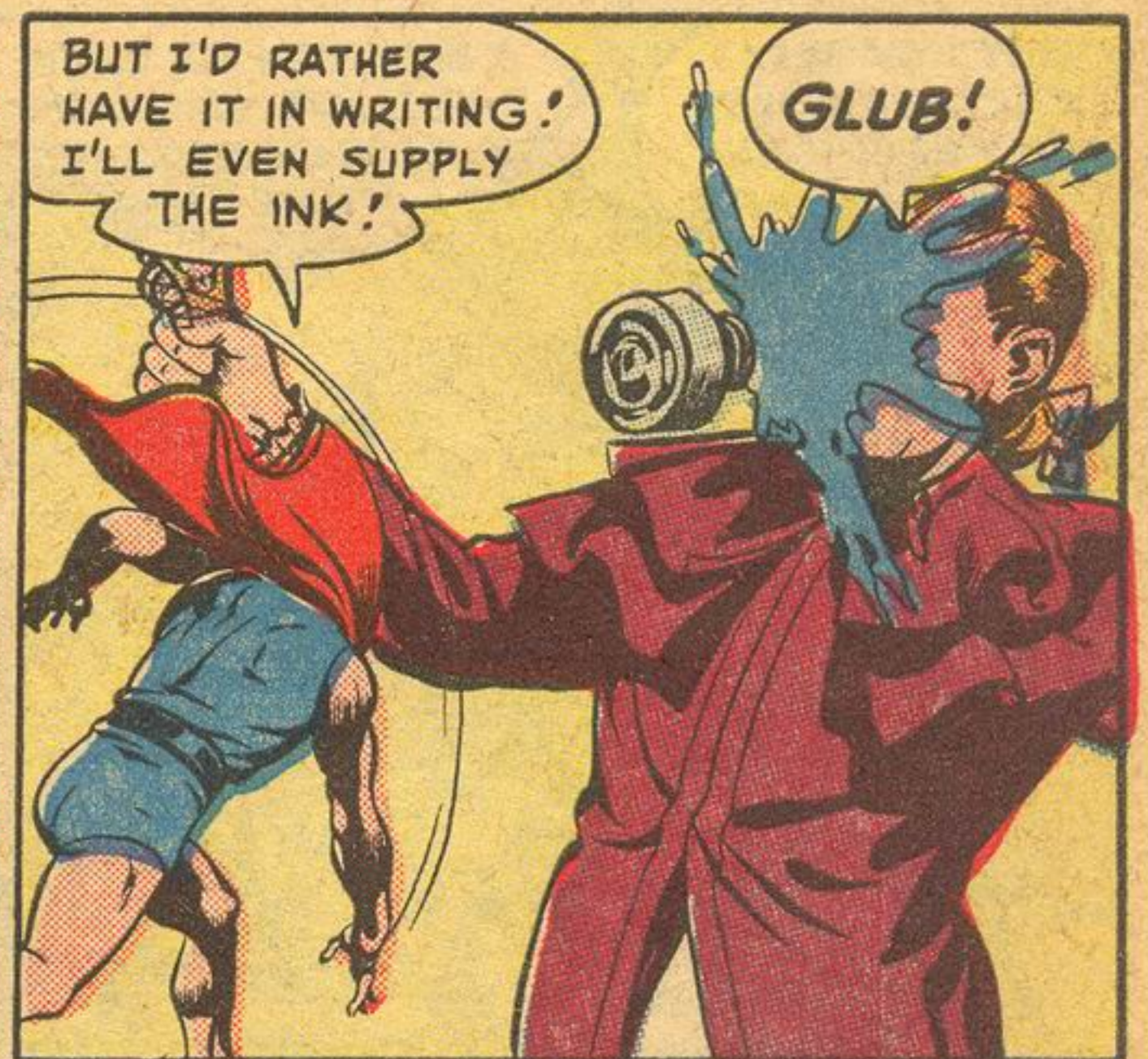
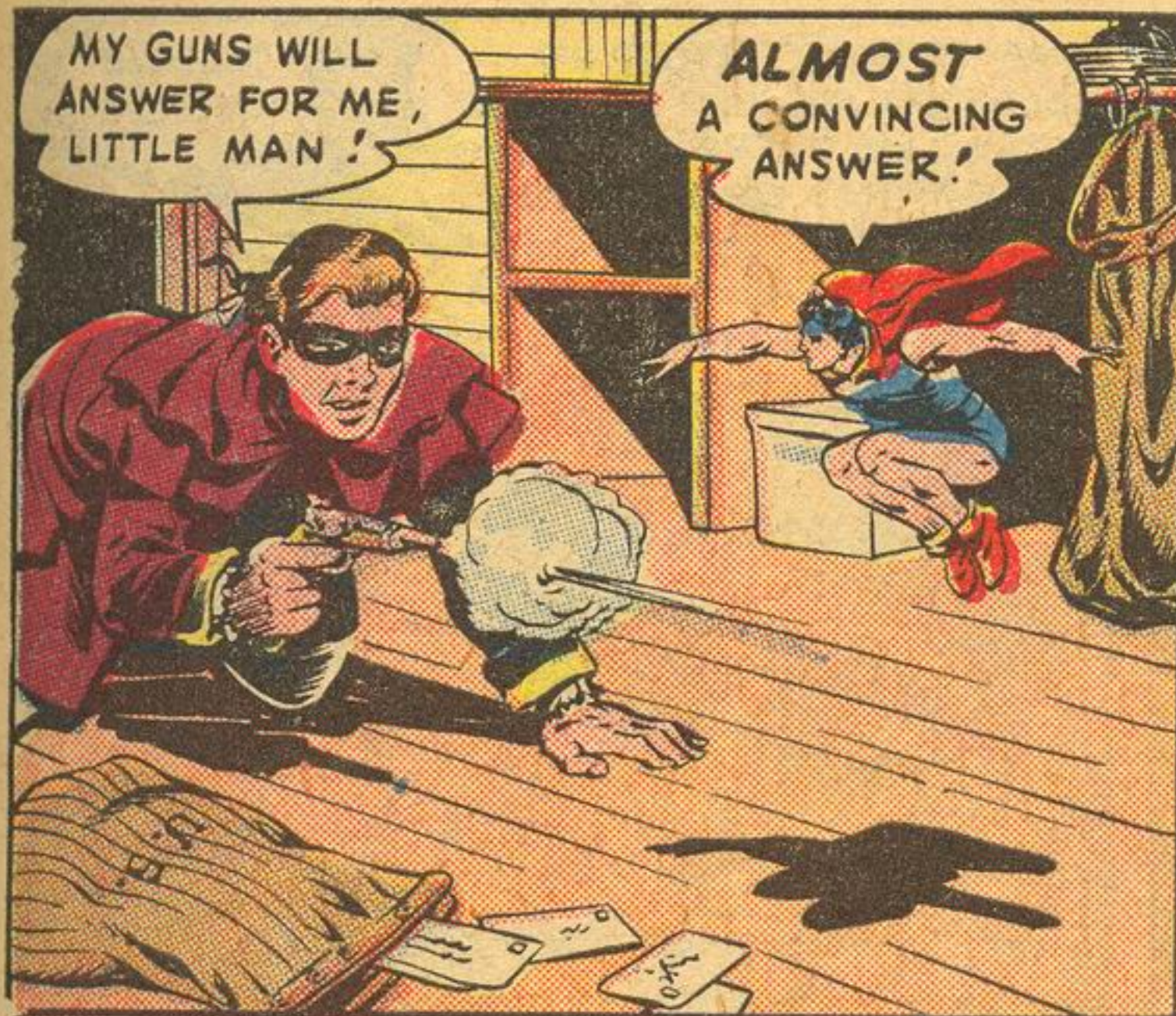
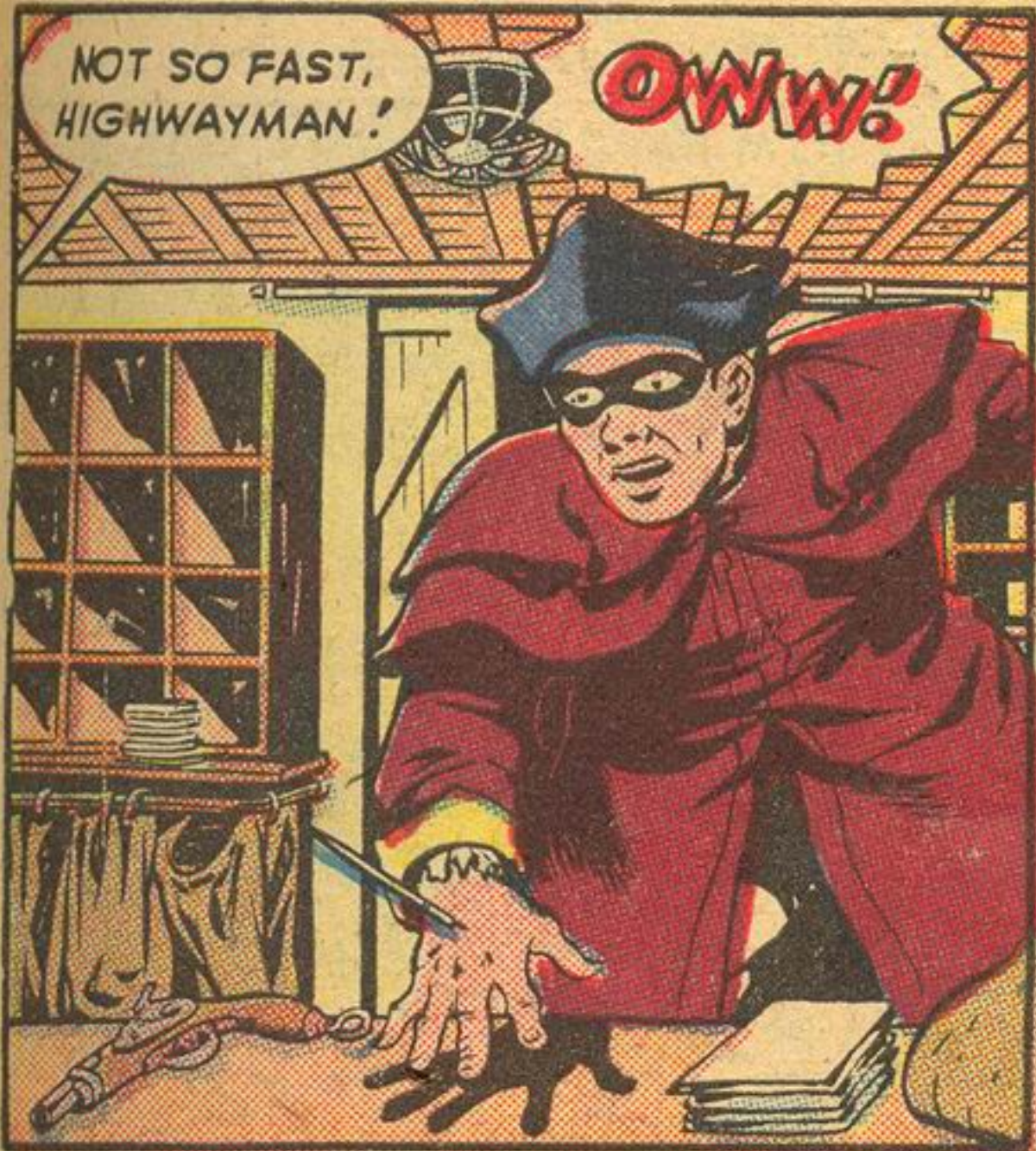








FEATURE COMICS





FEATURE COMICS





FEATURE COMICS

THIS ERIK DRUM WAS A HIGHWAYMAN, TOO.' HE ROBBED A COACH TO CONCORD UNDER EXACTLY THE SAME CIRCUMSTANCES AS THE HIGHWAYMAN ROBBED THE TRAIN TODAY.' AND THEN ---



*With the Sherriffe at my heels I fled to the Colonial Inn where General Putnam was stopping. My object was the thousands pieces of gold I knew the general was carrying....*



I'VE GOT AN IDEA THE HIGHWAYMAN IS TRYING TO REPEAT THESE CRIMES OF OLD ERIK DRUM, UNDER MODERN CONDITIONS! THIS HOTEL IS ON THE SIGHT OF THE OLD COLONIAL INN!



AND TONIGHT THERE'S A CELEBRATION IN HONOR OF MAYOR PUTNAM'S ELECTION! HE'S A DESCENDANT OF THE OLD GENERAL HIMSELF! IF I'M RIGHT, THIS WILL BE A PERFECT SET-UP FOR THE HIGHWAYMAN!



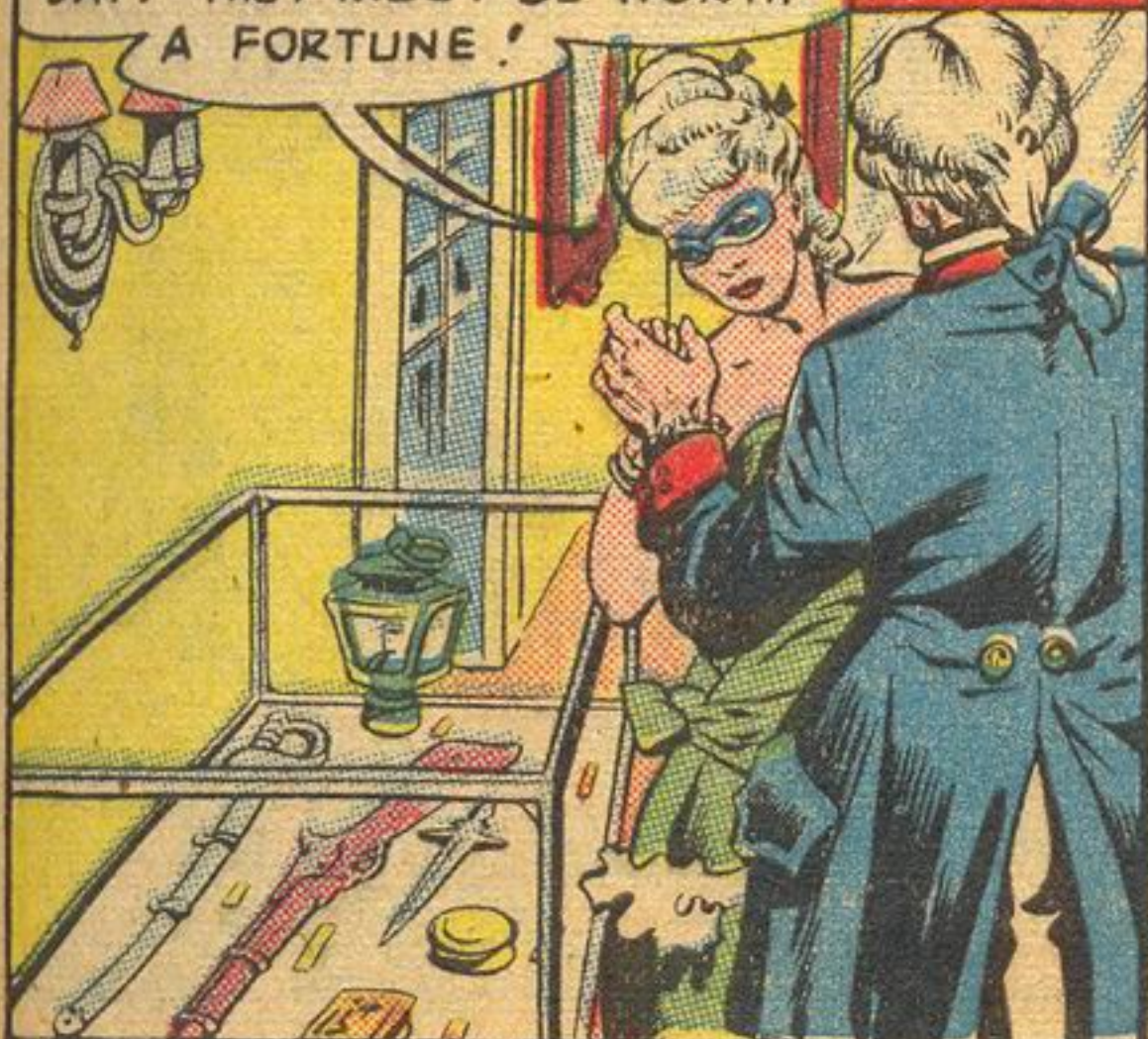
That night, the hotel ballroom is crowded with people in costumes unfamiliar since colonial days ...

I FEEL SORRY FOR DAD, AT THAT STUFFY OLD CONVENTION, DARREL!

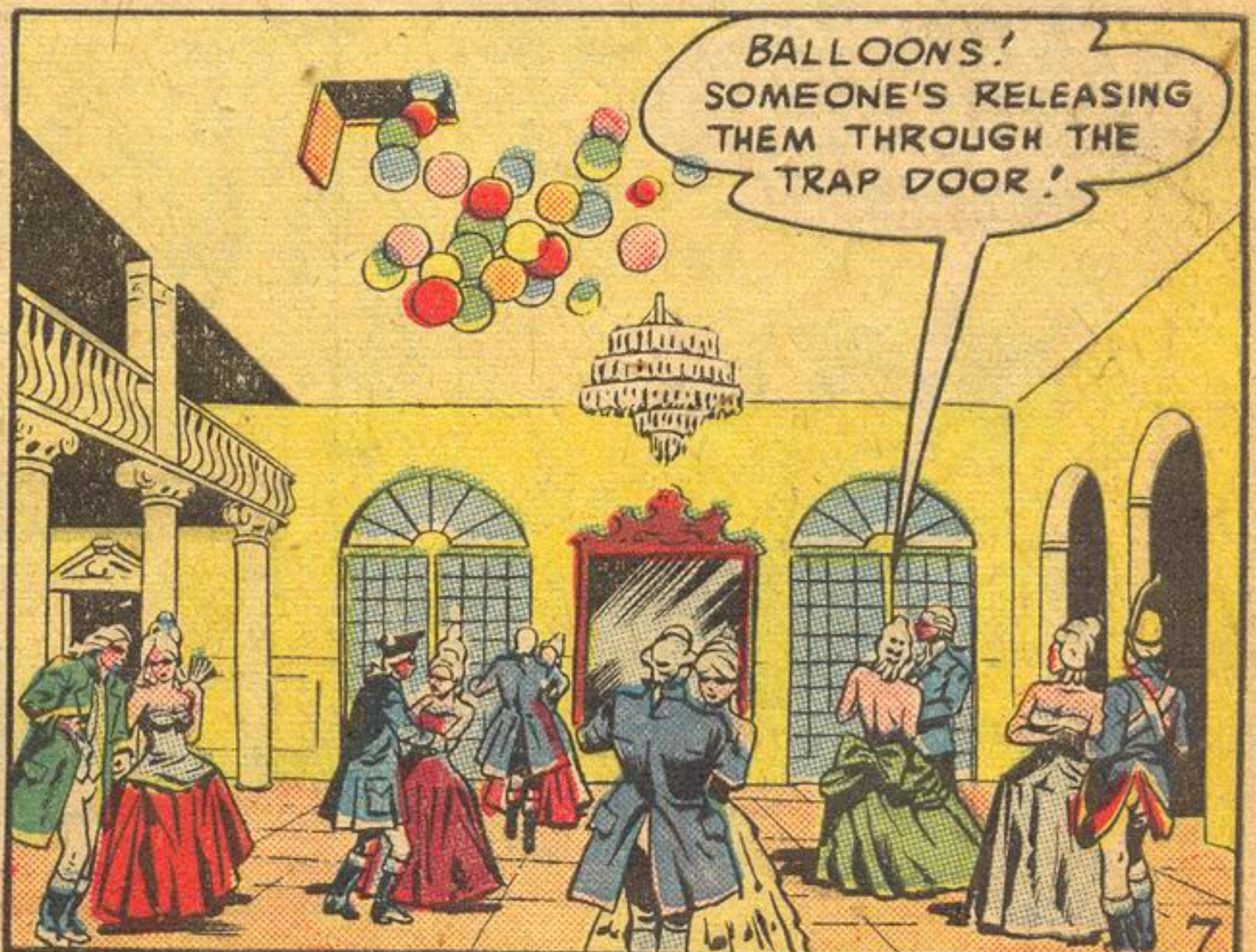
SO DO I! THIS IS MUCH MORE FUN!



IT'S SUCH A NOVEL IDEA, TOO! A REVOLUTIONARY BALL, WITH GENUINE RELICS OF WASHINGTON'S DAY! THEY MUST BE WORTH A FORTUNE!

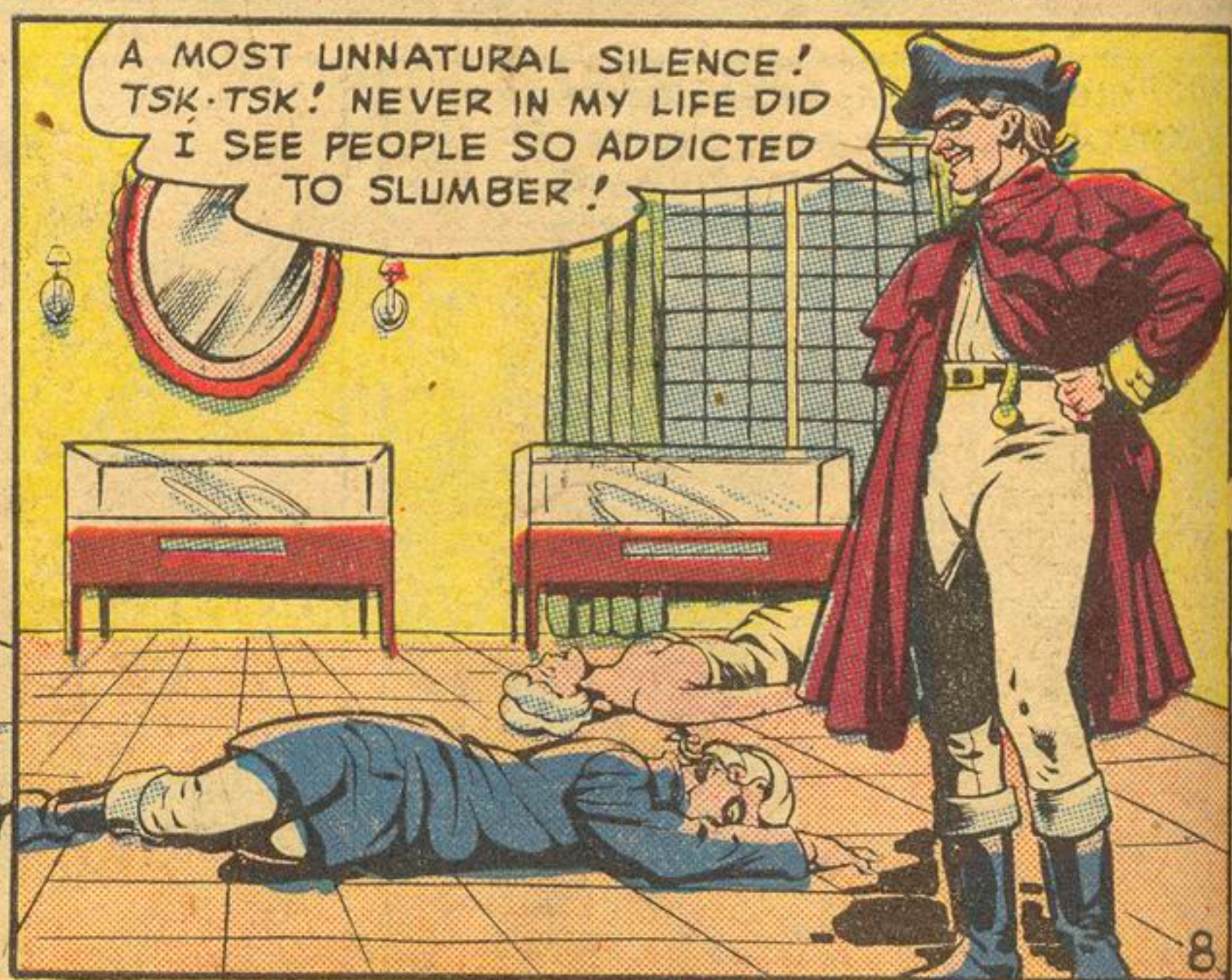
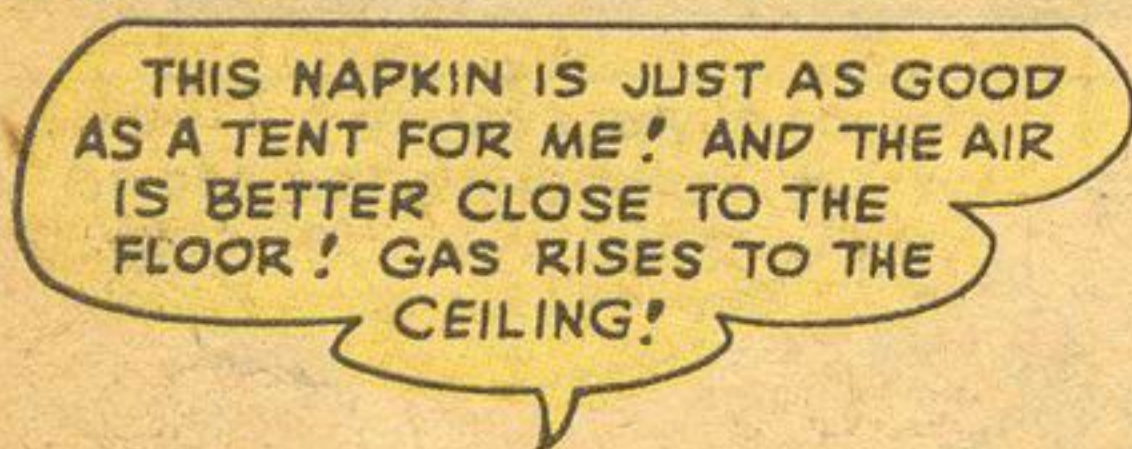
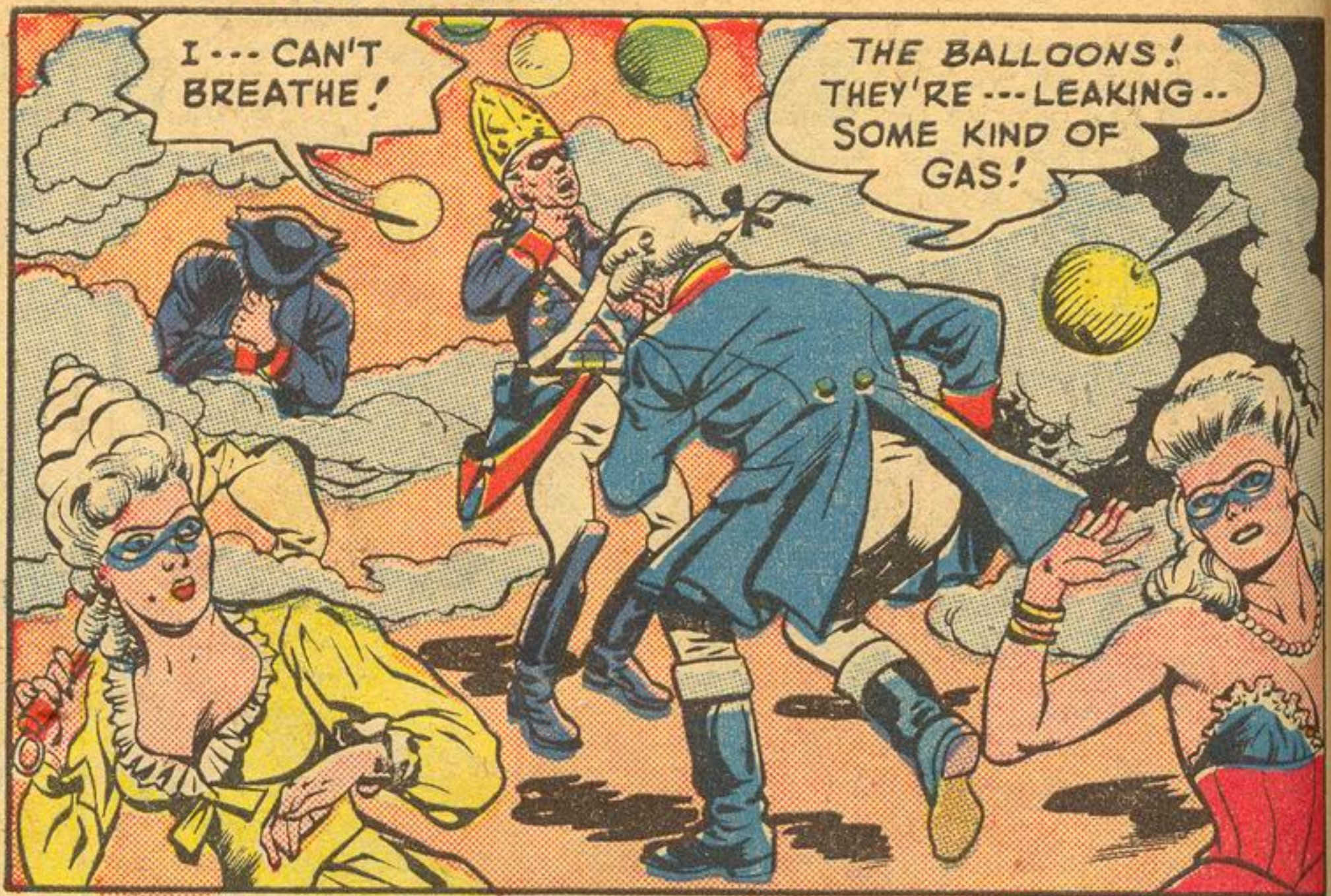


BALLOONS! SOMEONE'S RELEASING THEM THROUGH THE TRAP DOOR!





FEATURE COMICS



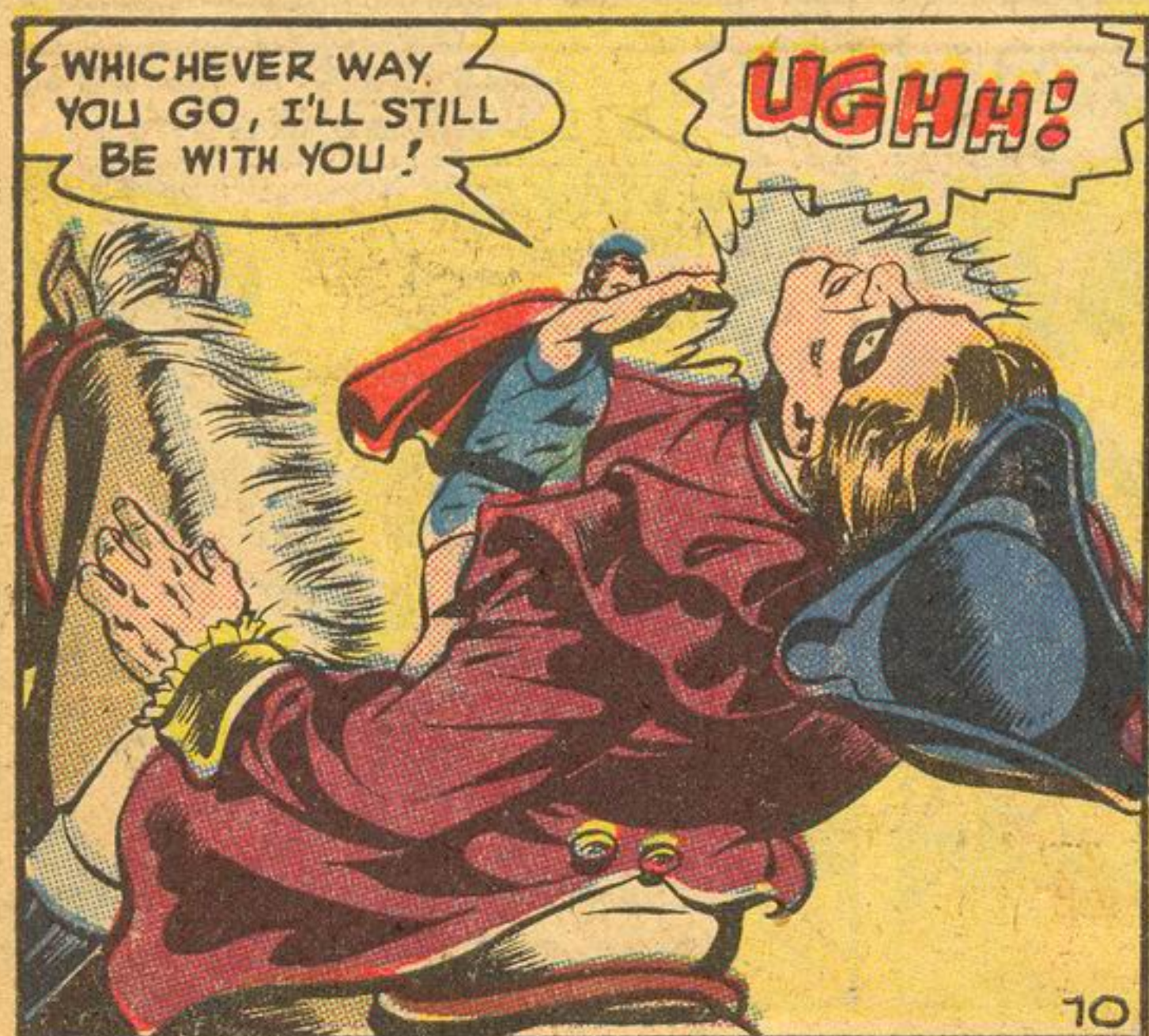
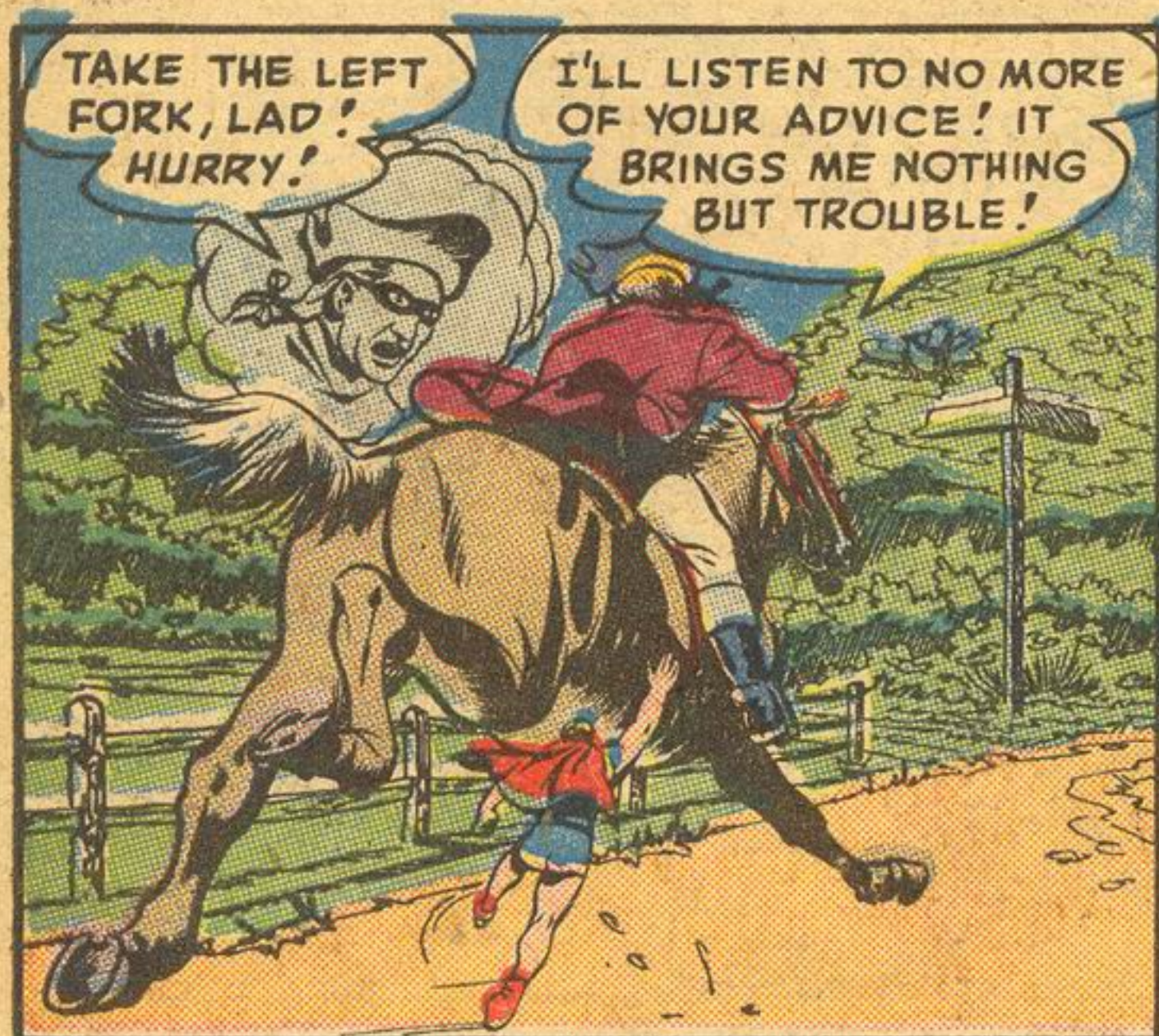


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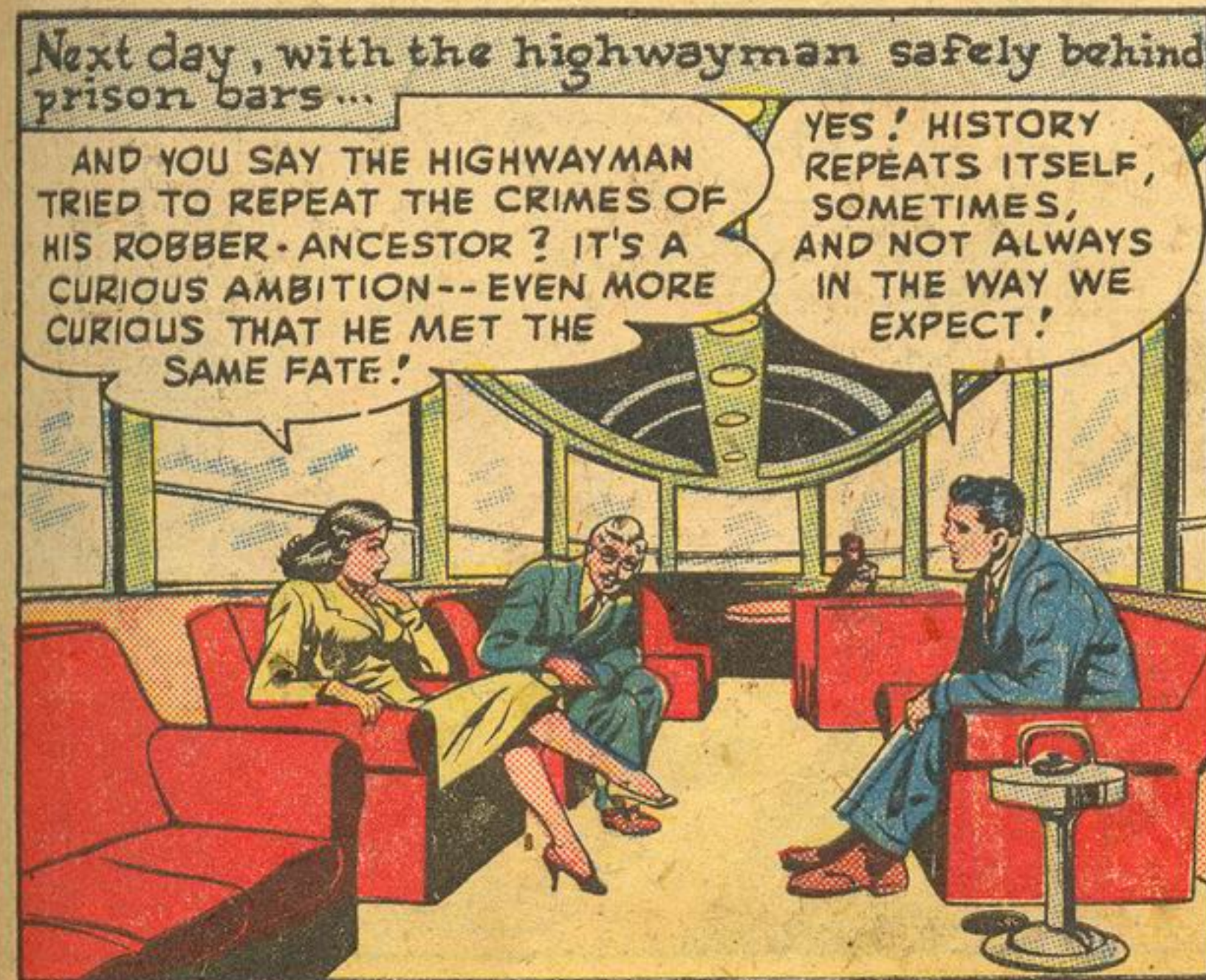
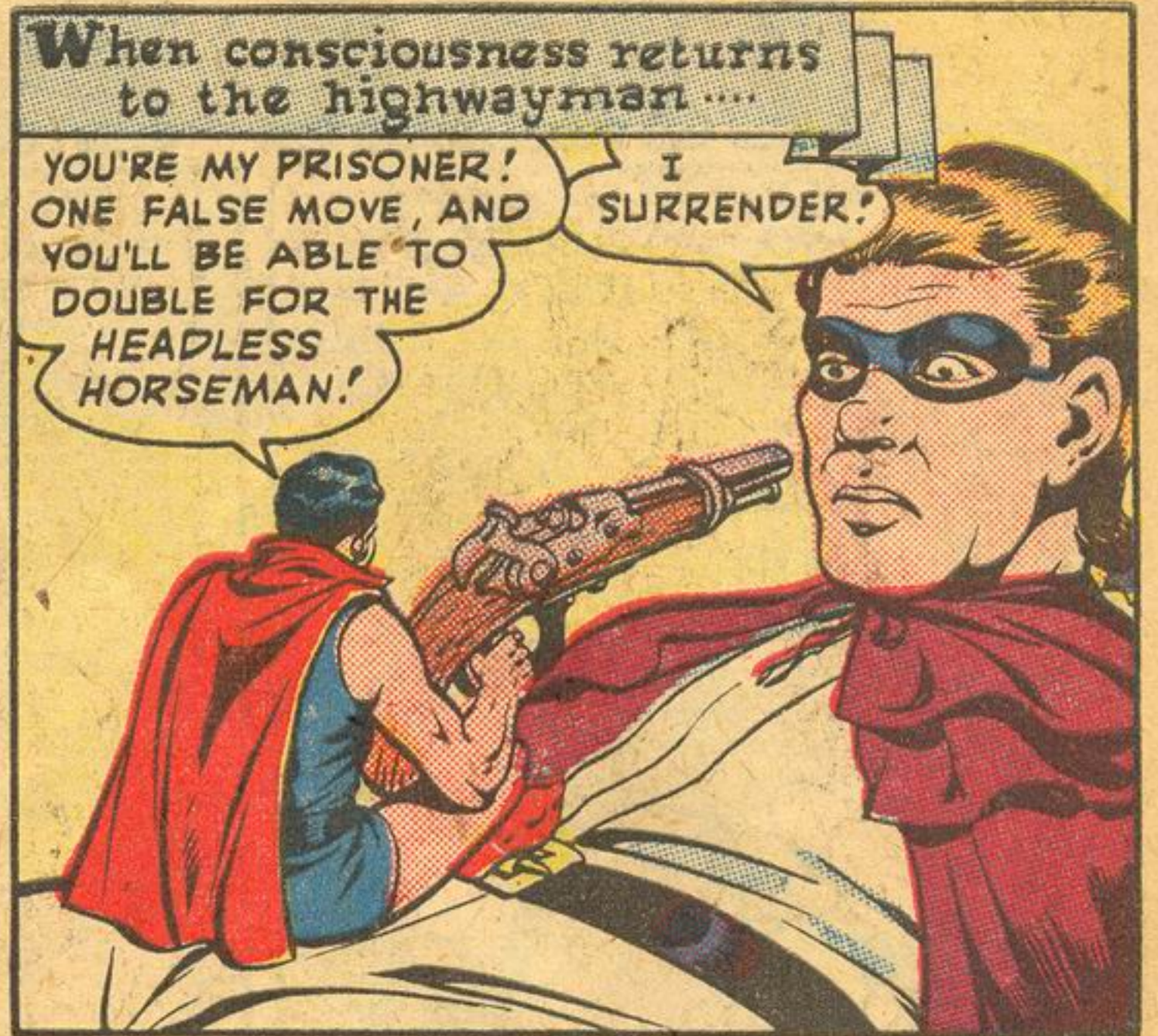
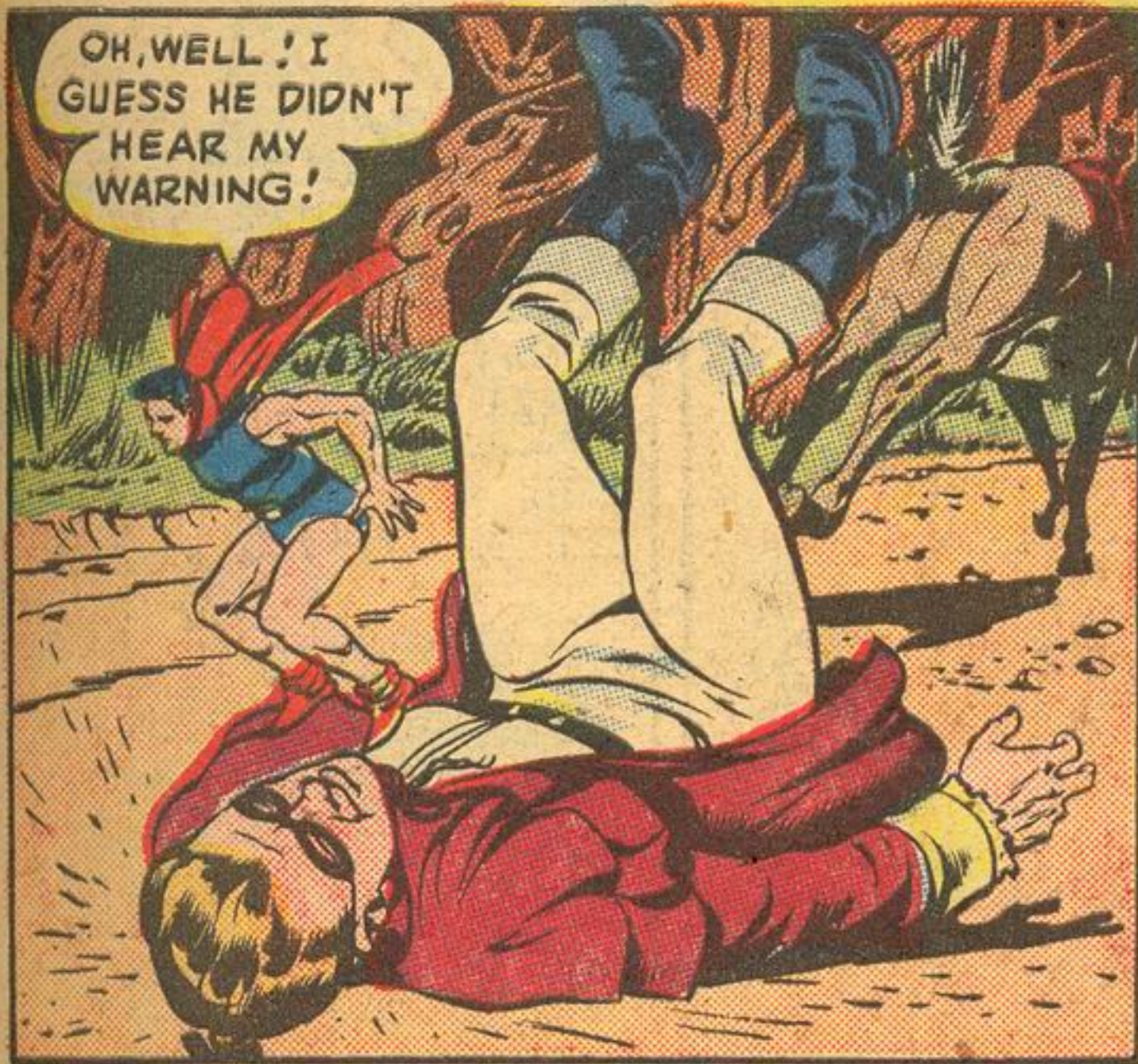


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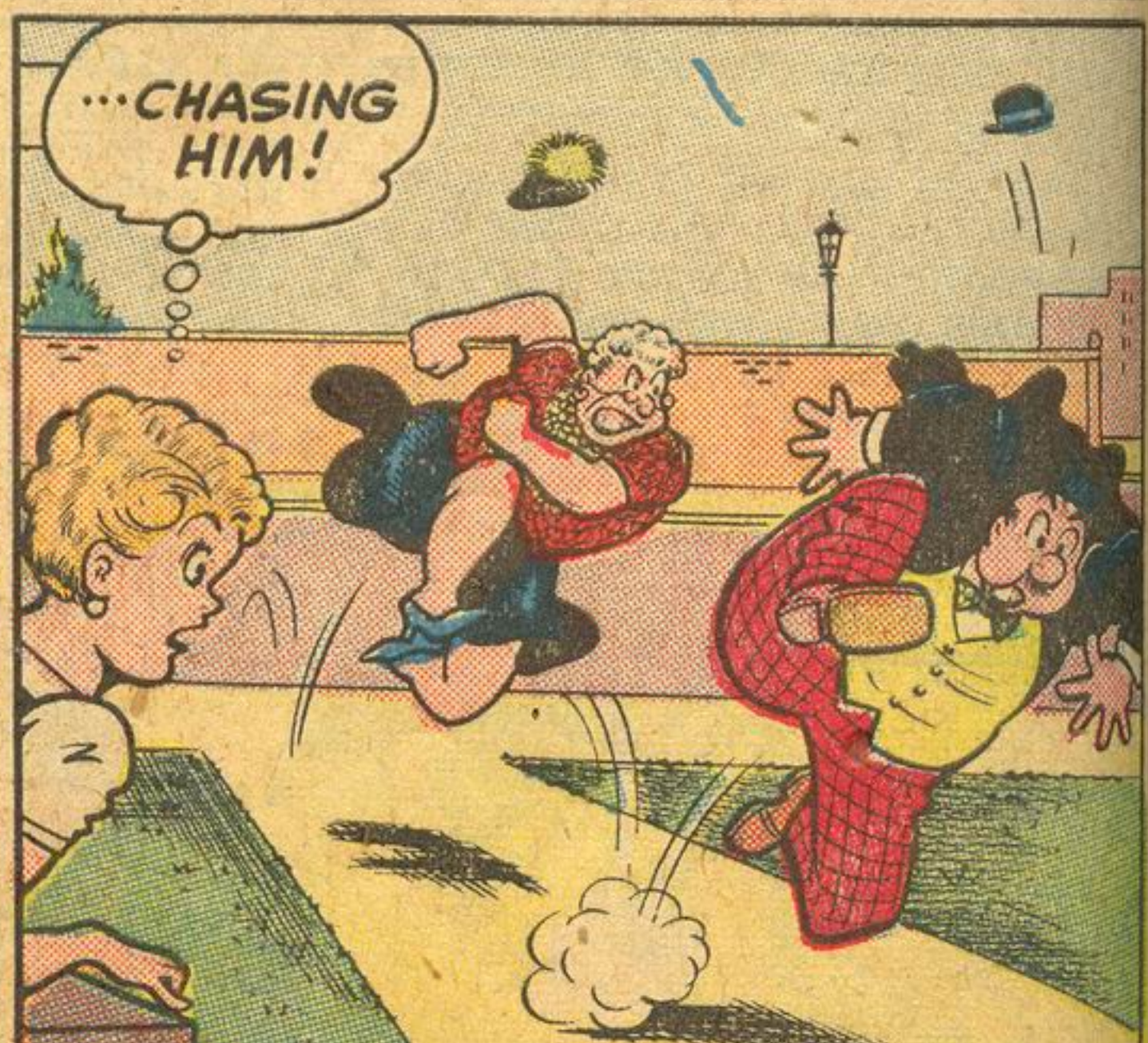
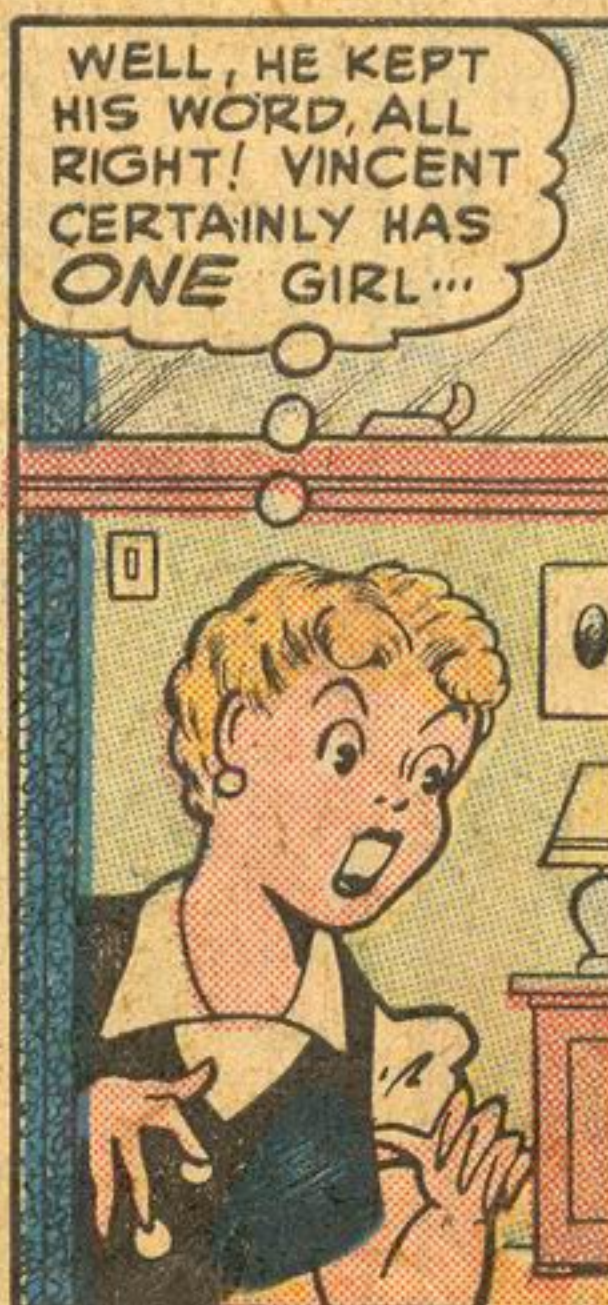
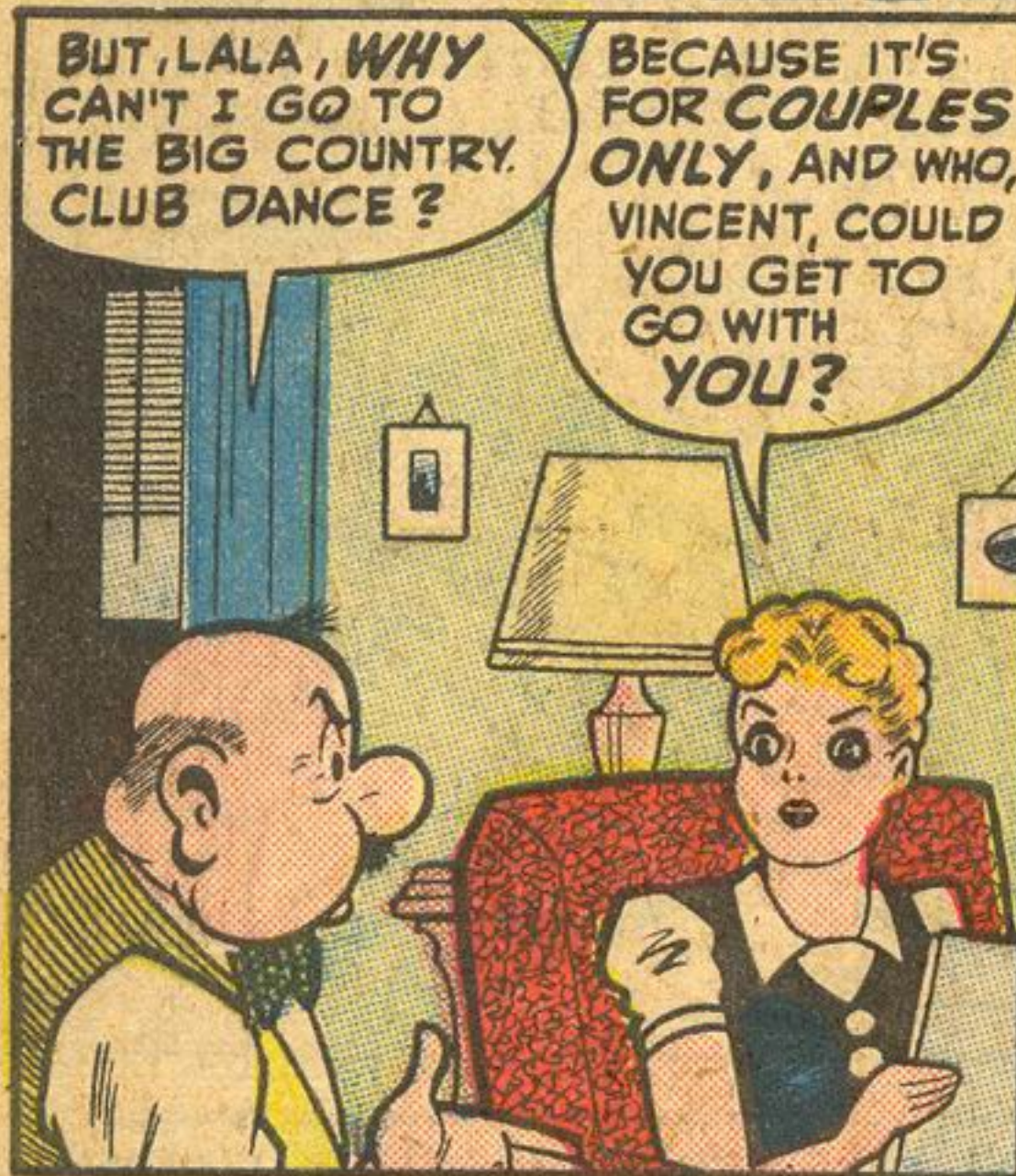


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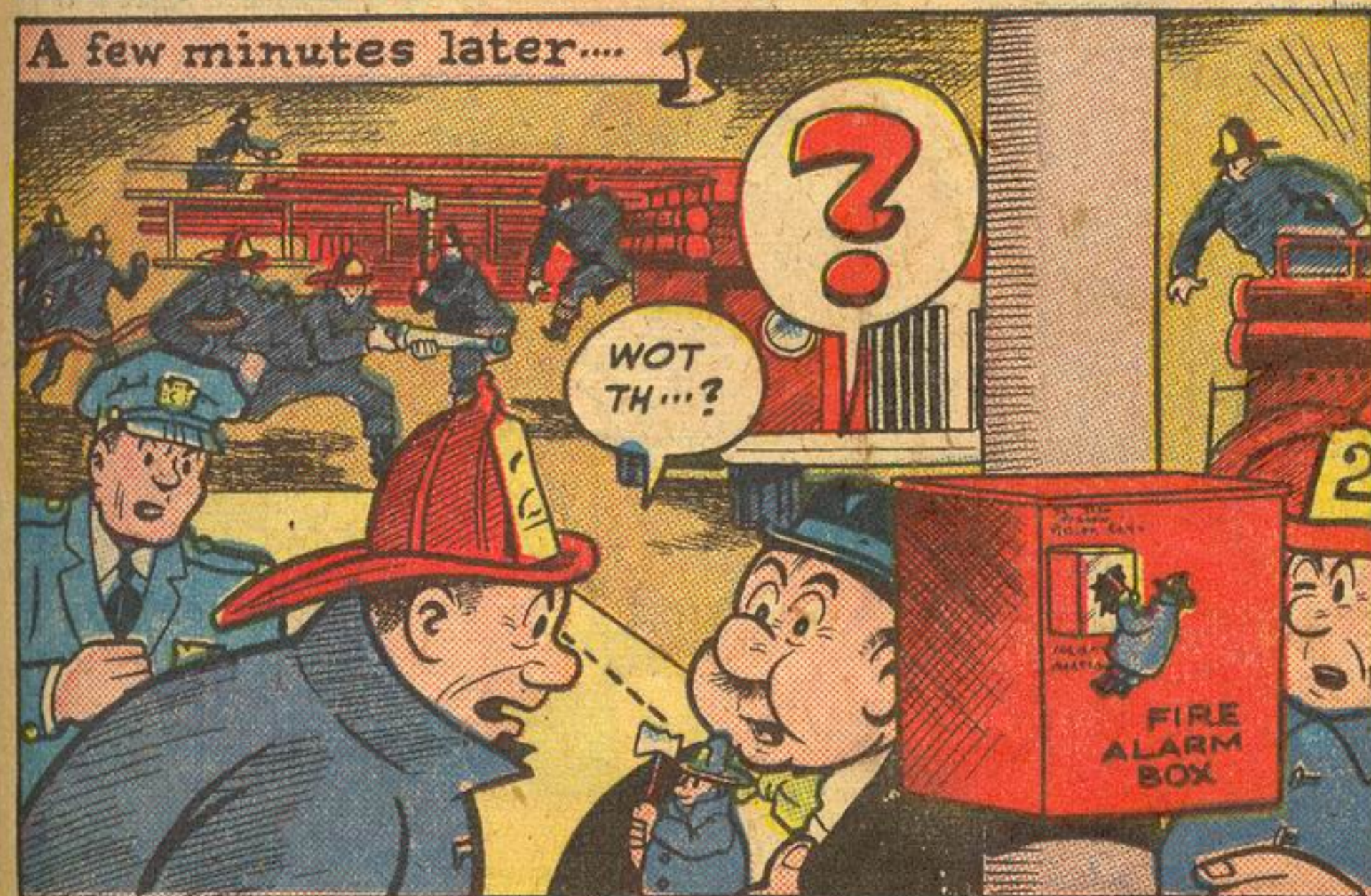
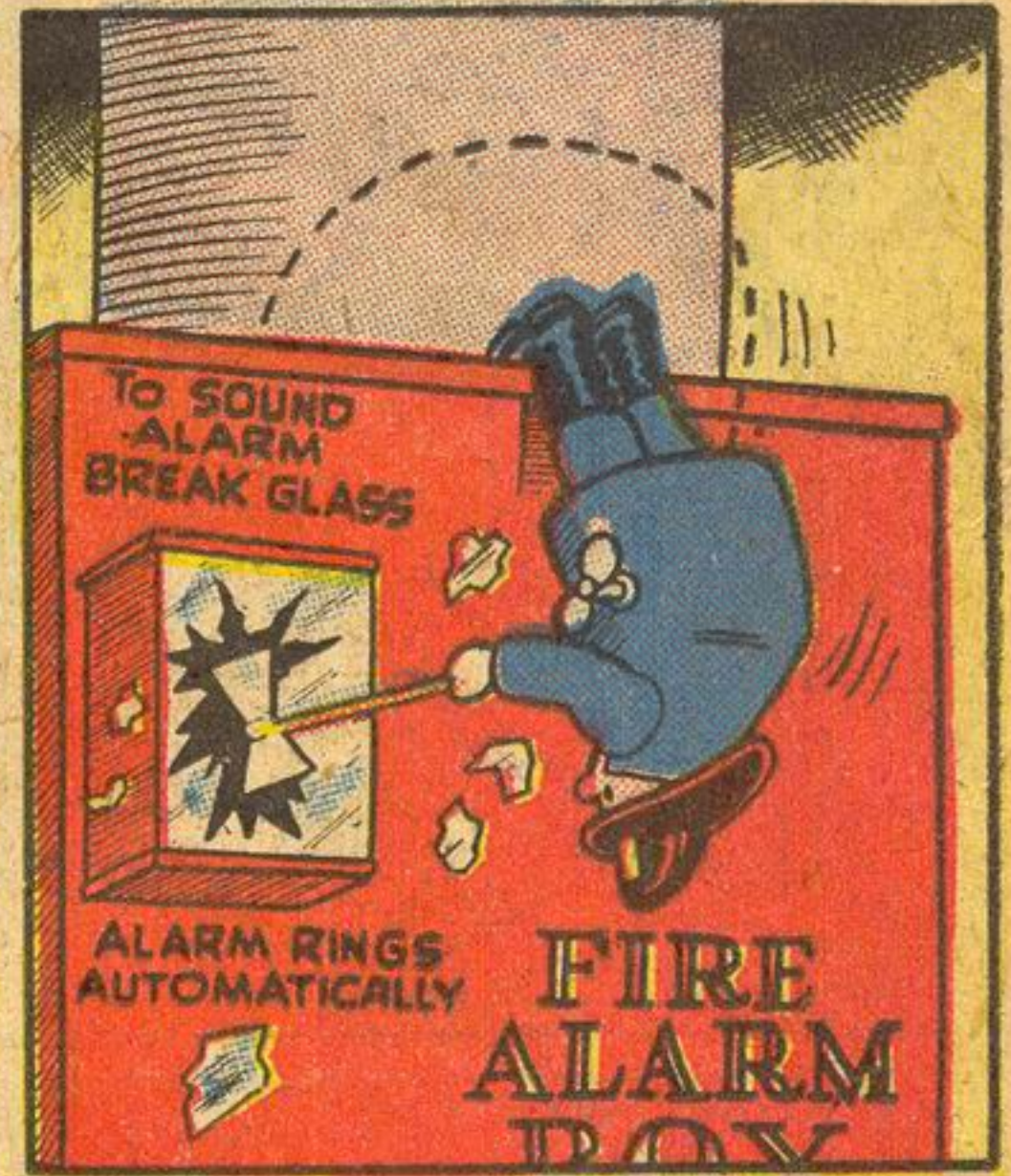
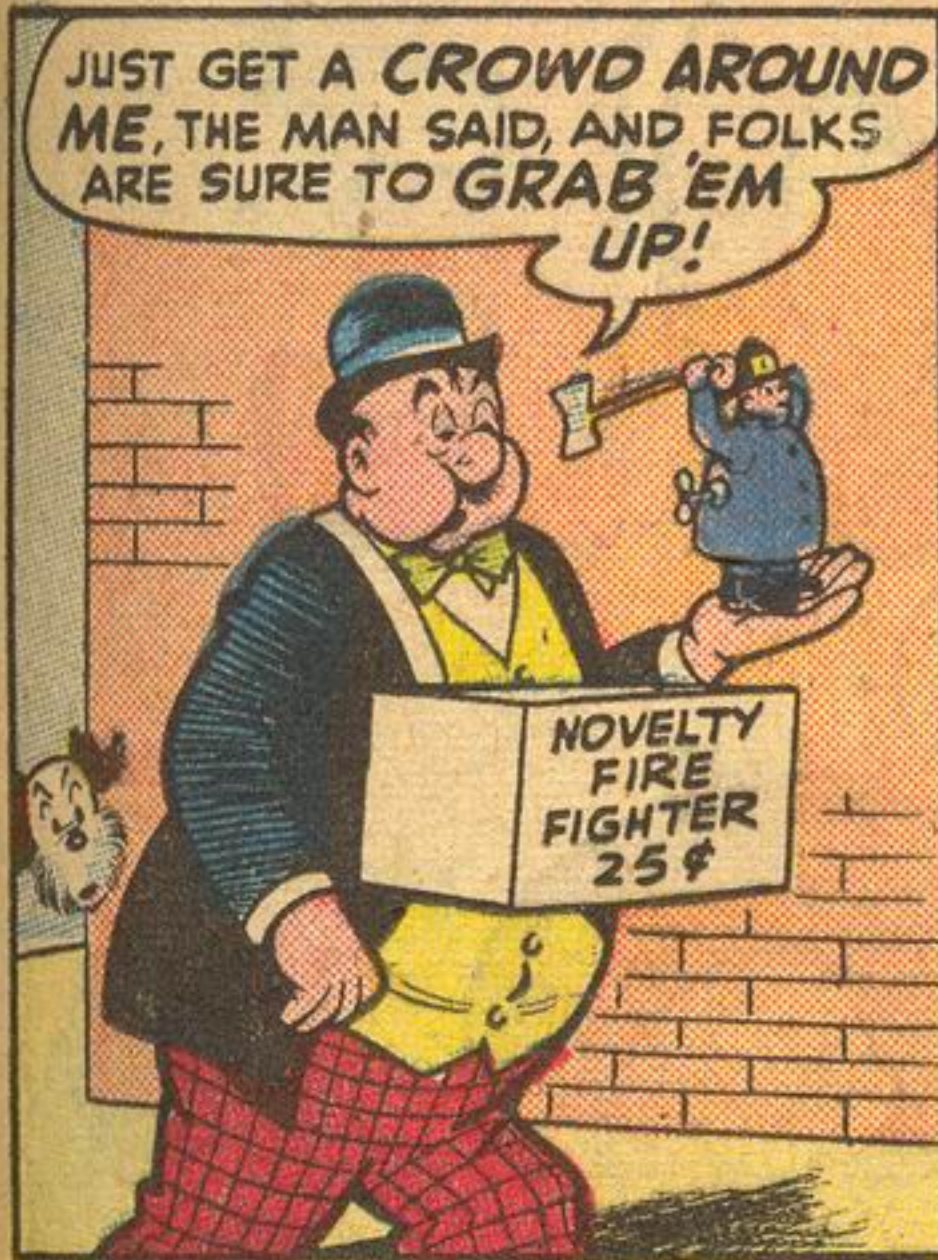


# LALA PALOOZA



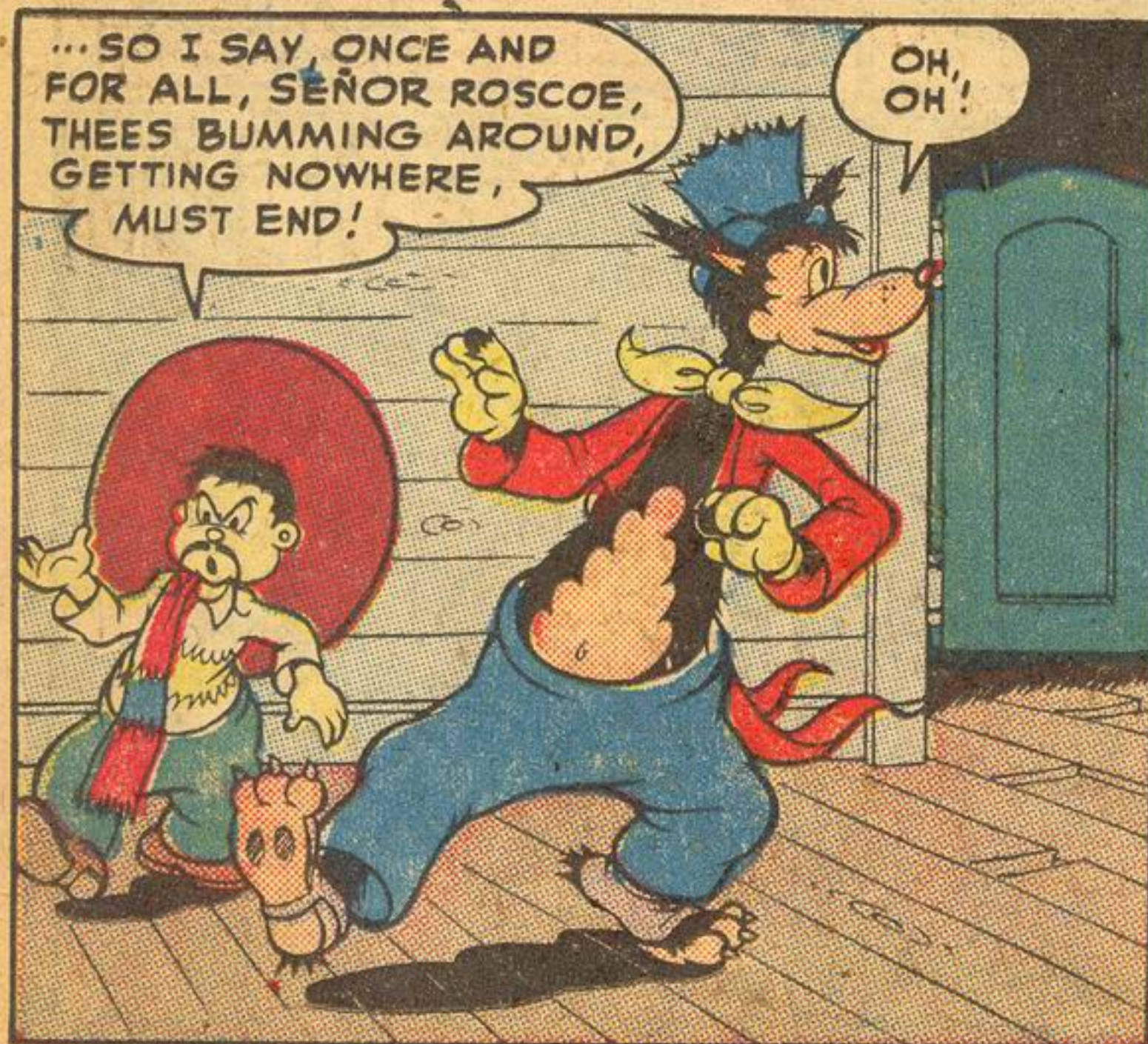


# LALA PALOOZA



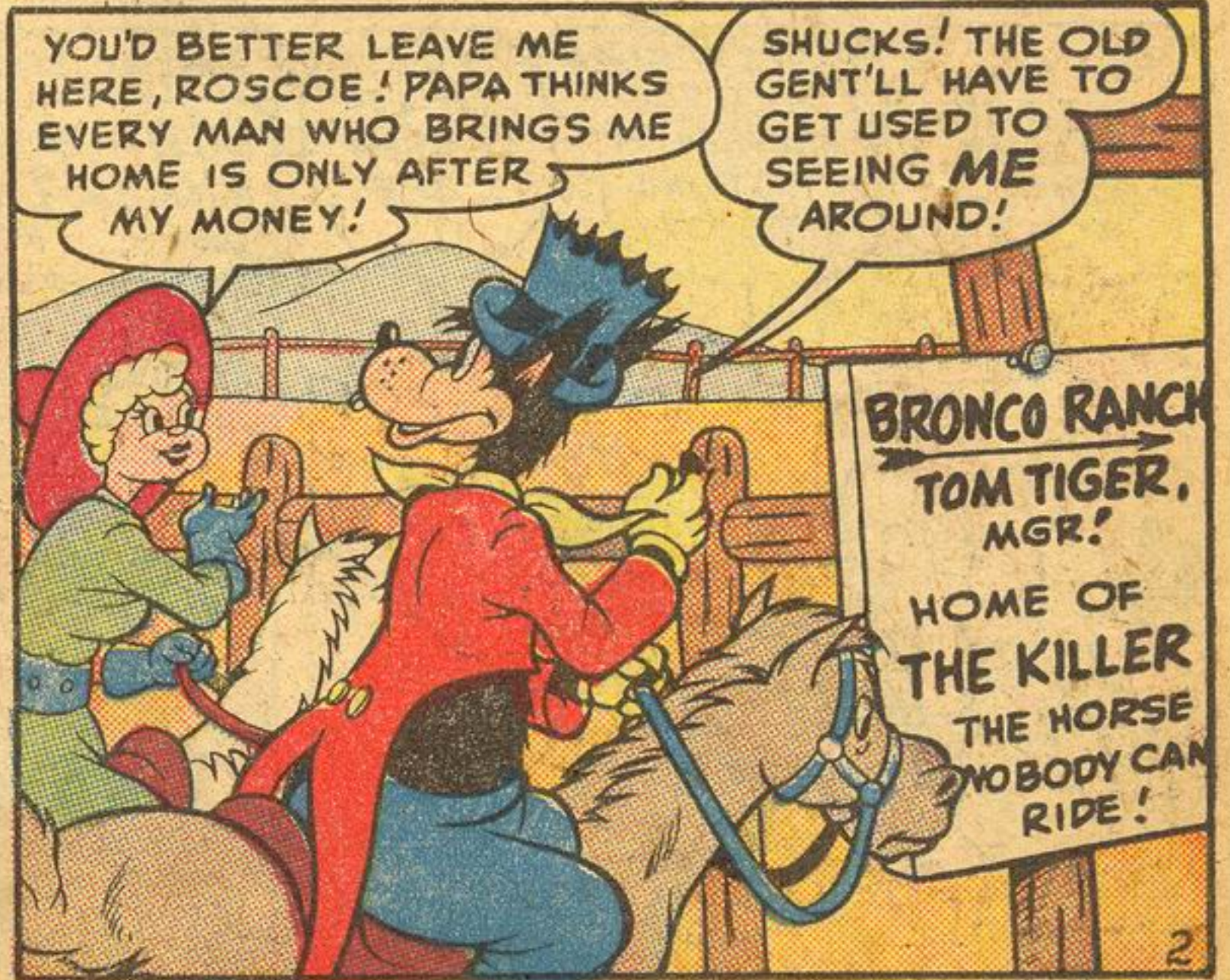
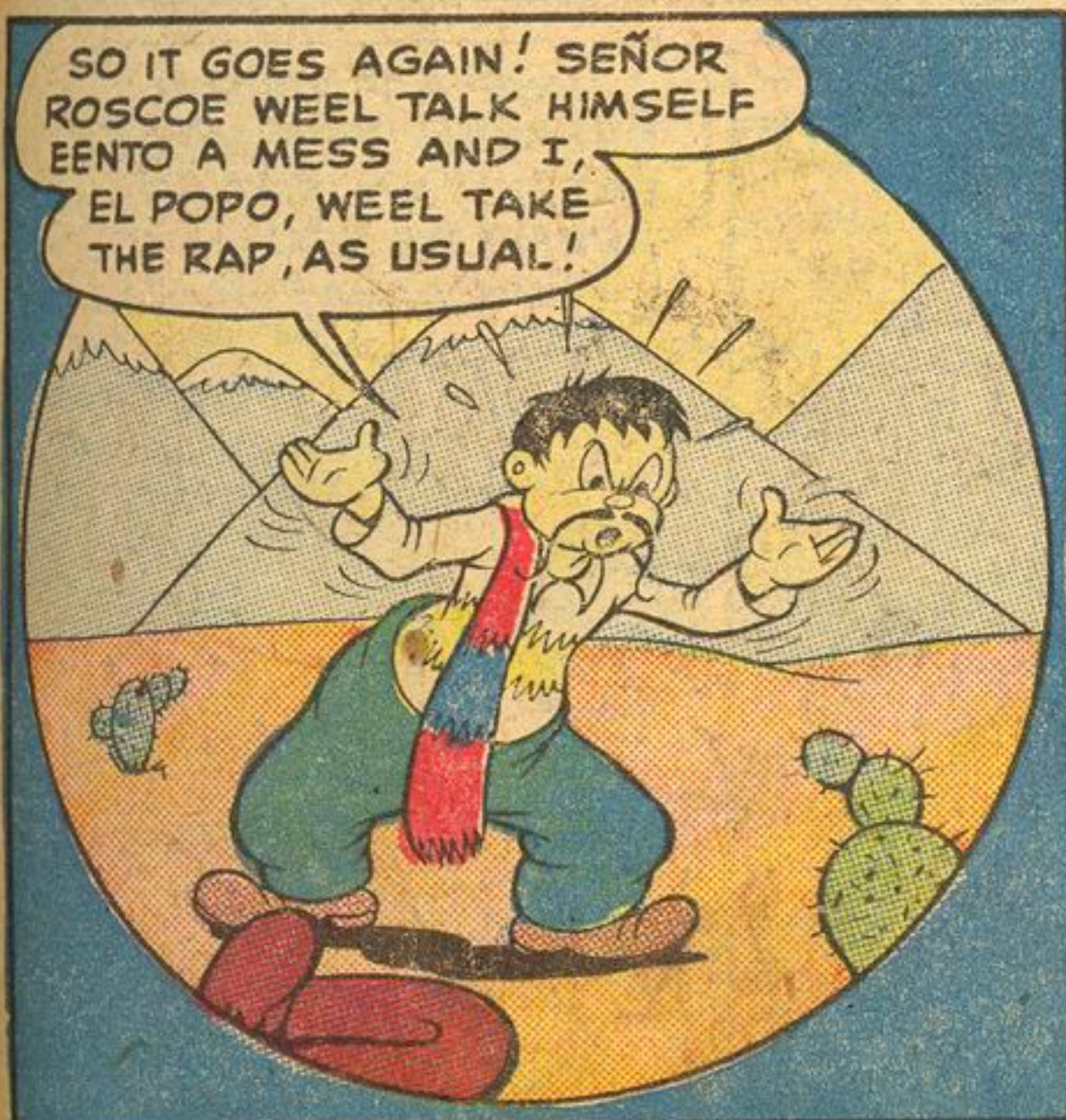
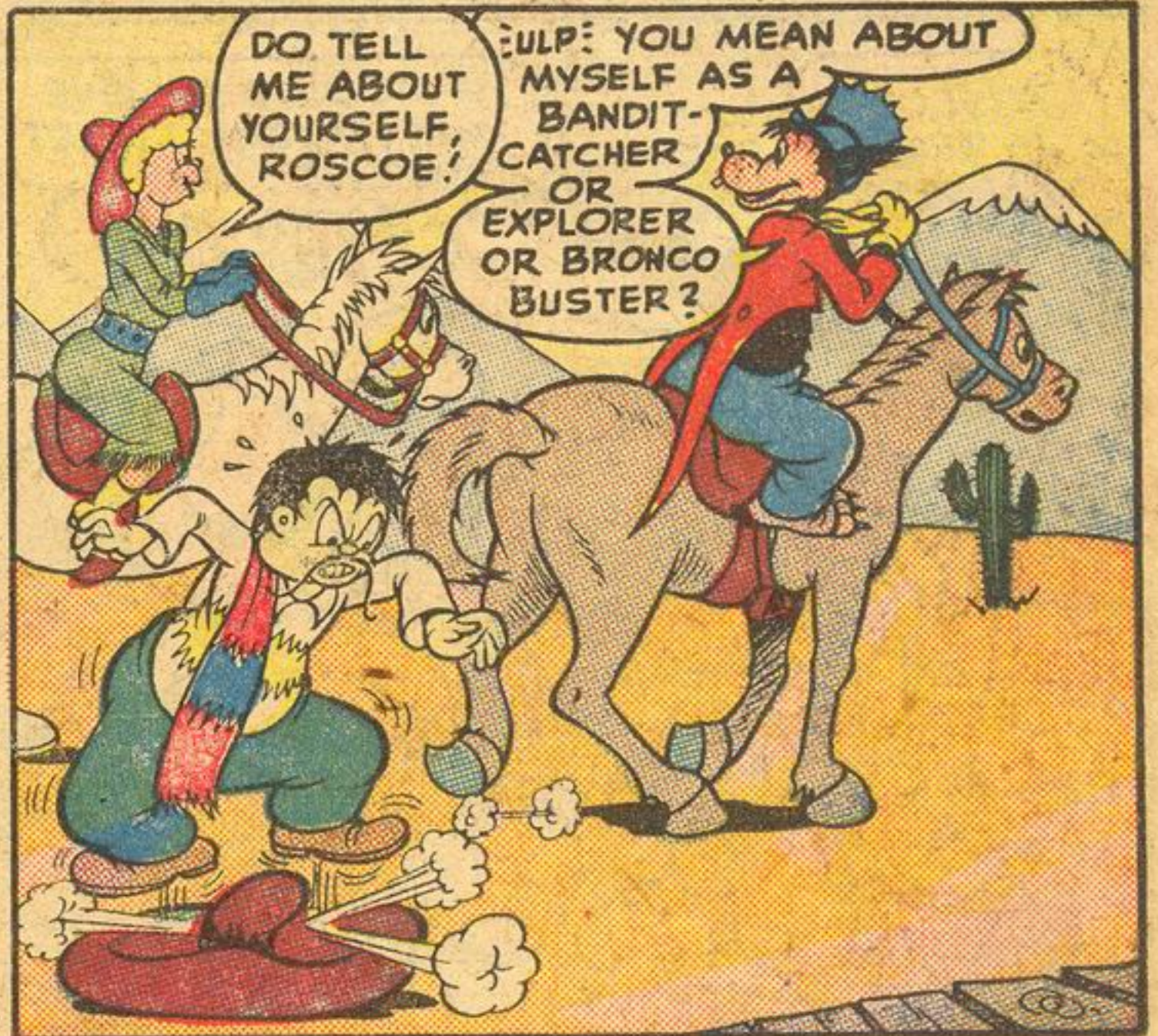
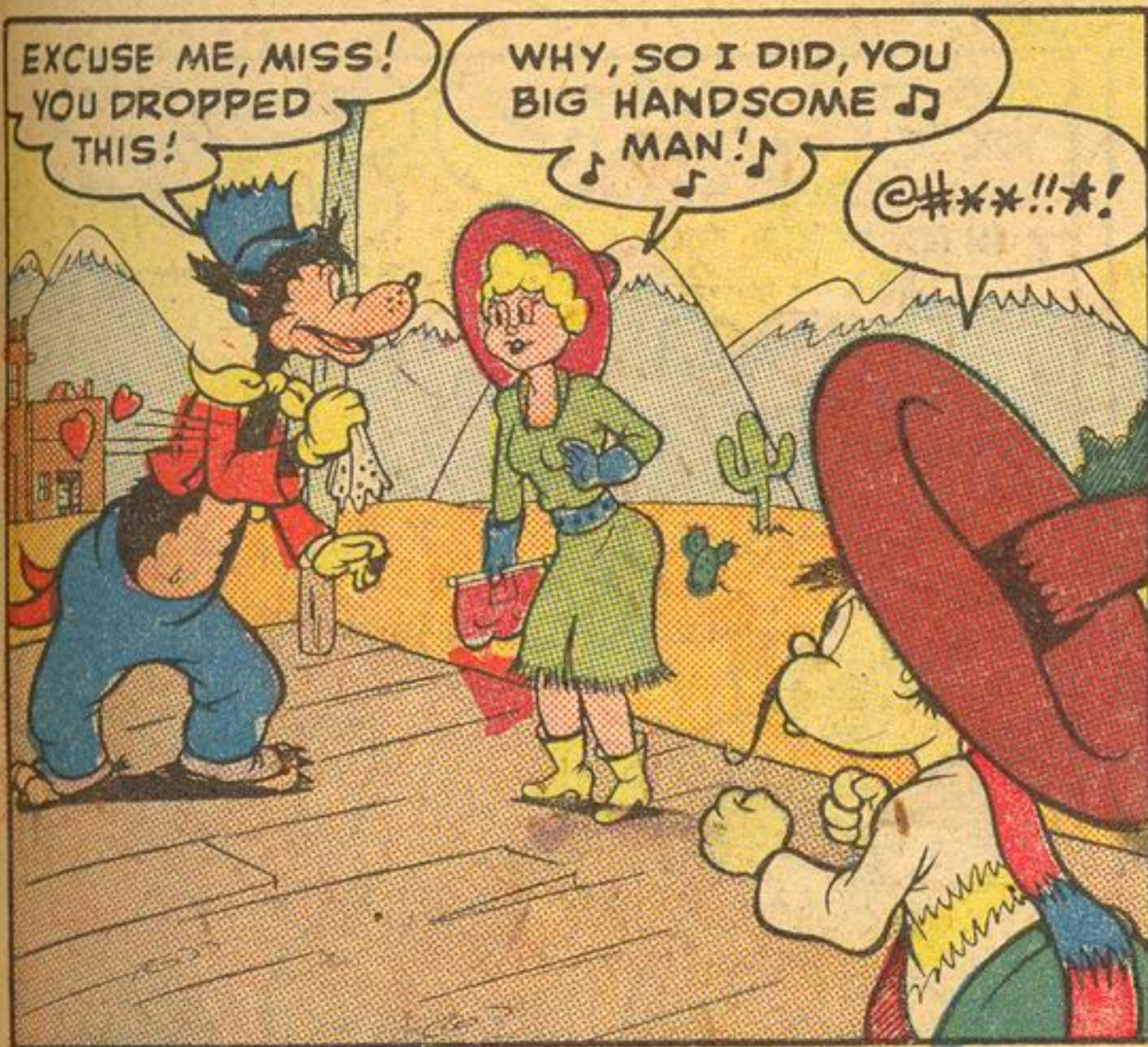


# ROSCOE



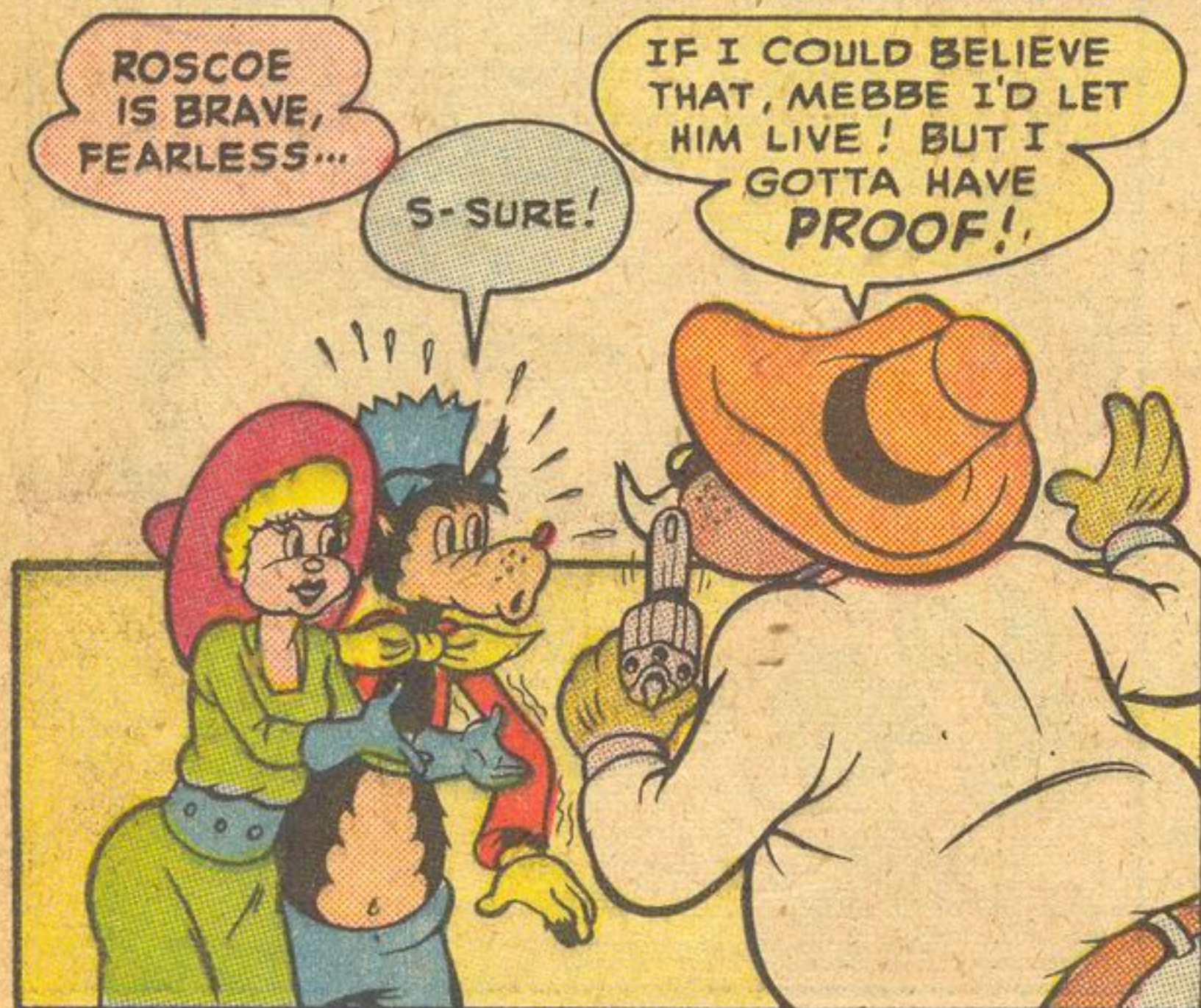
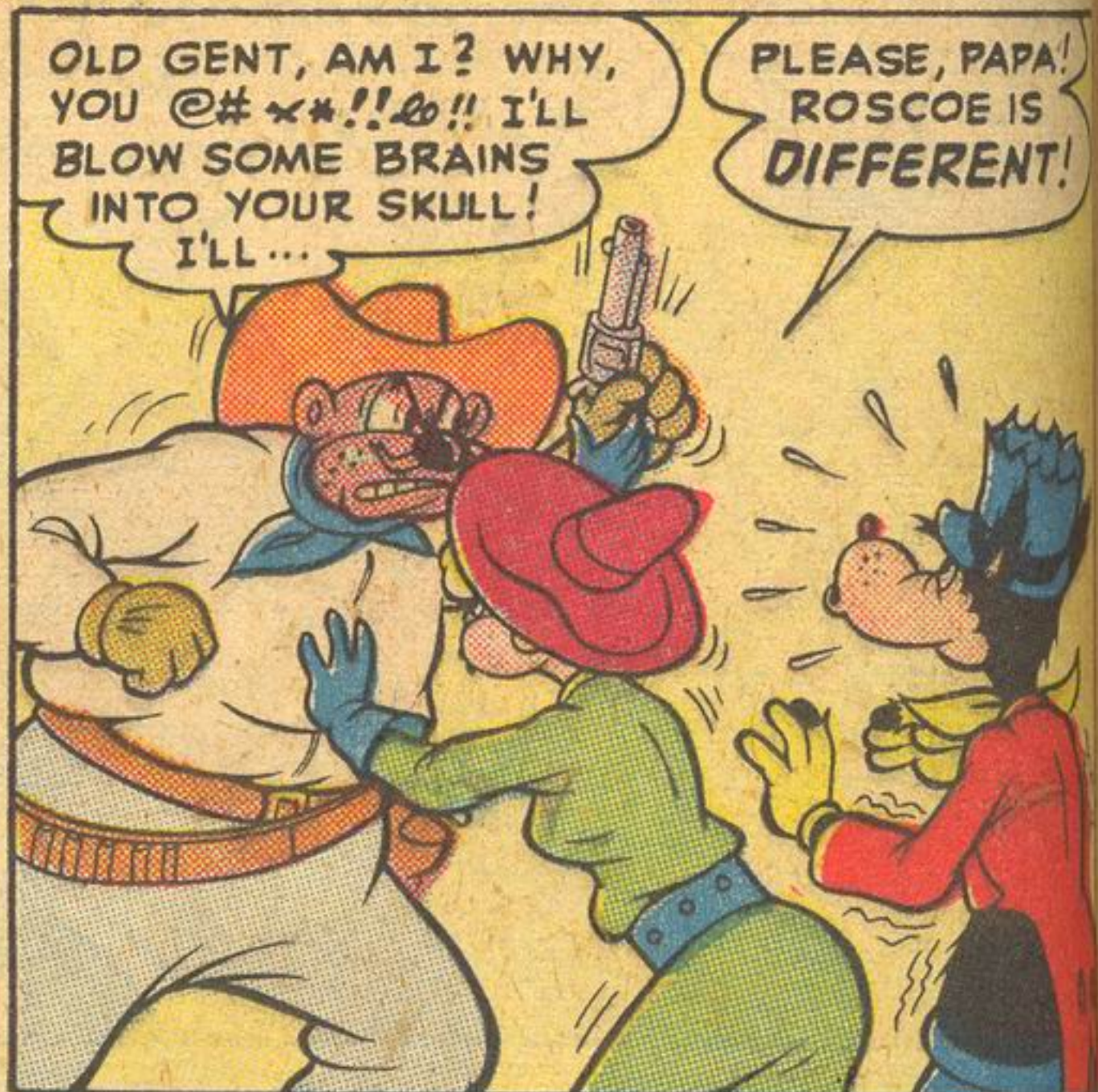
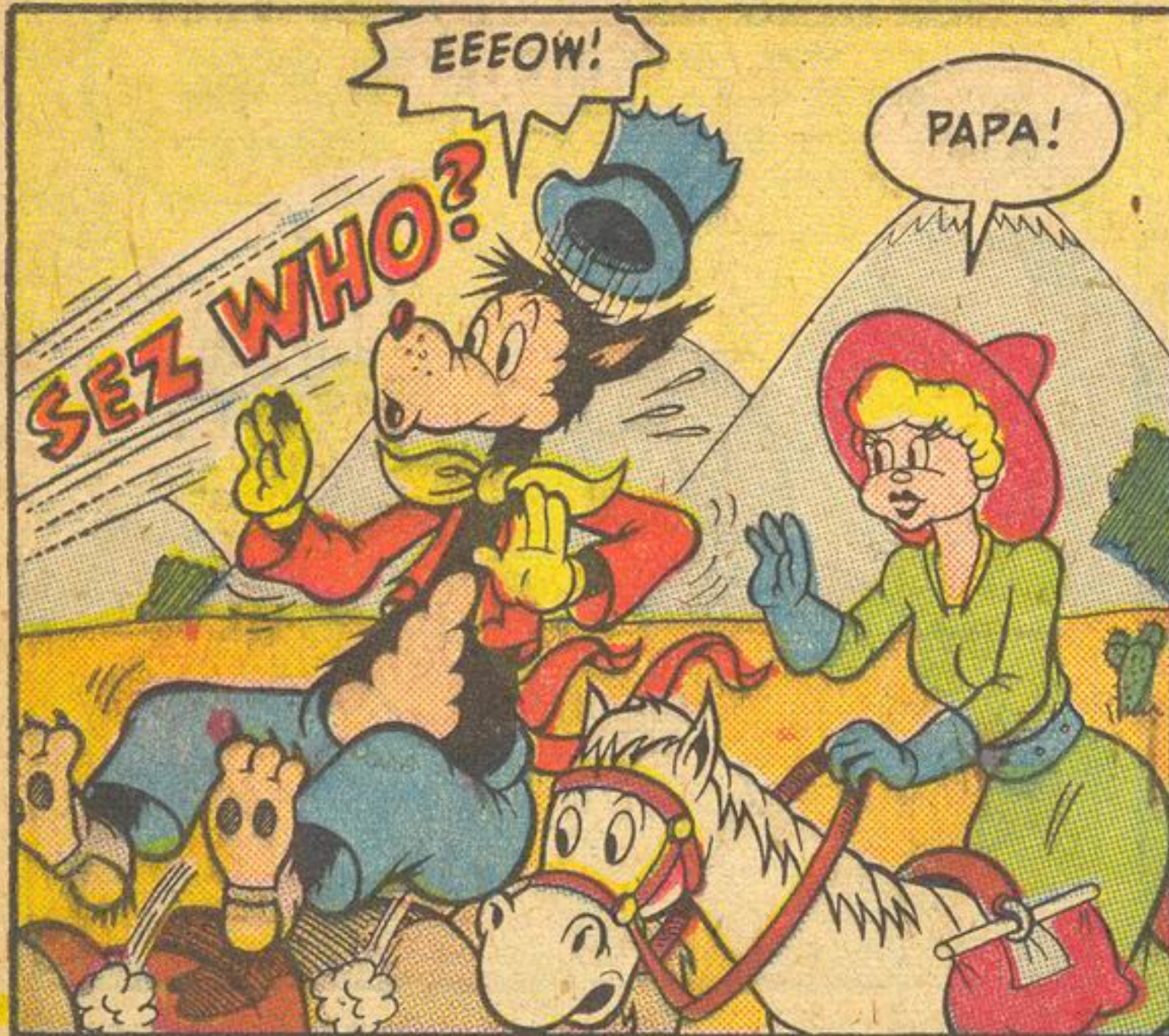


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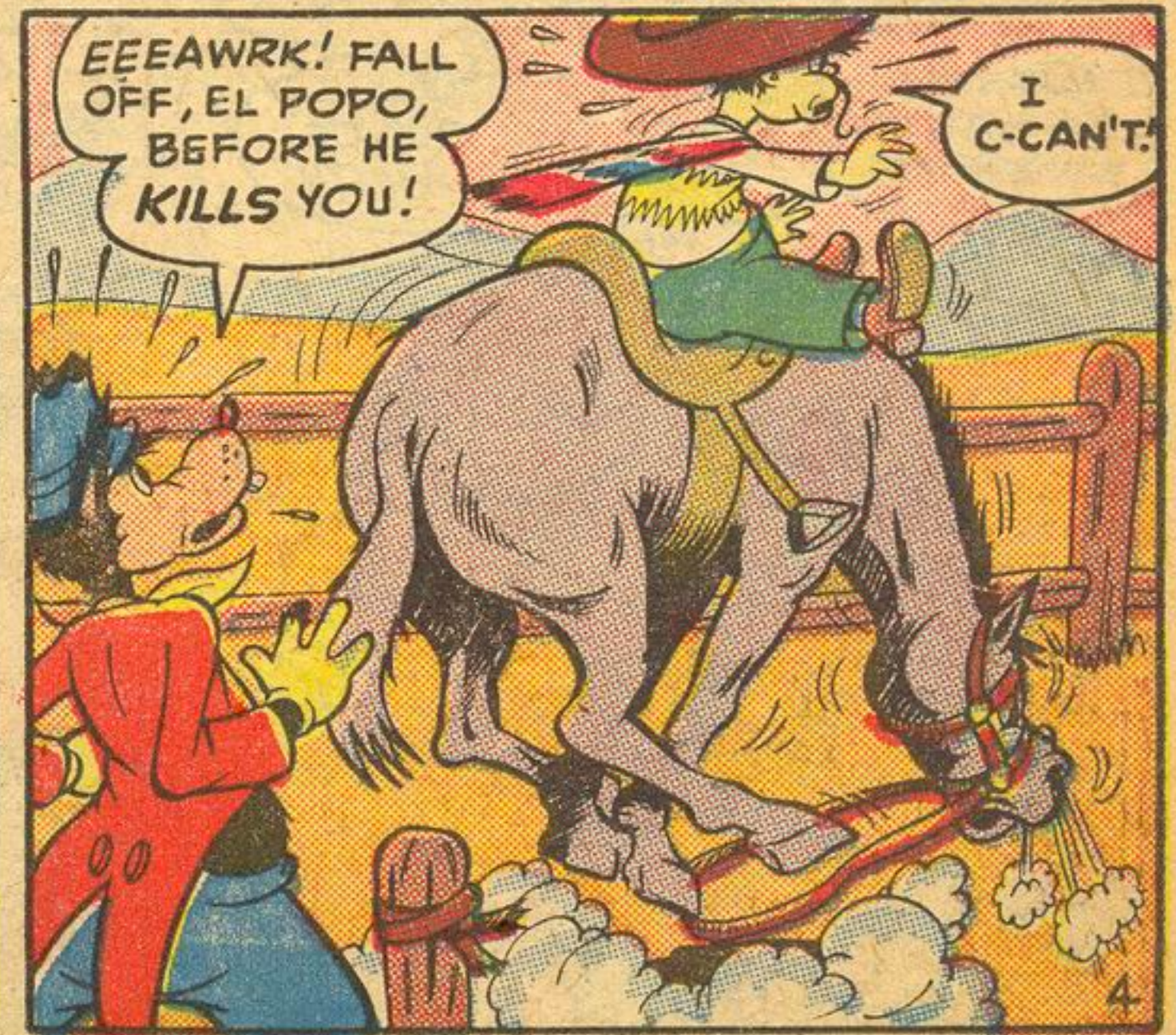
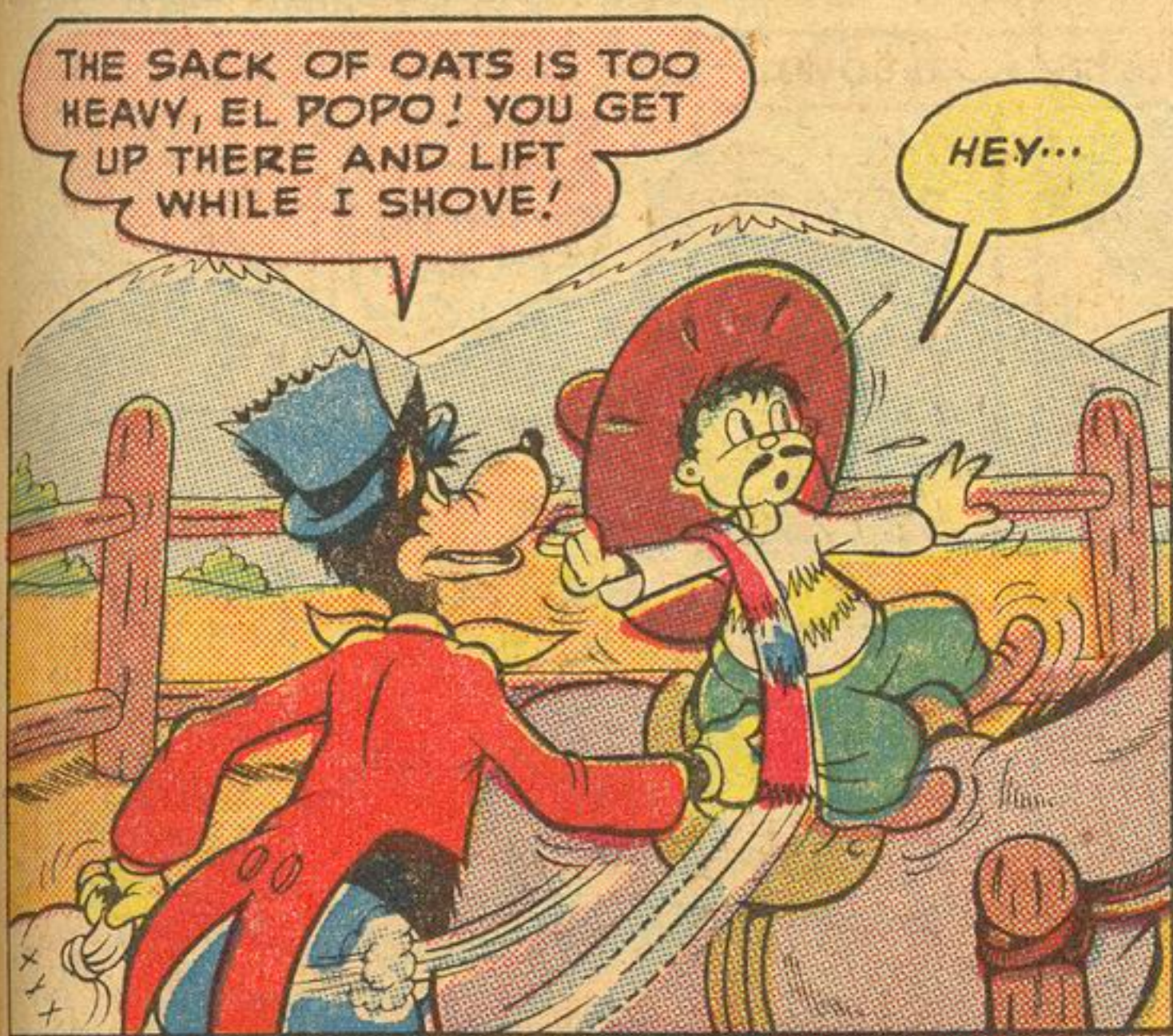
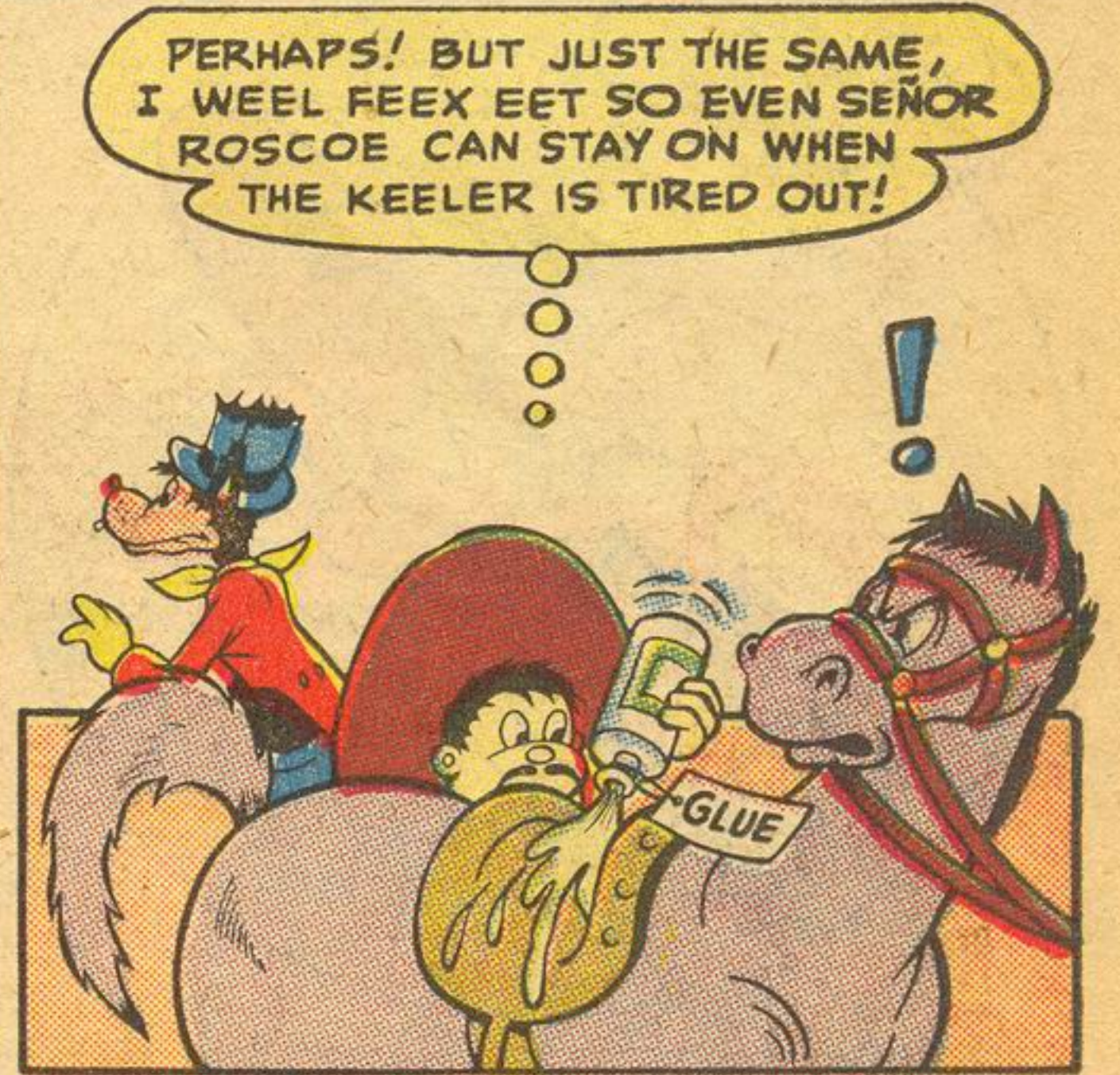
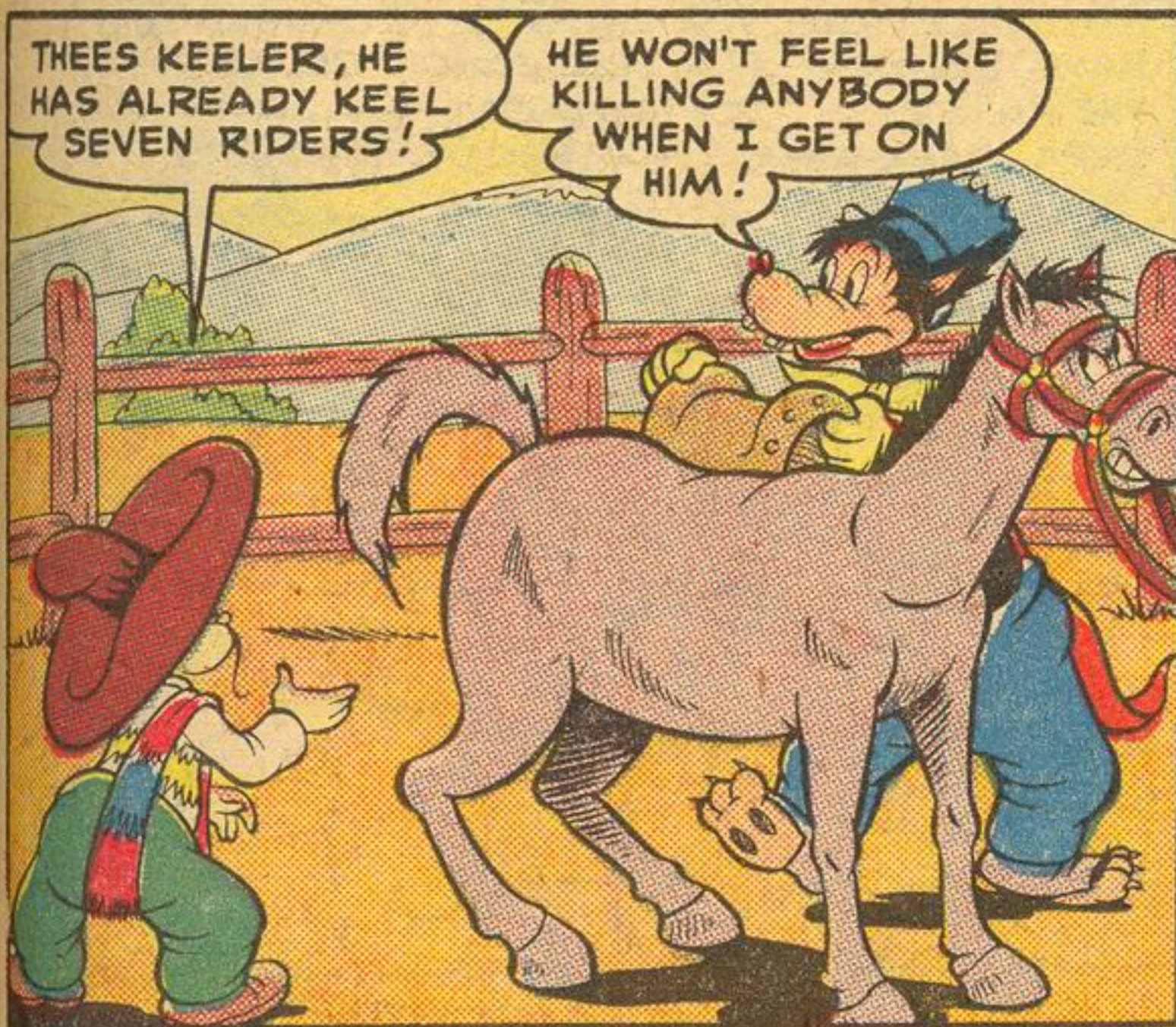
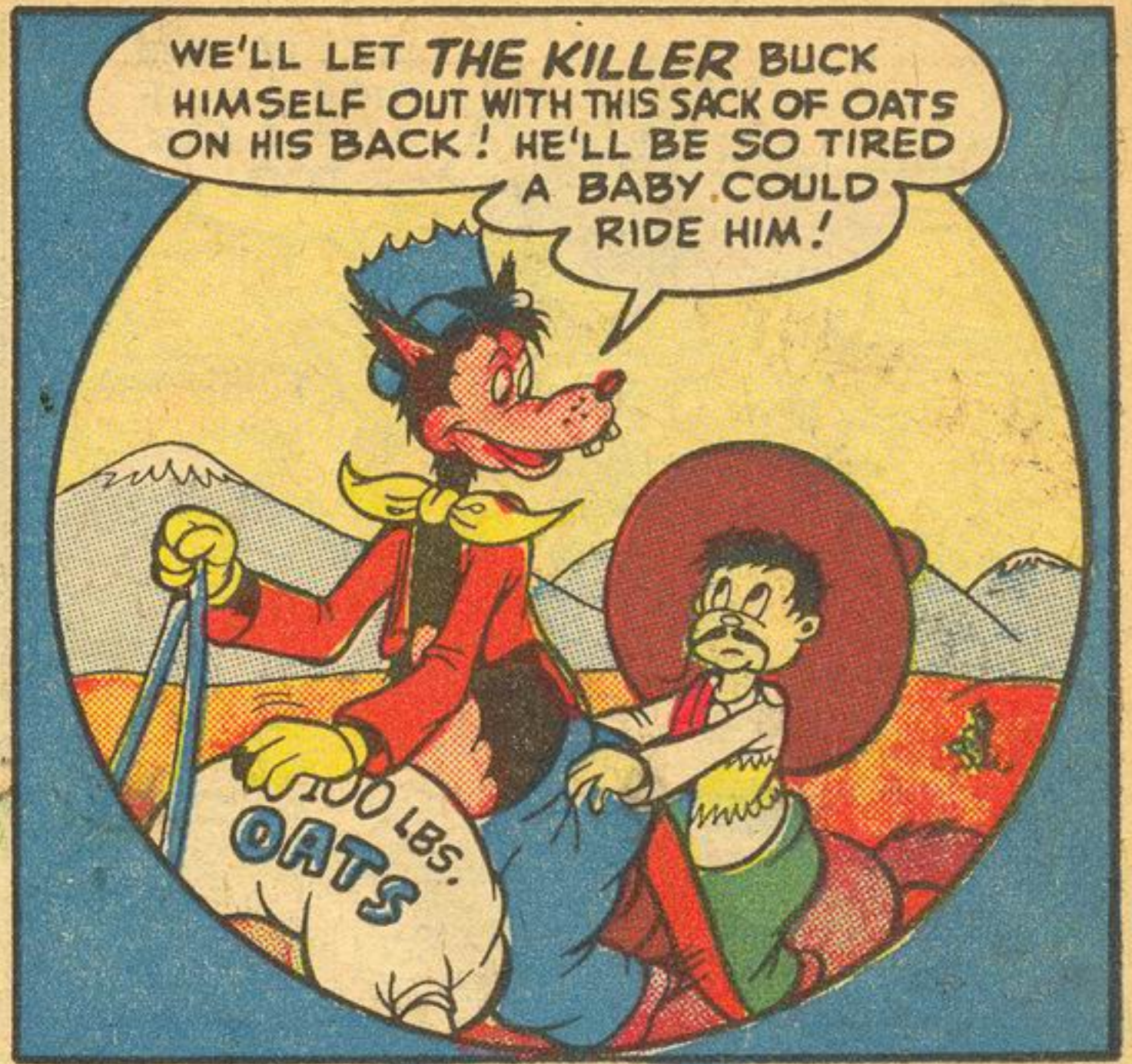


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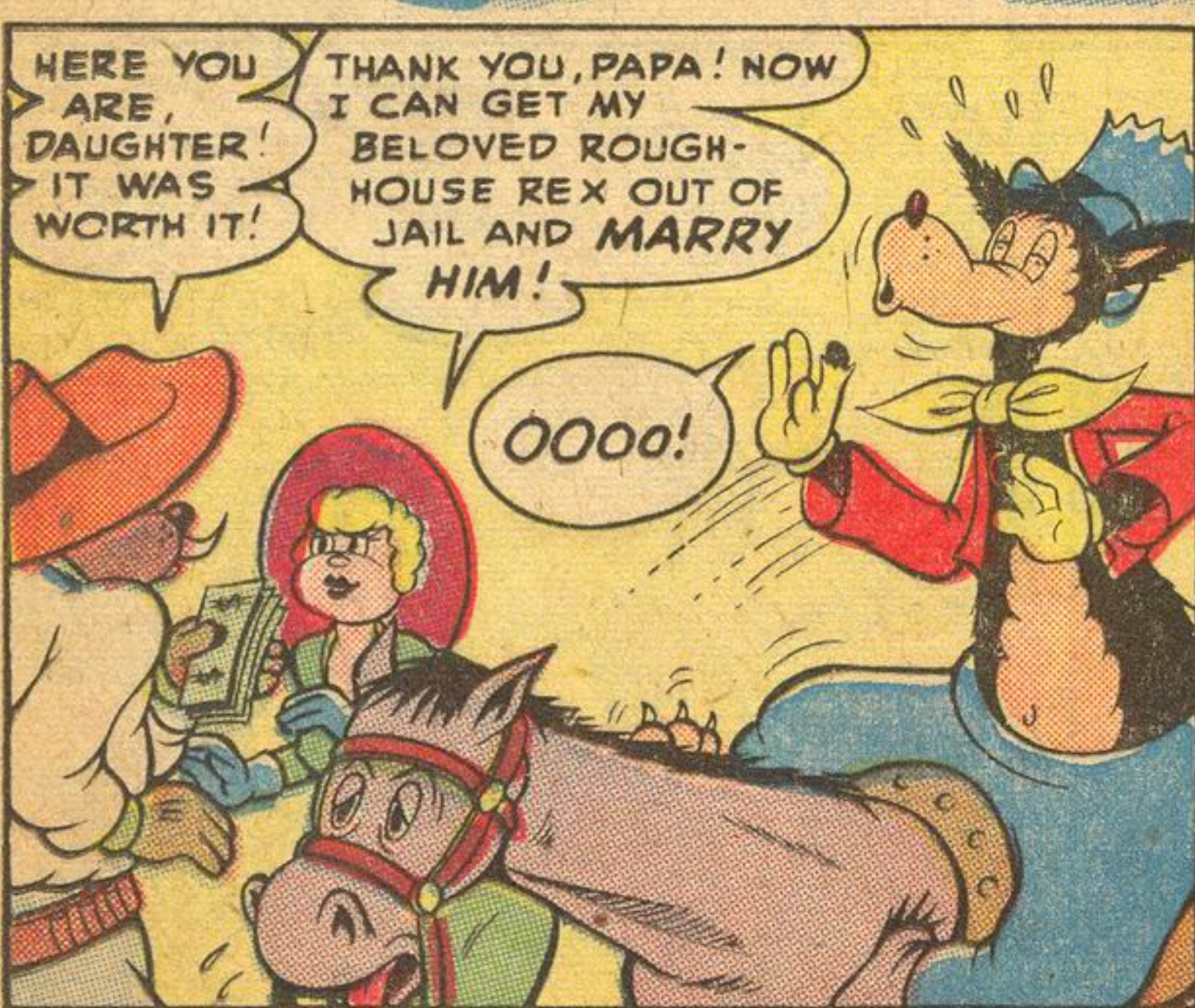
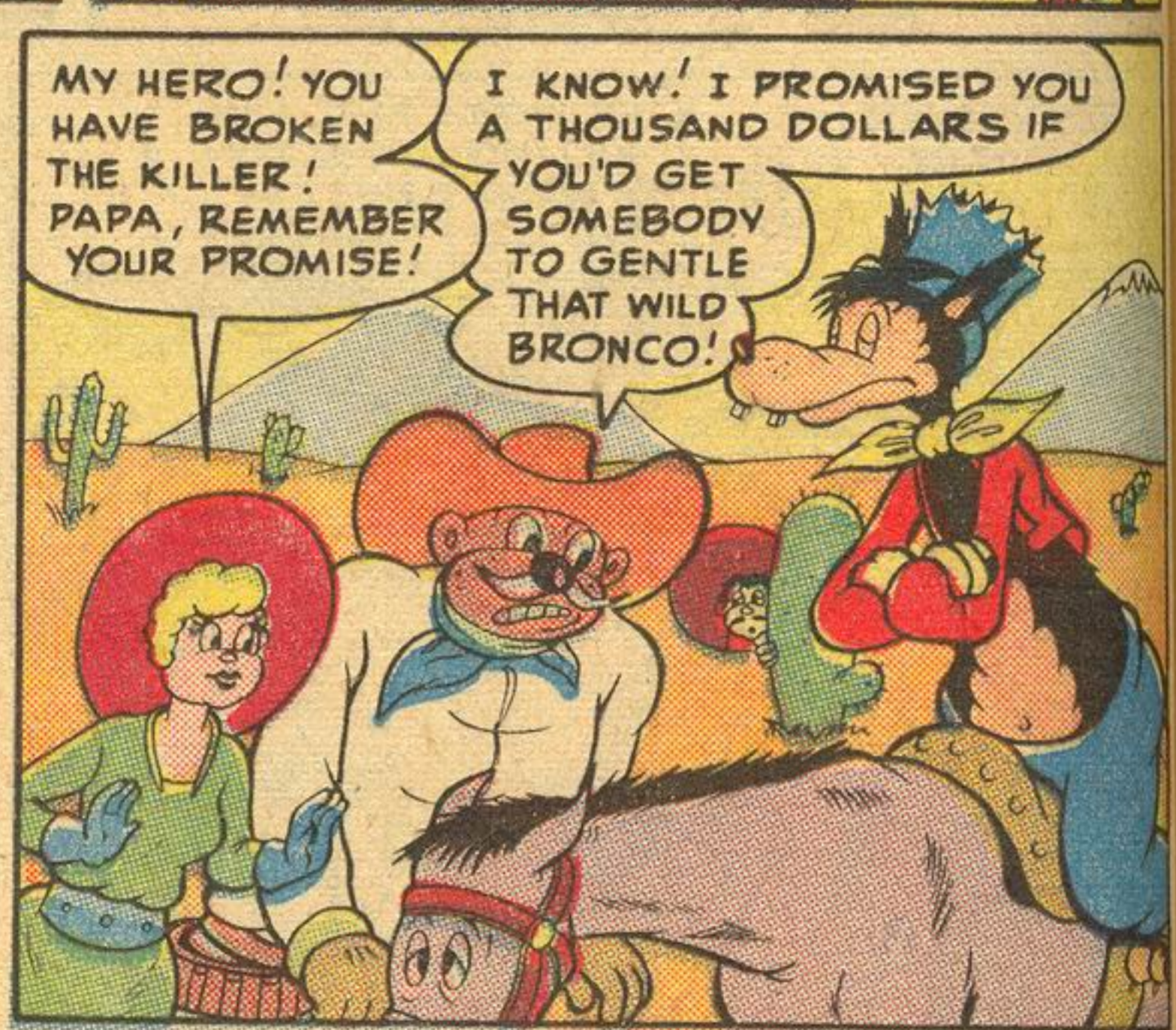
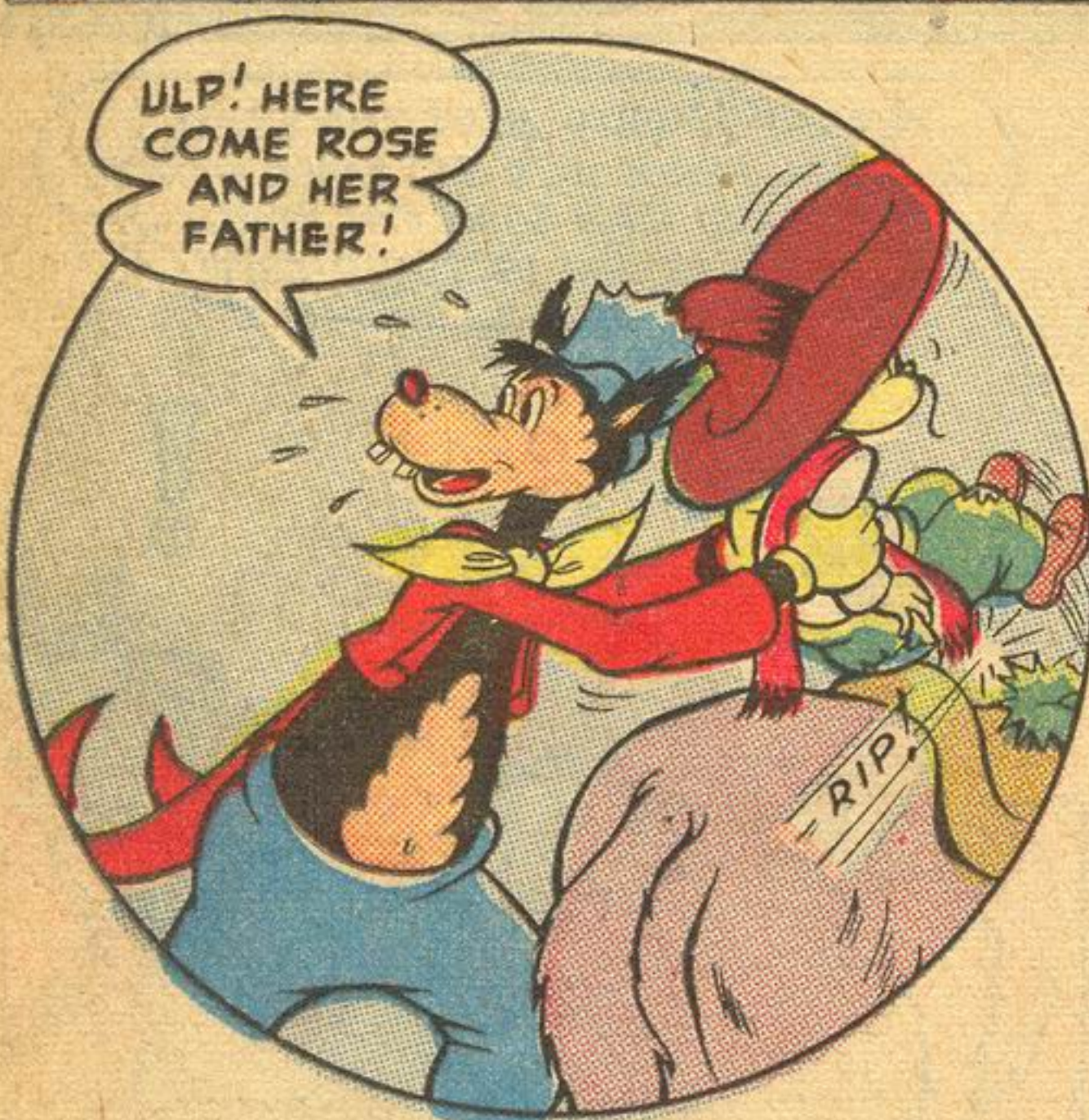


FEATURE COMICS





FEATURE COMICS





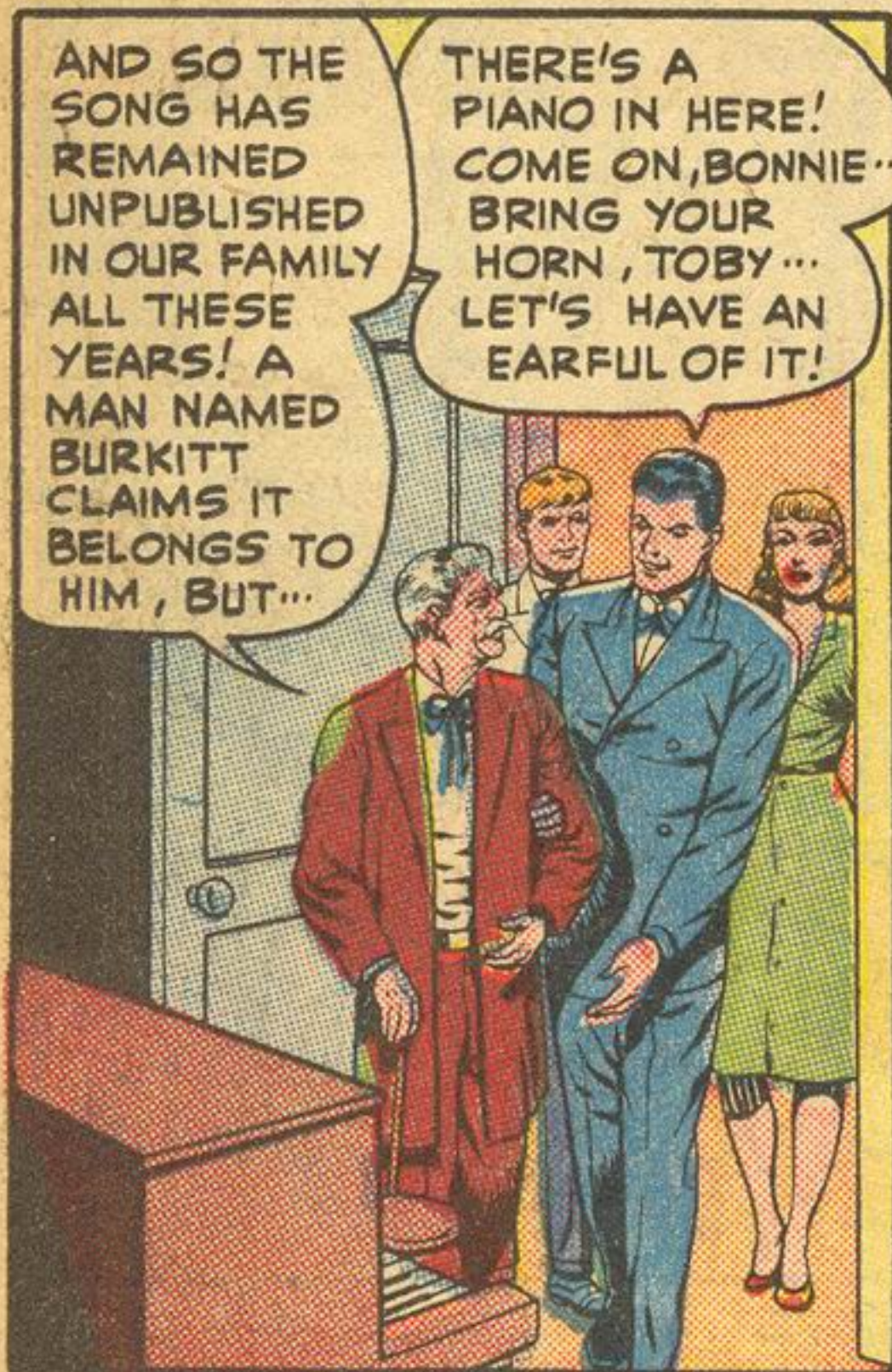


# SWING SISSON



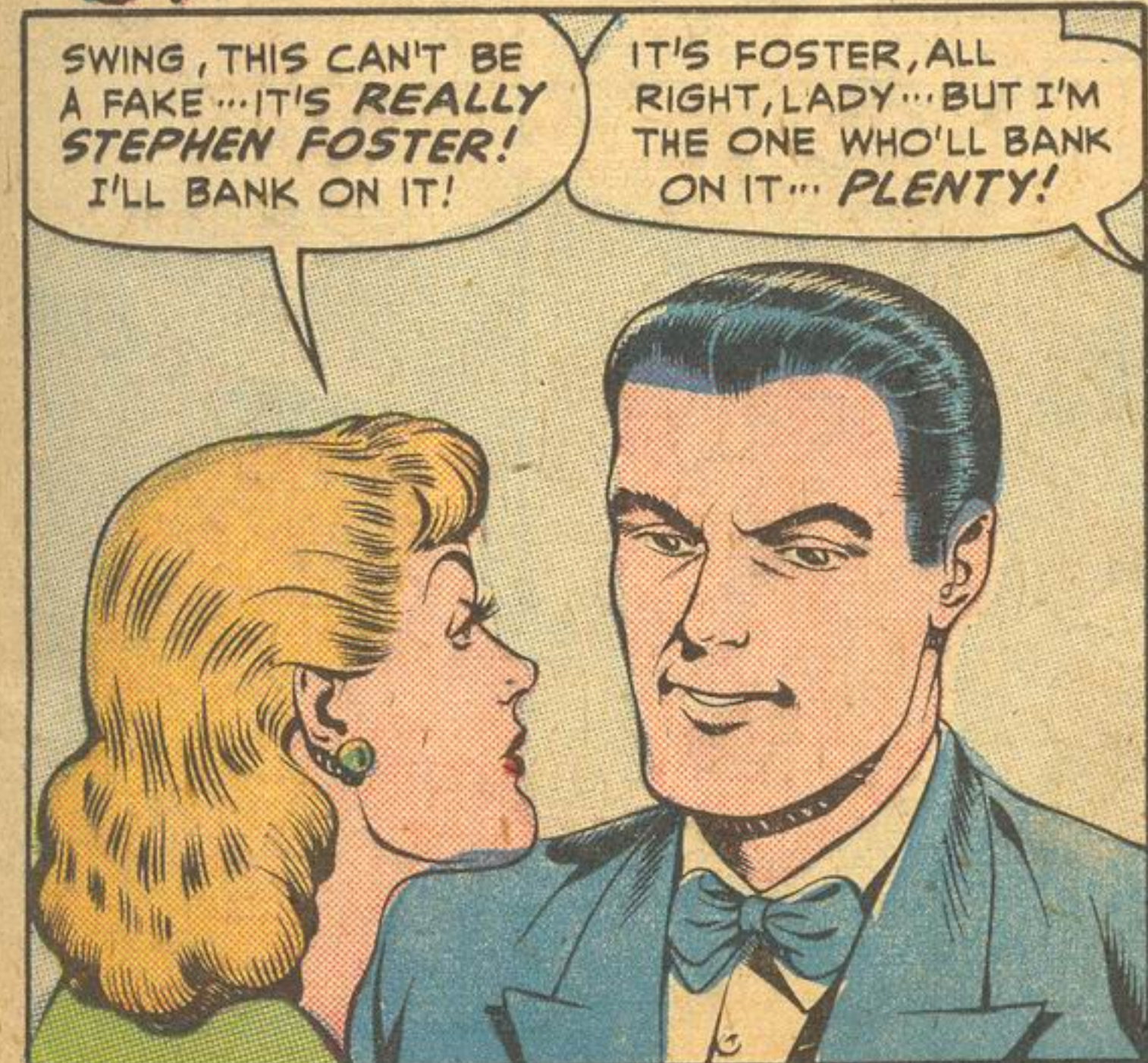


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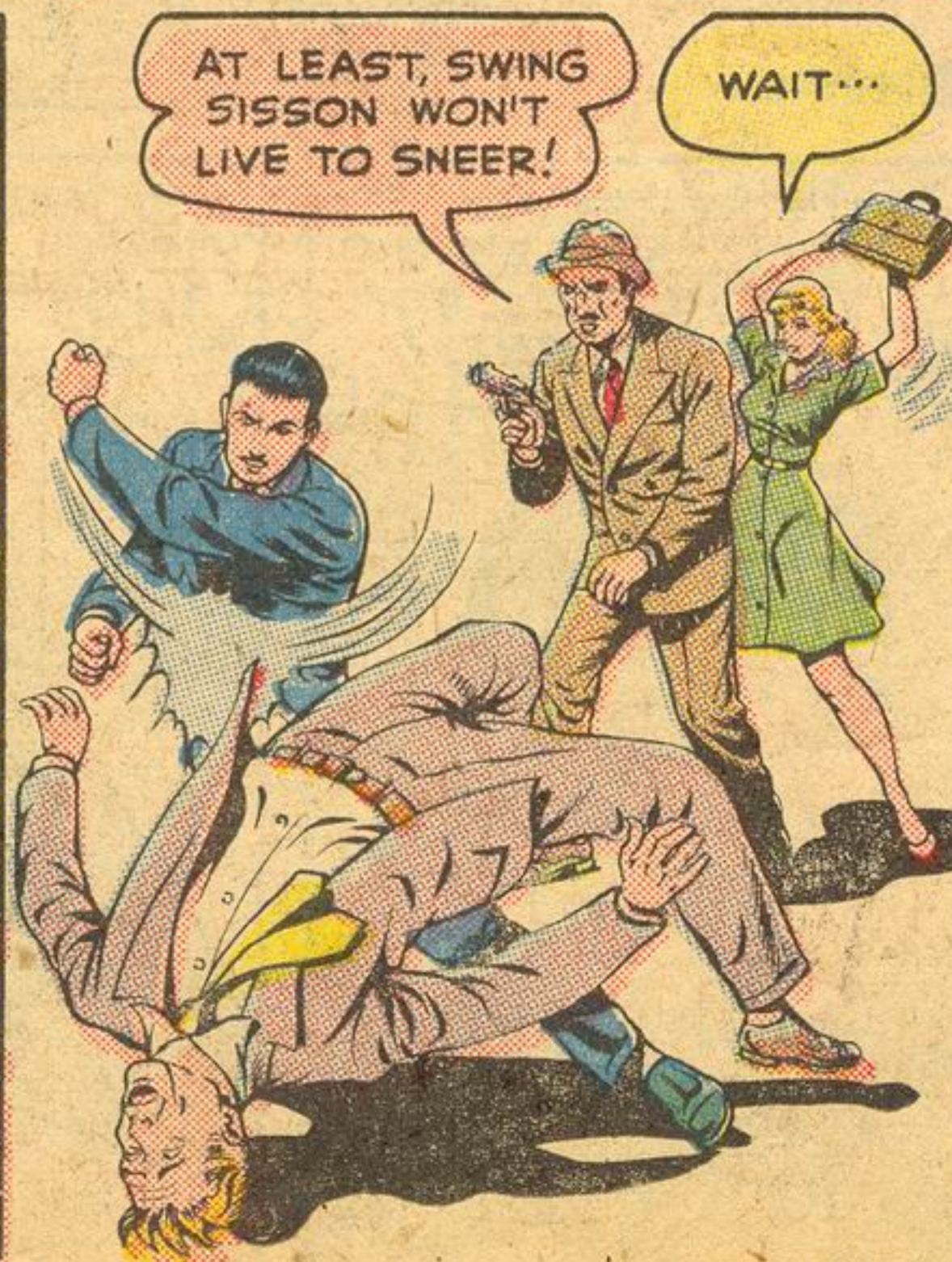




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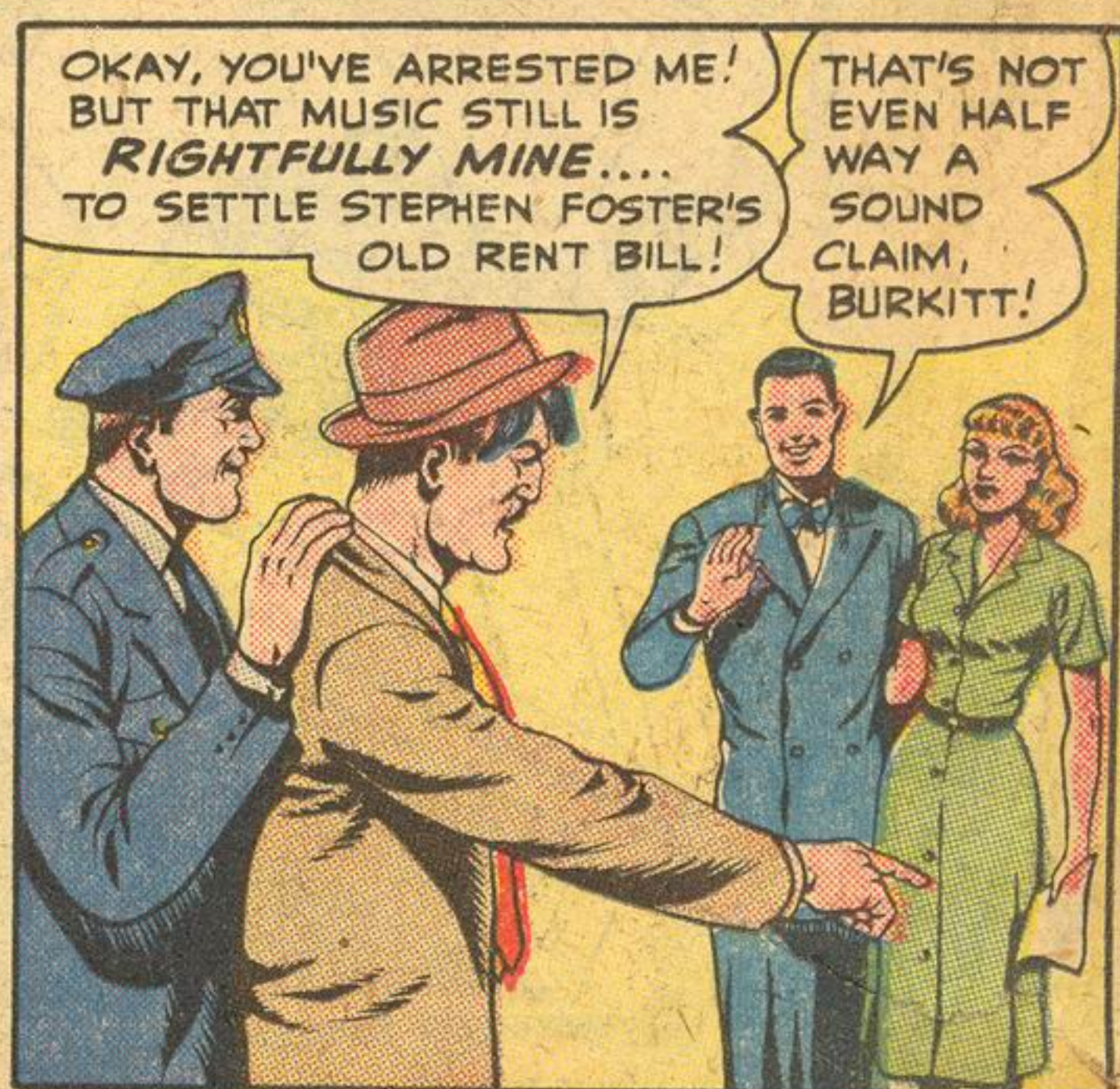
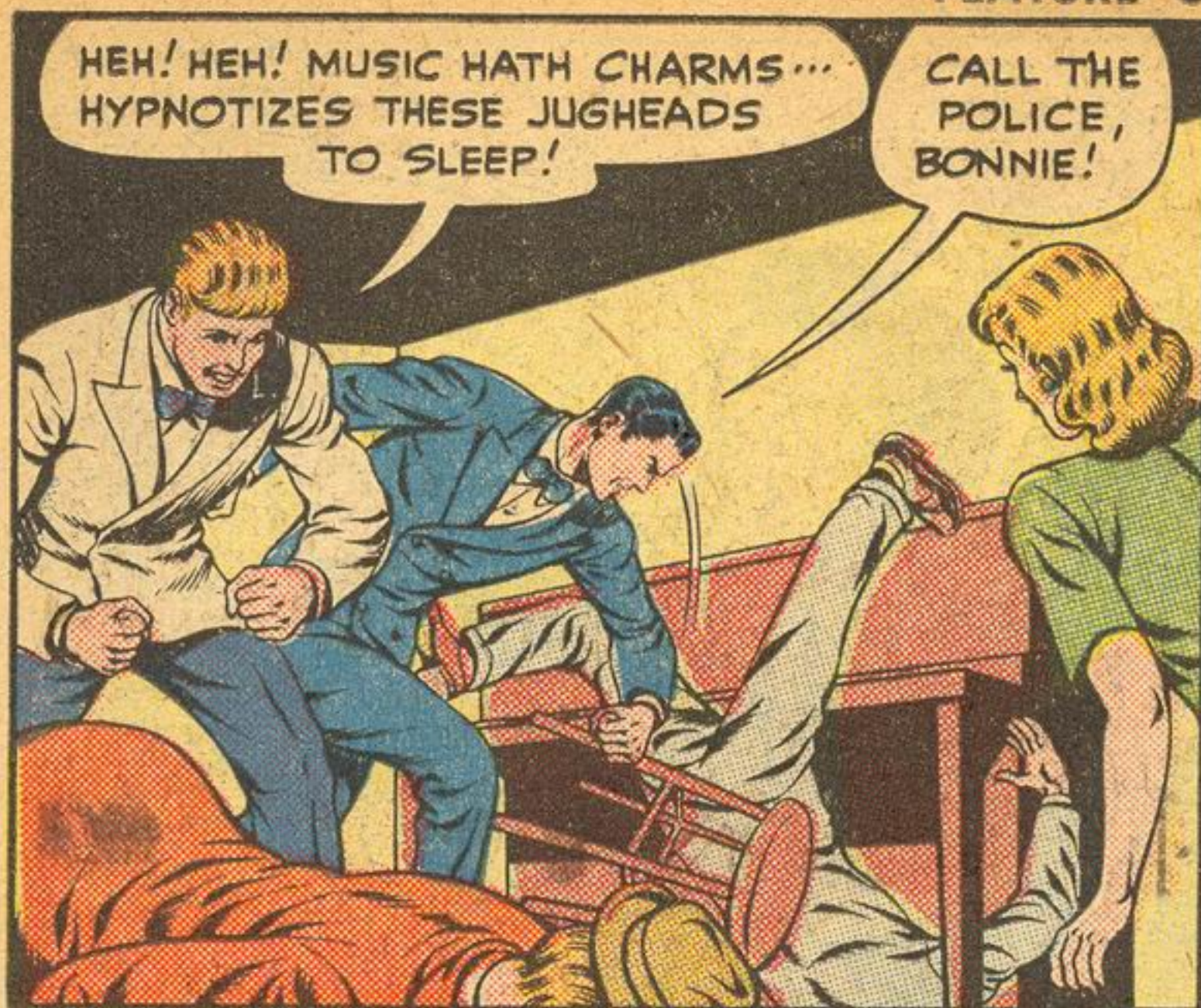








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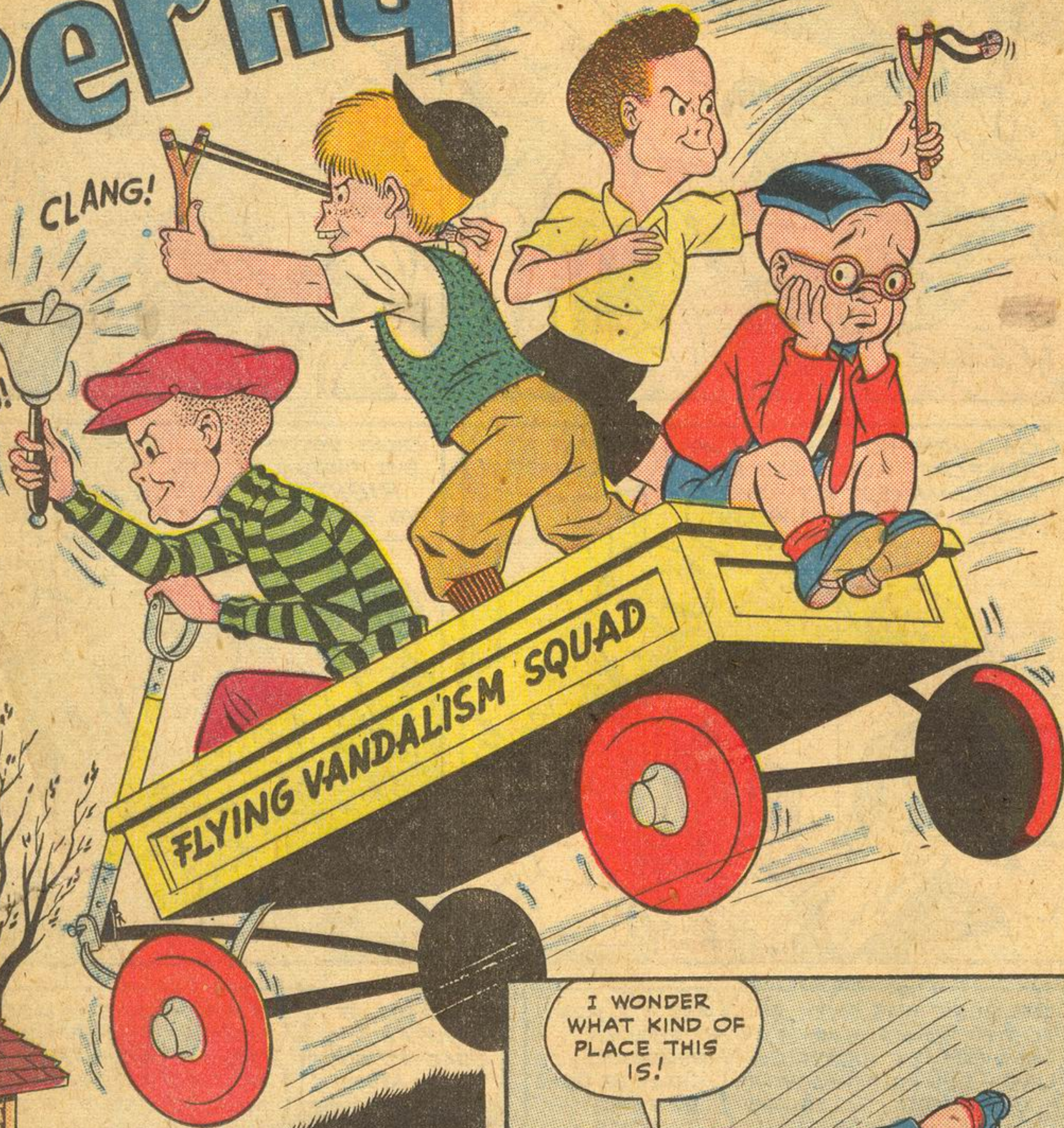




# Perky

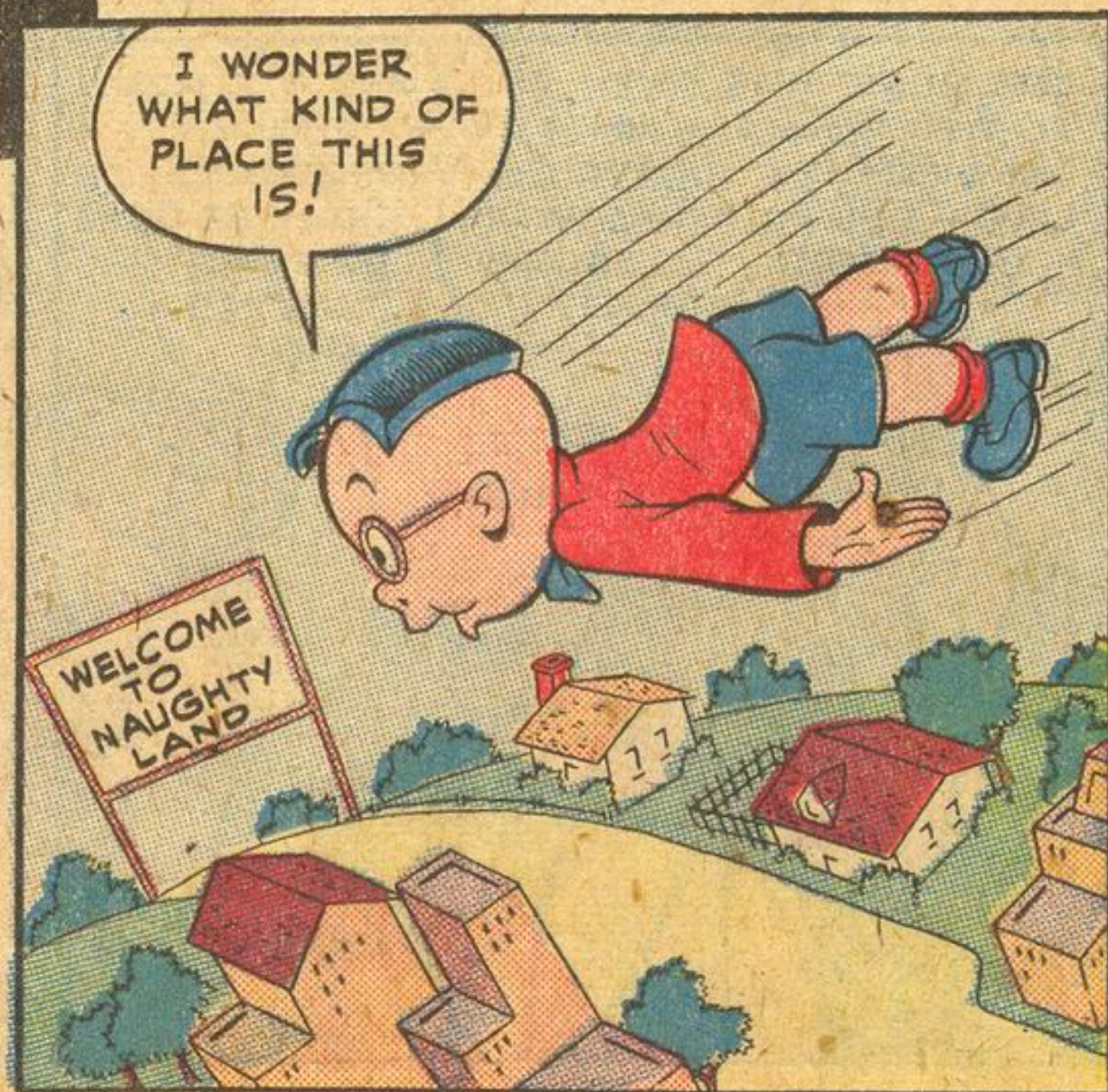
CLANG!

CLANG!

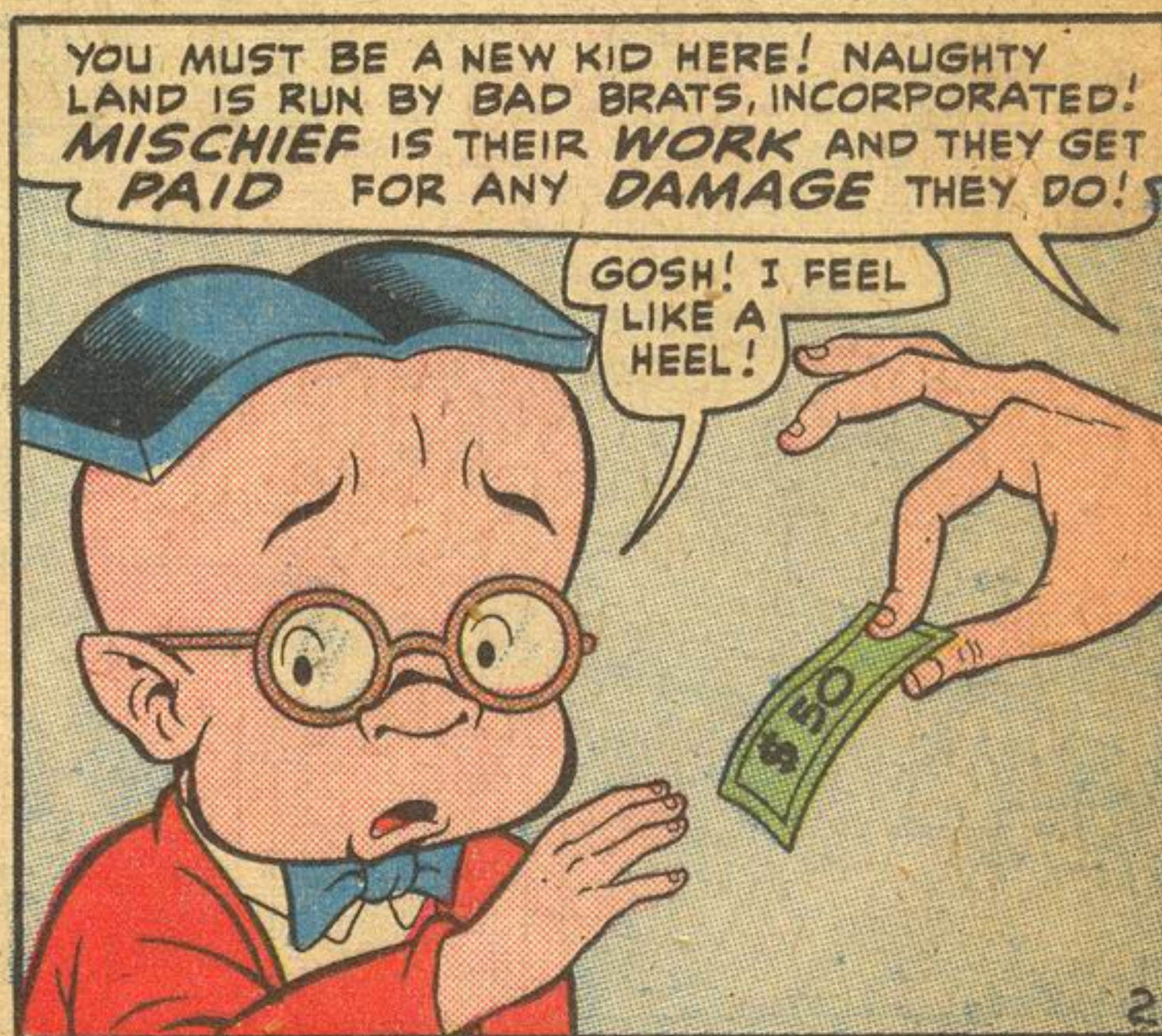
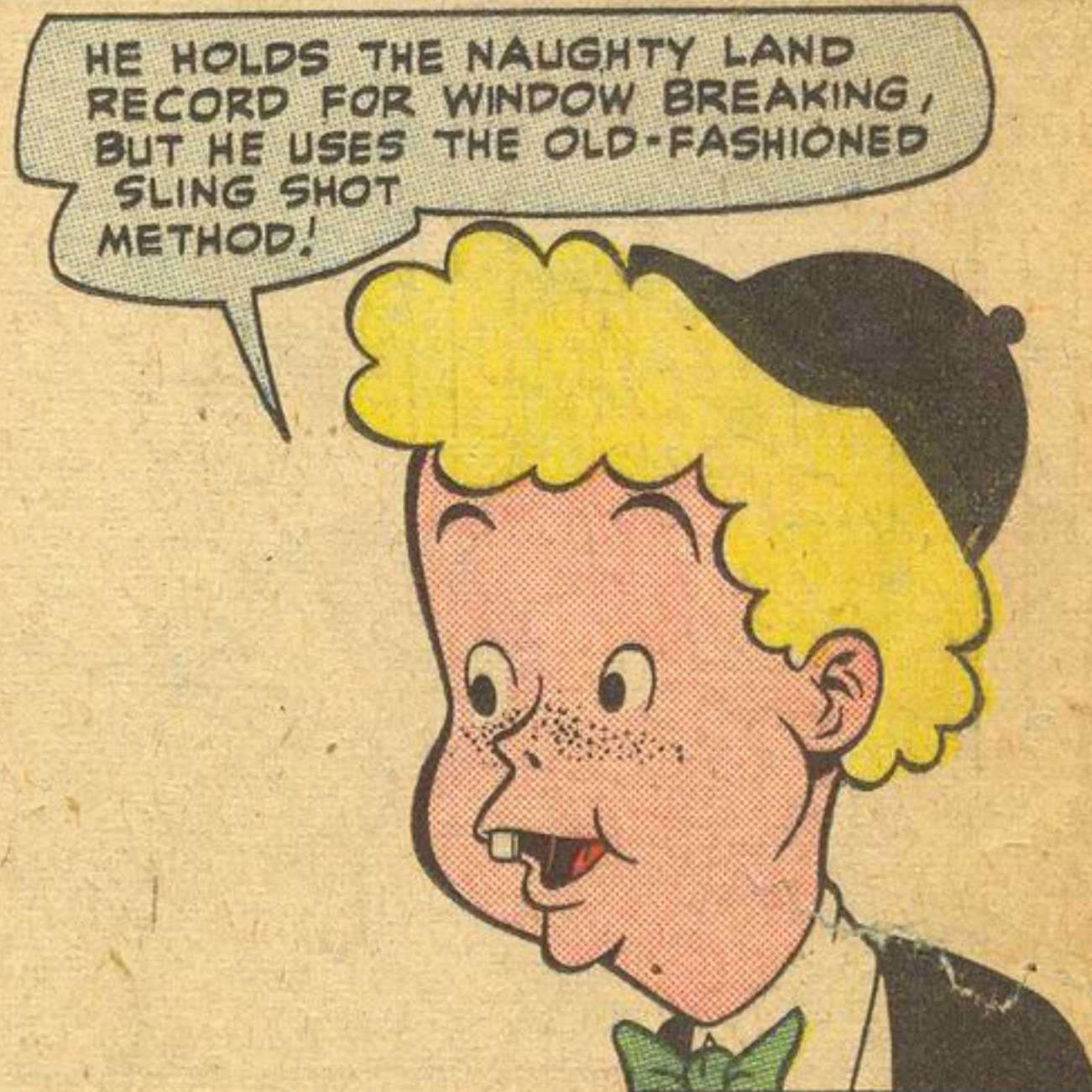
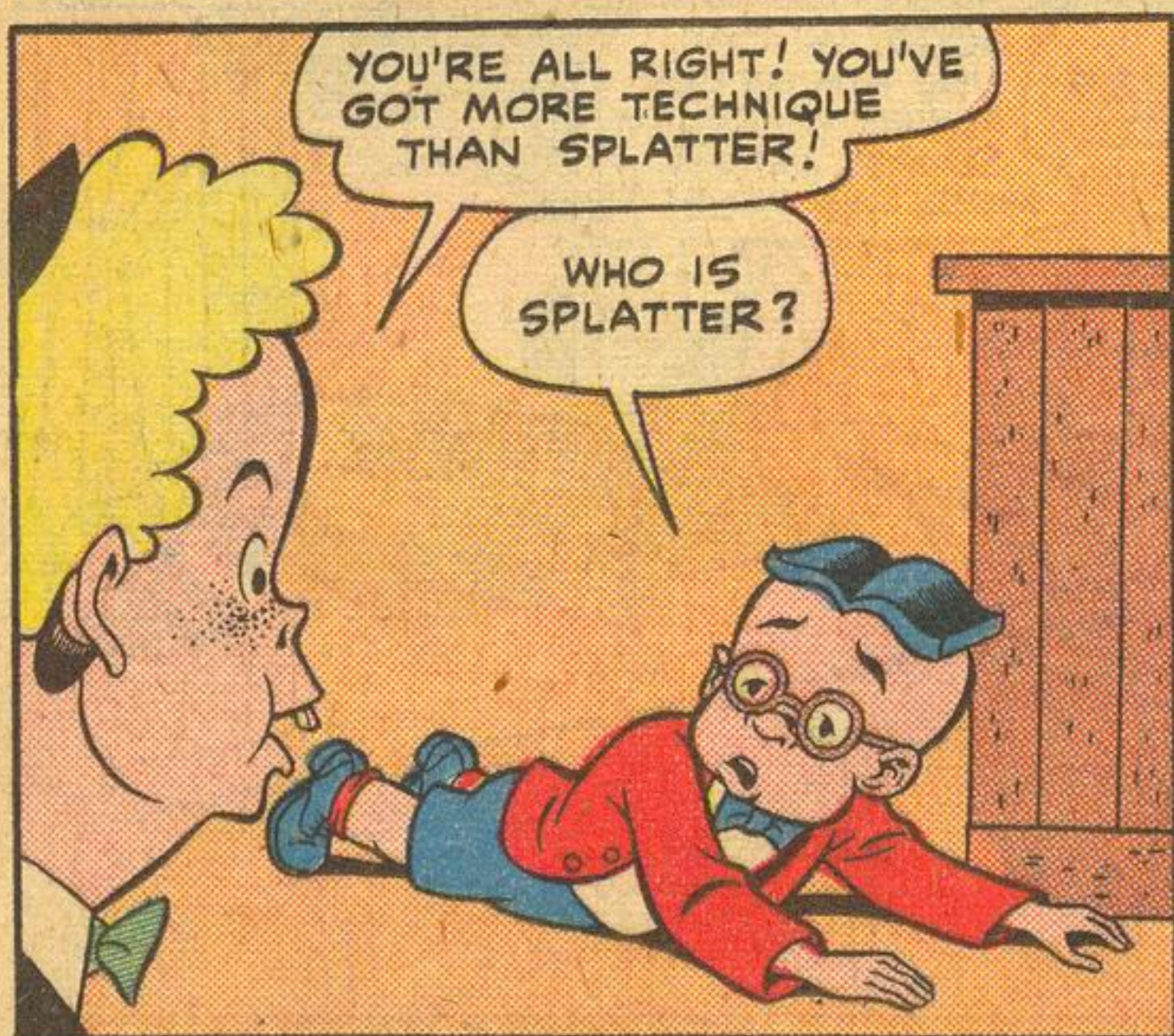
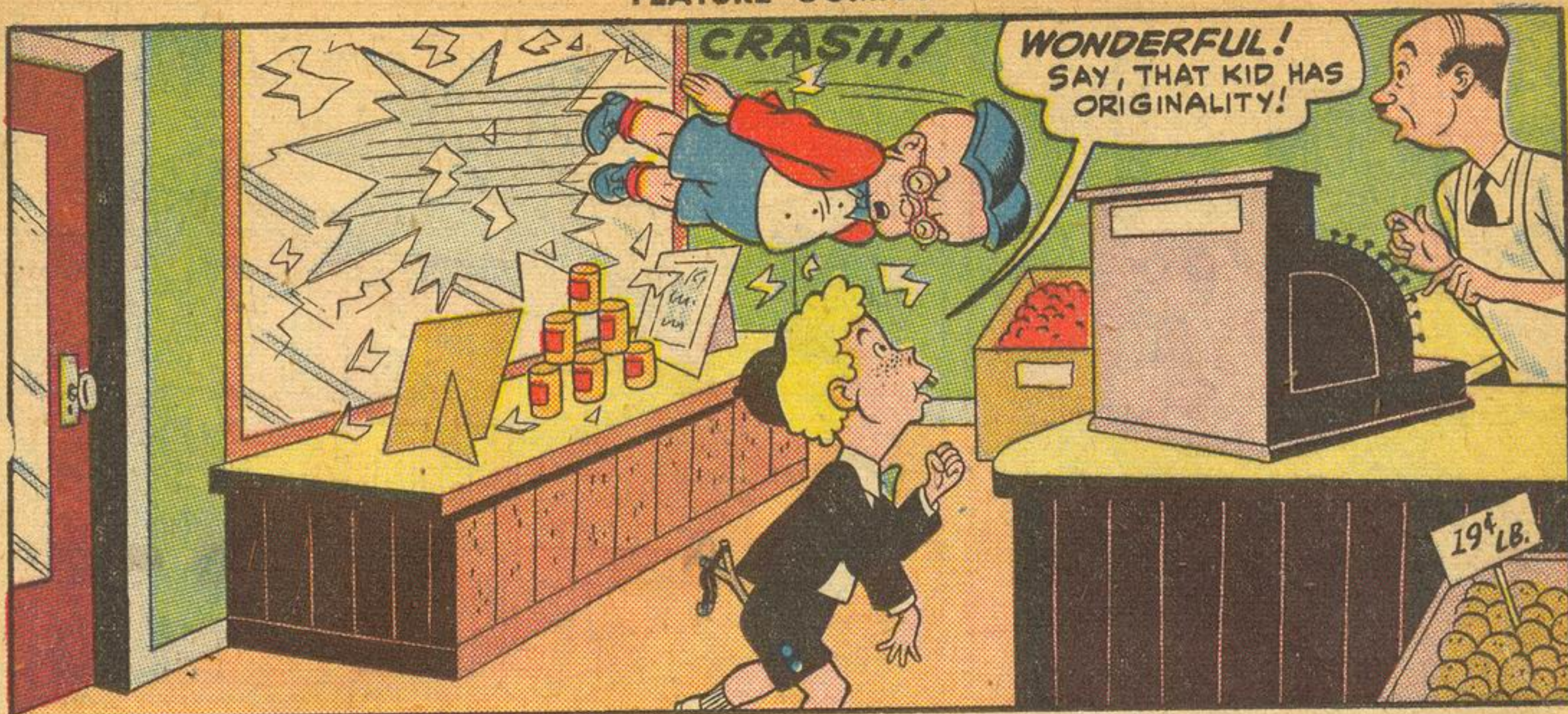


**W**hen Perky stepped into the amateur magician's vanishing box at a vaudeville show, he really disappeared and now, due to a faulty mechanism, every time the magician pulls the lever, Perky goes flying off into worlds beyond ....

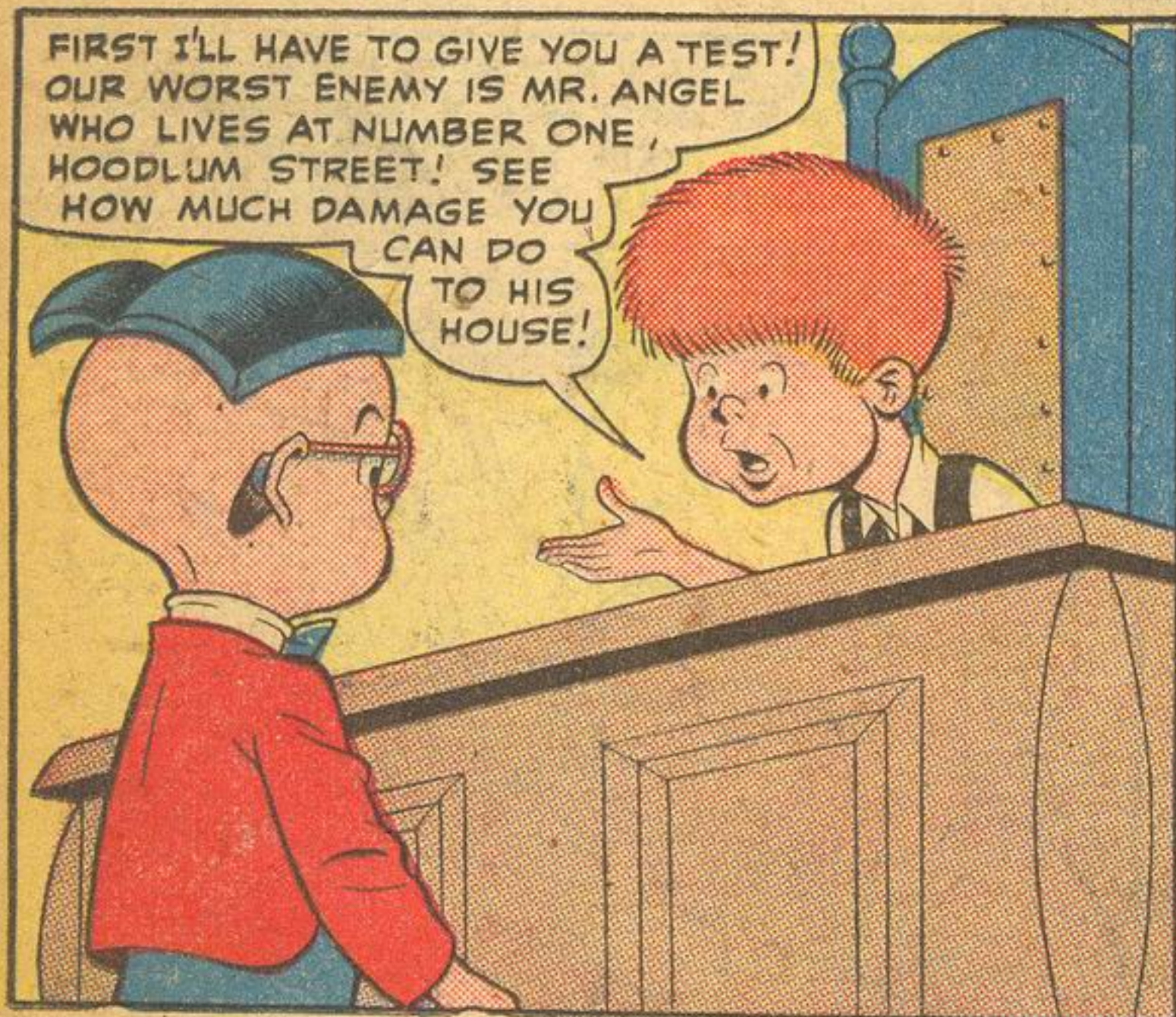
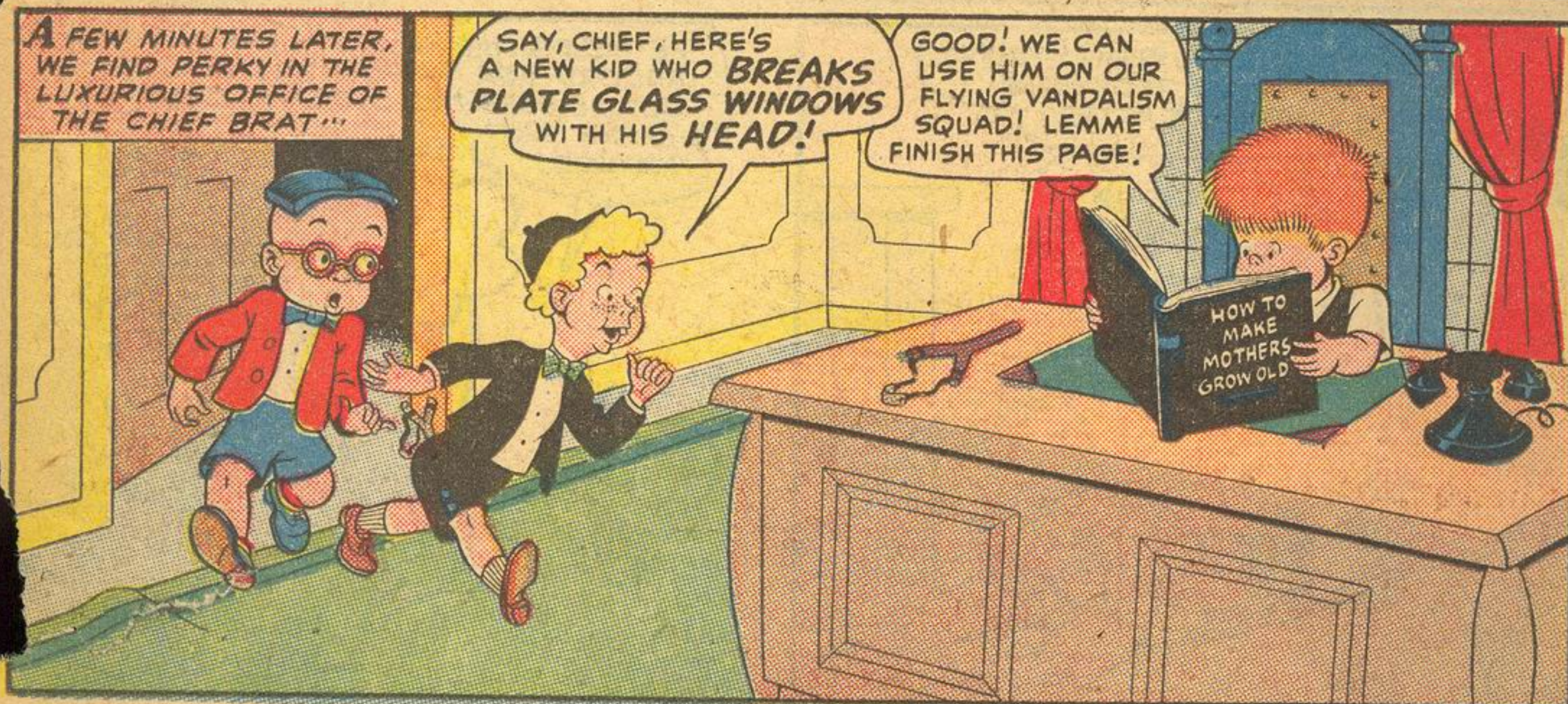
I WONDER  
WHAT KIND OF  
PLACE THIS  
IS!





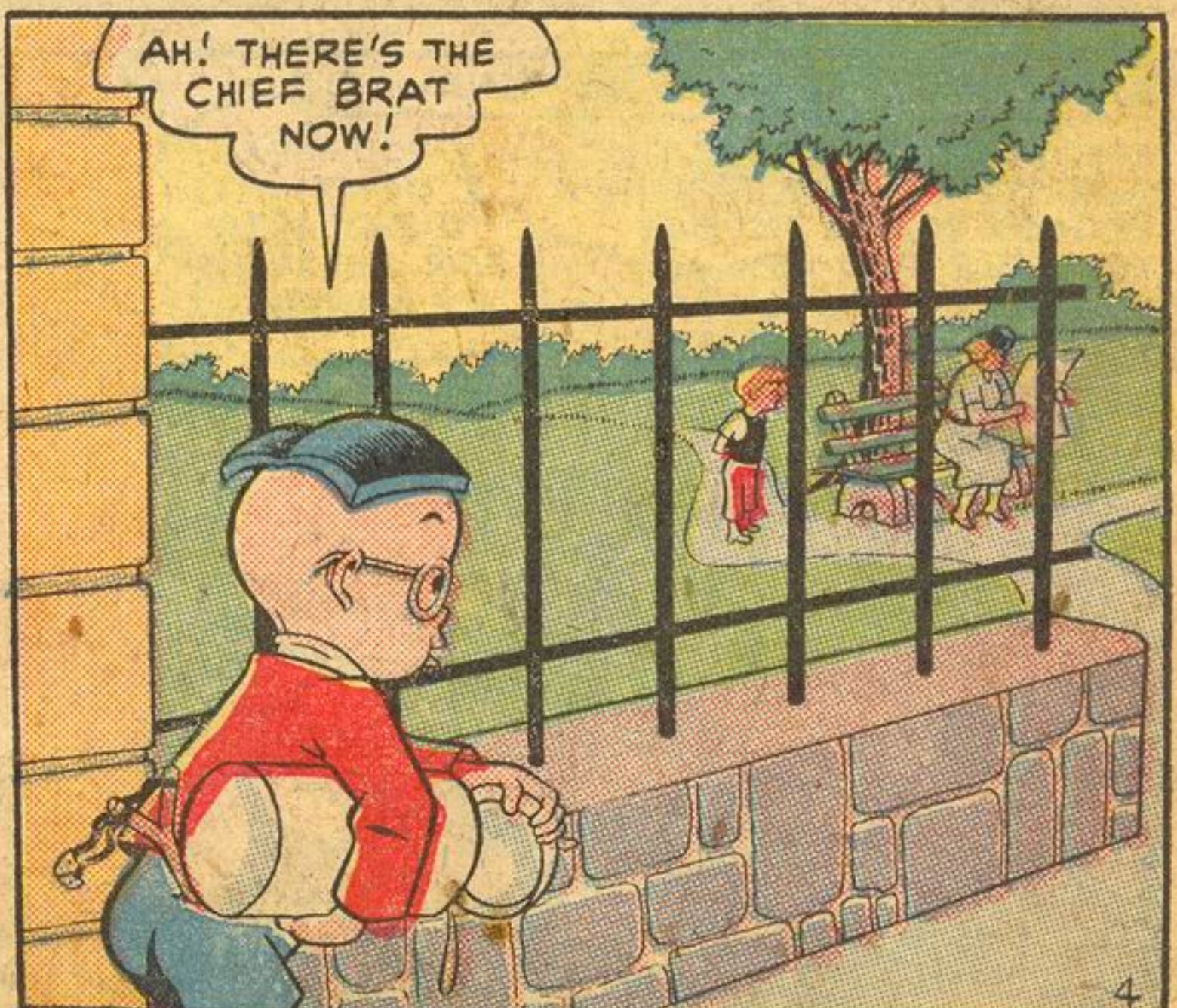
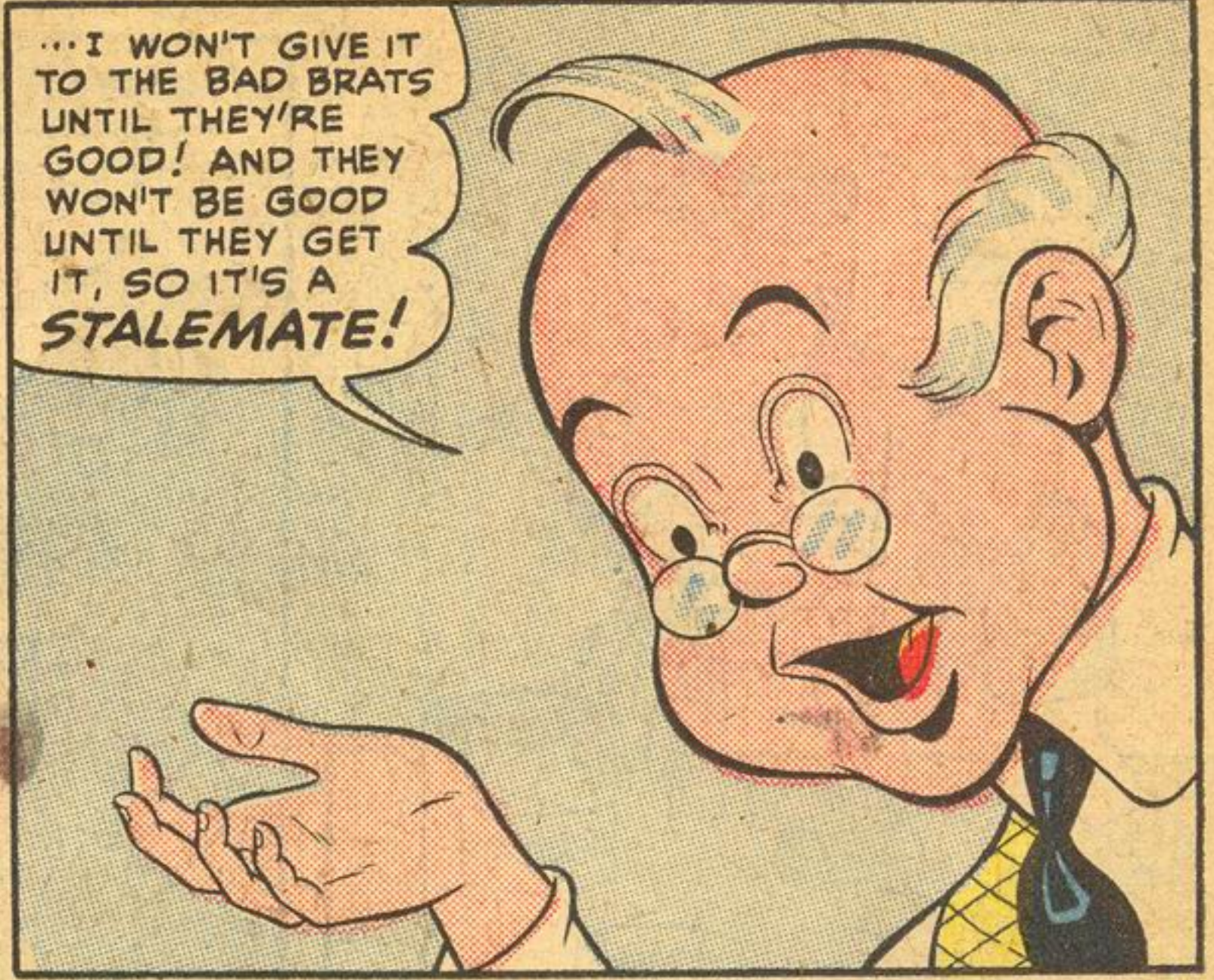






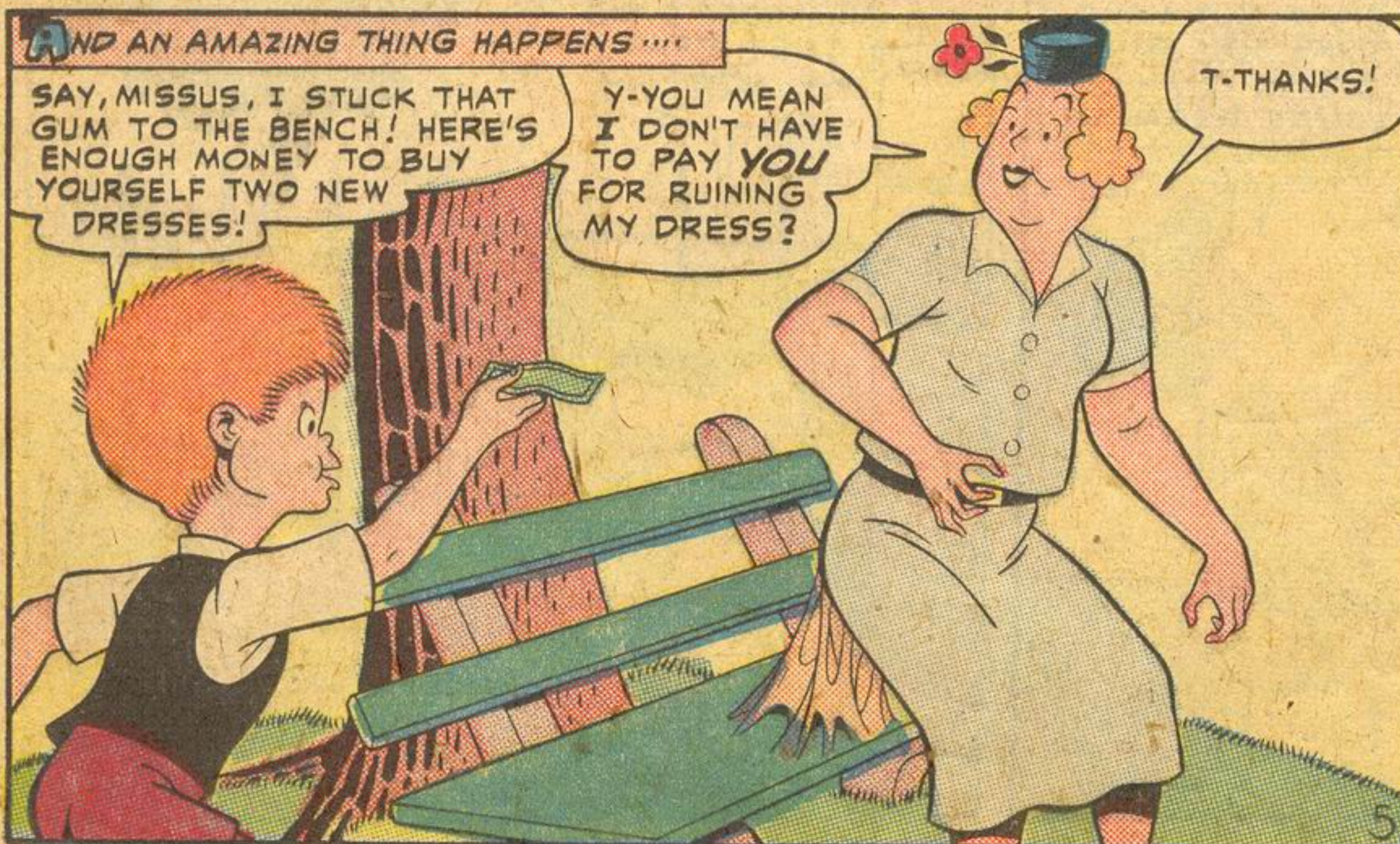
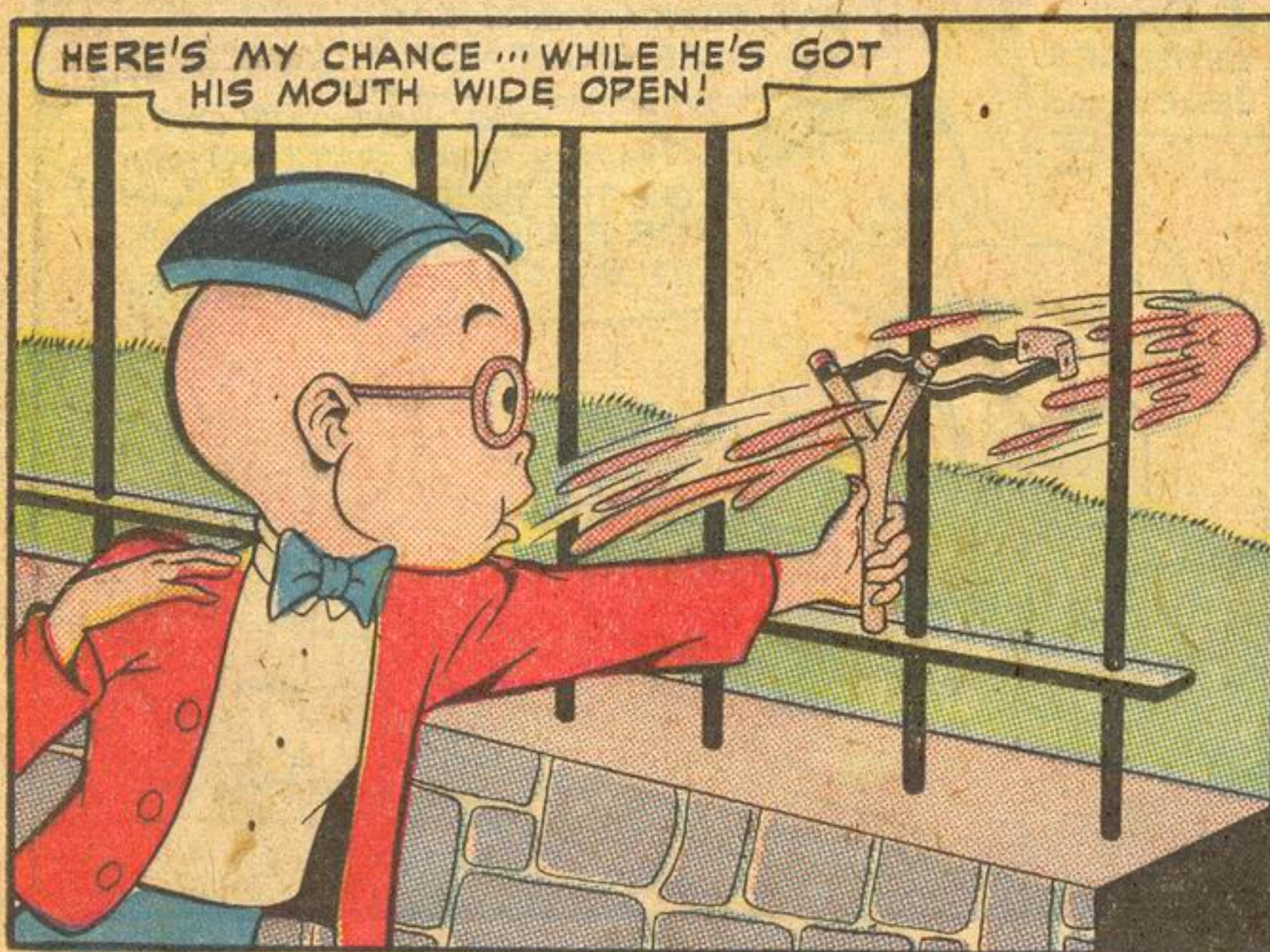
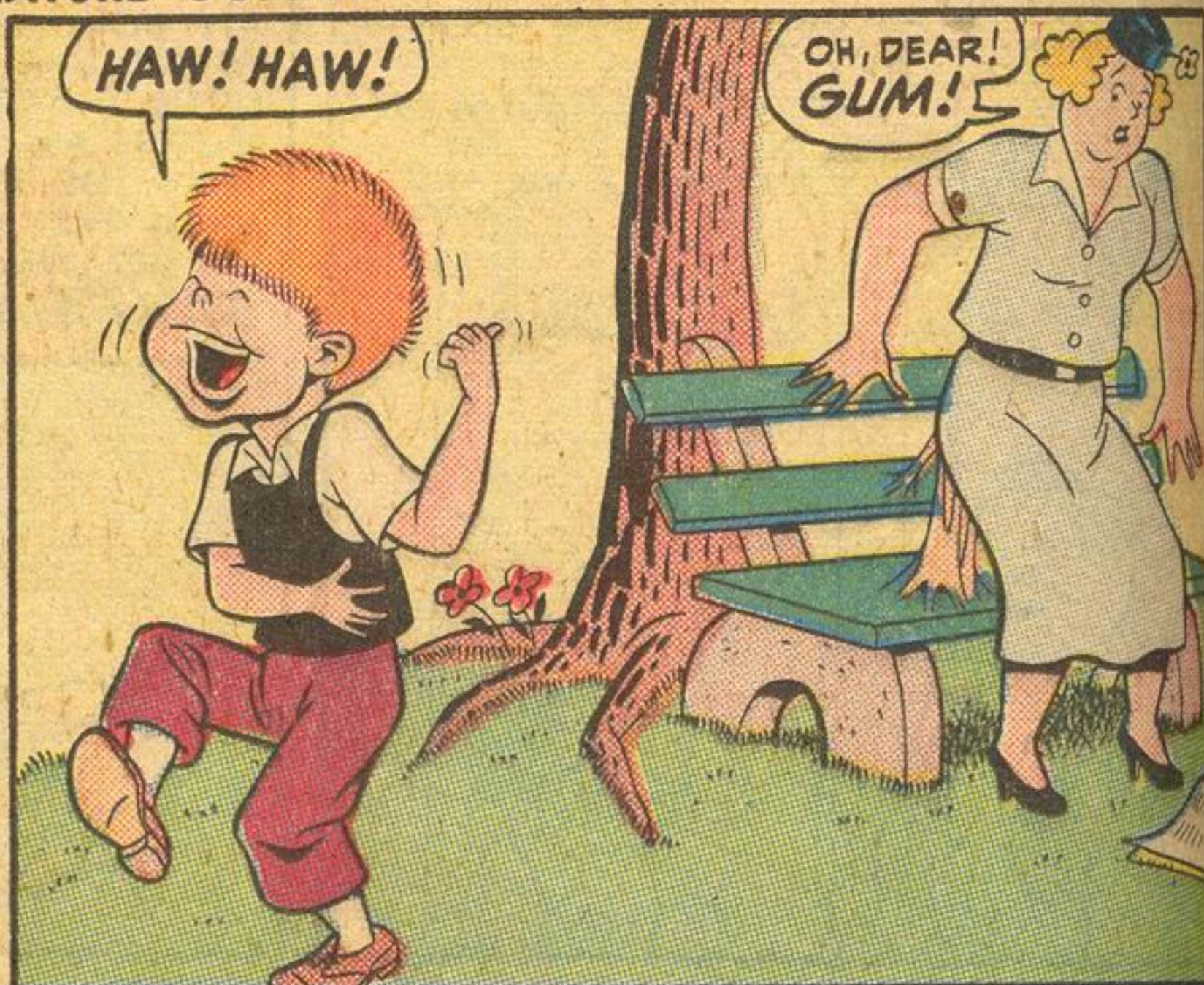


FEATURE COMICS





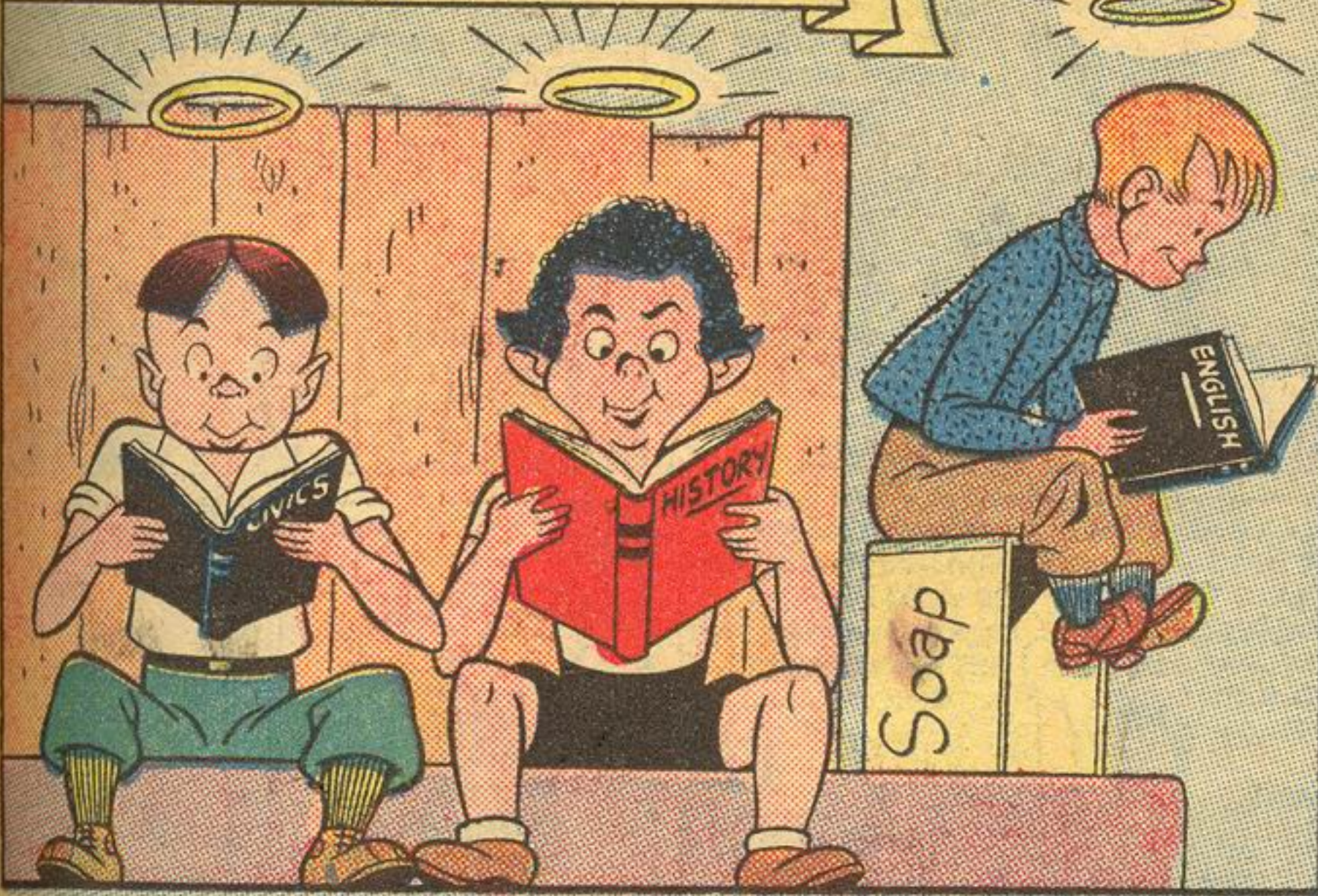
FEATURE COMICS



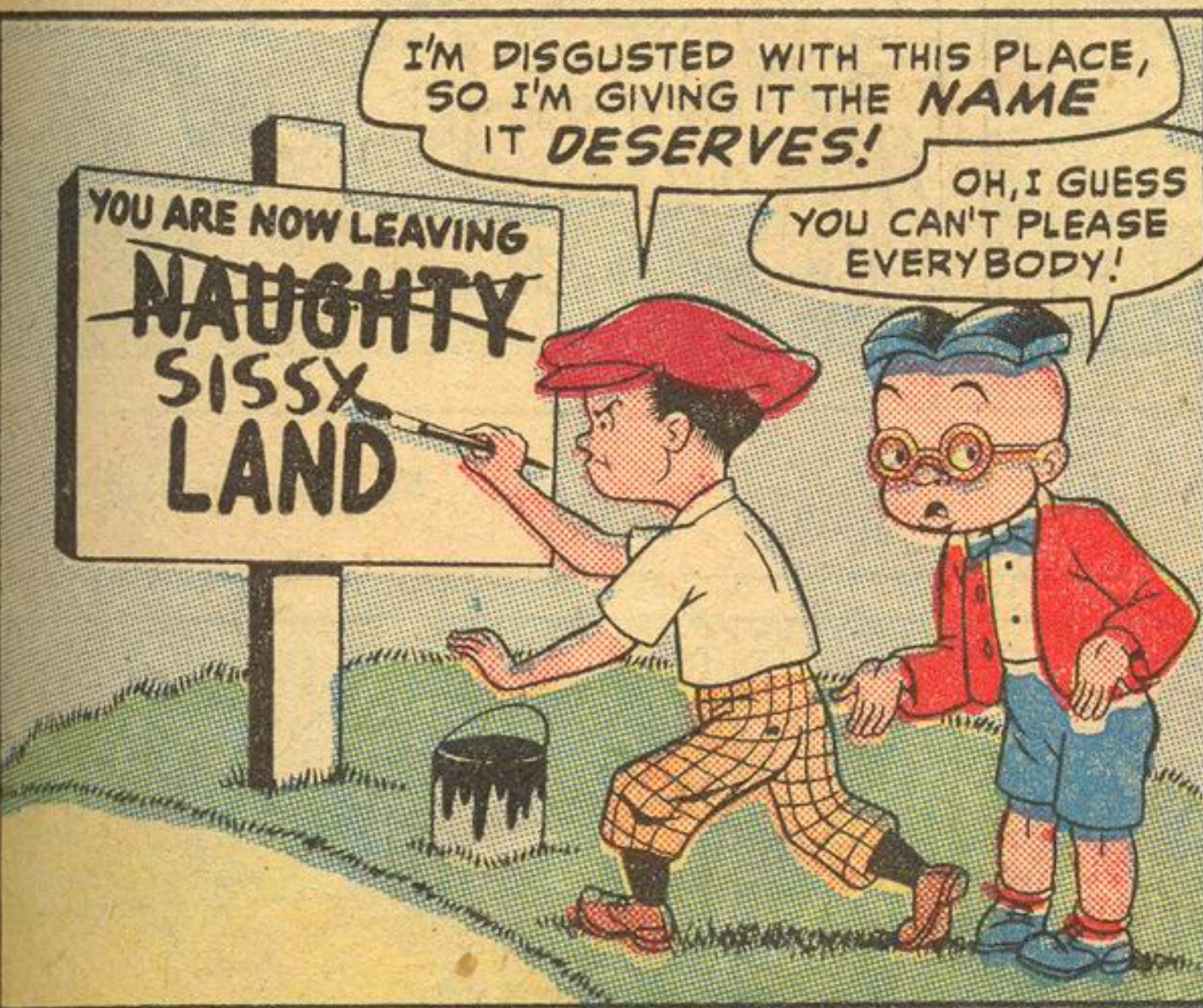
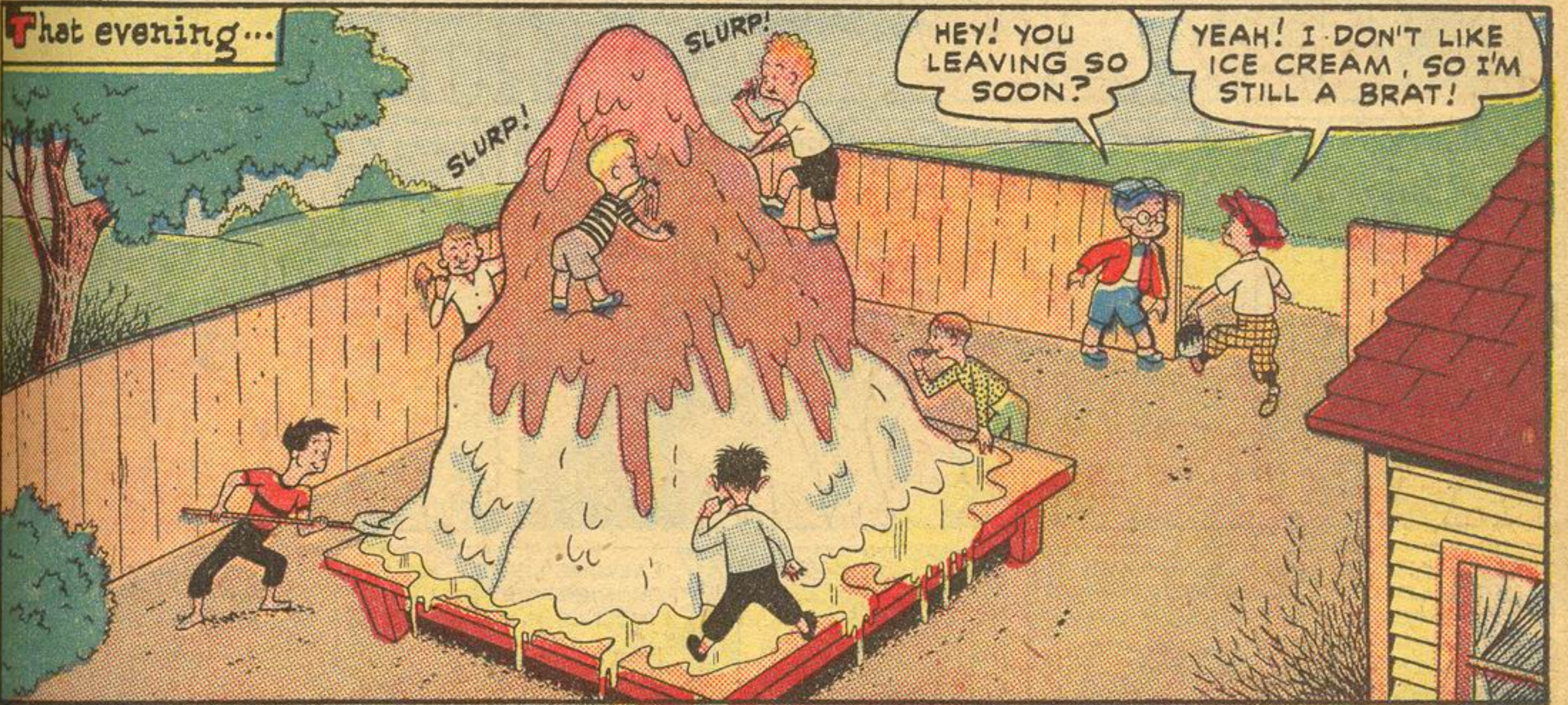
Word spreads rapidly that the chief brat has tasted ice cream and is now a good boy....



All over Naughty Land strange scenes take place....



That evening...

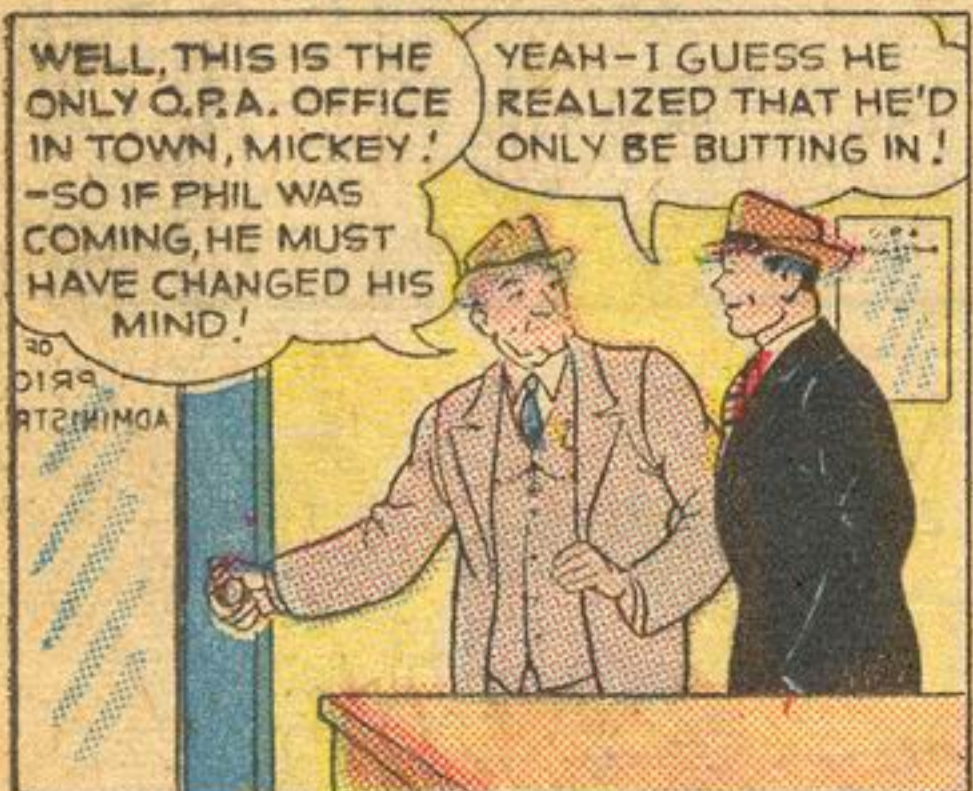
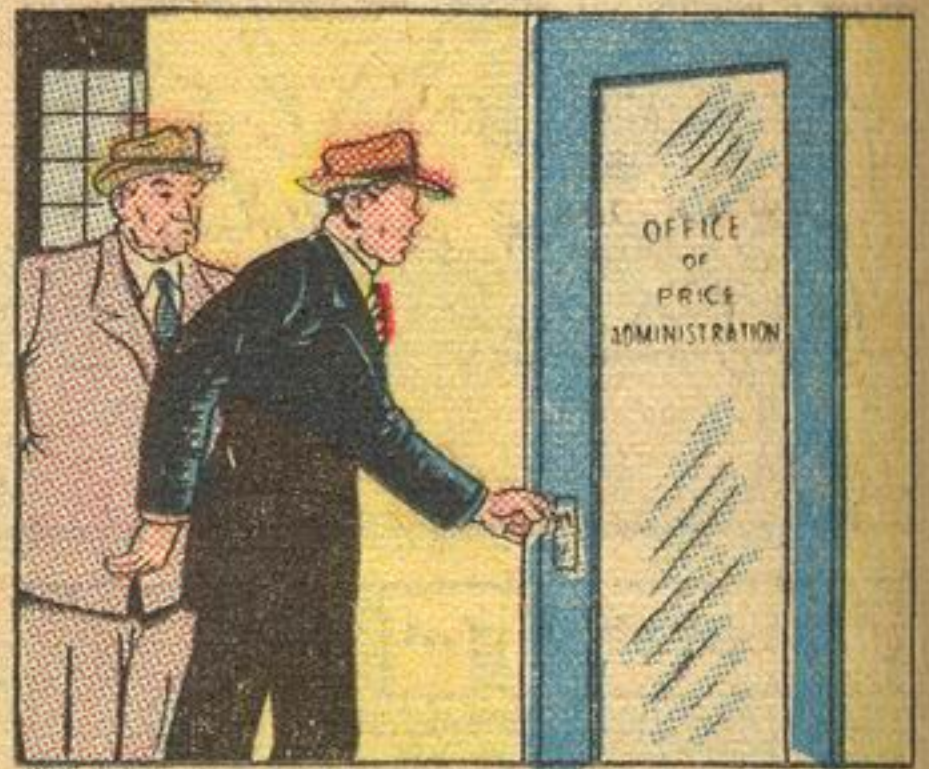
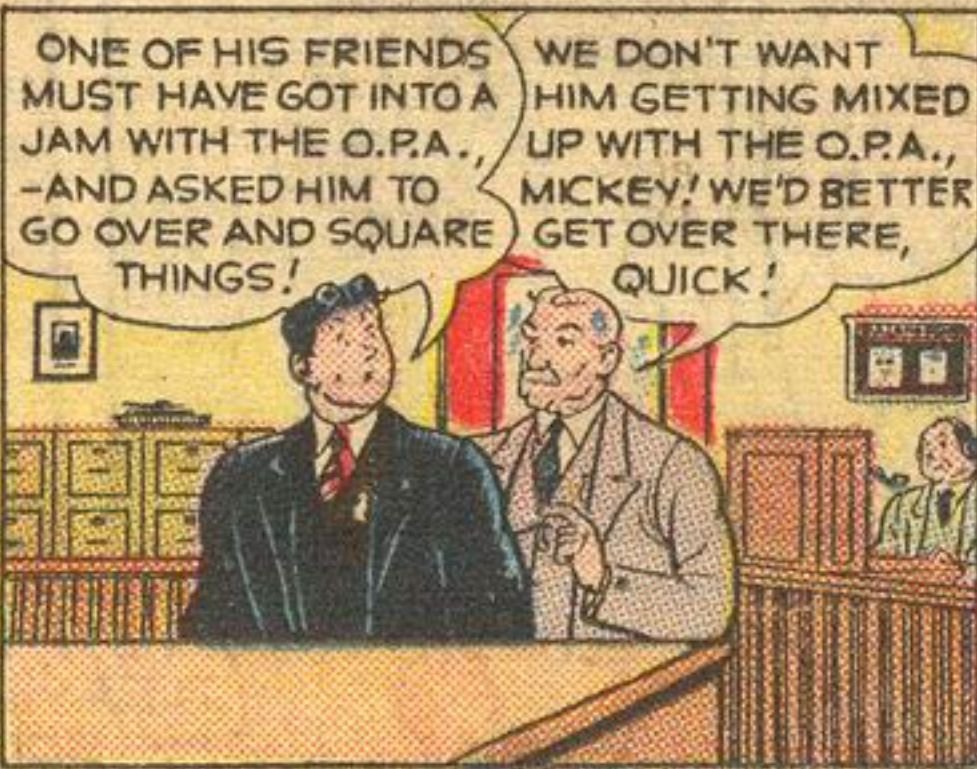




# FEATURE COMICS

## MICKEY FINN

by LANK LEONARD



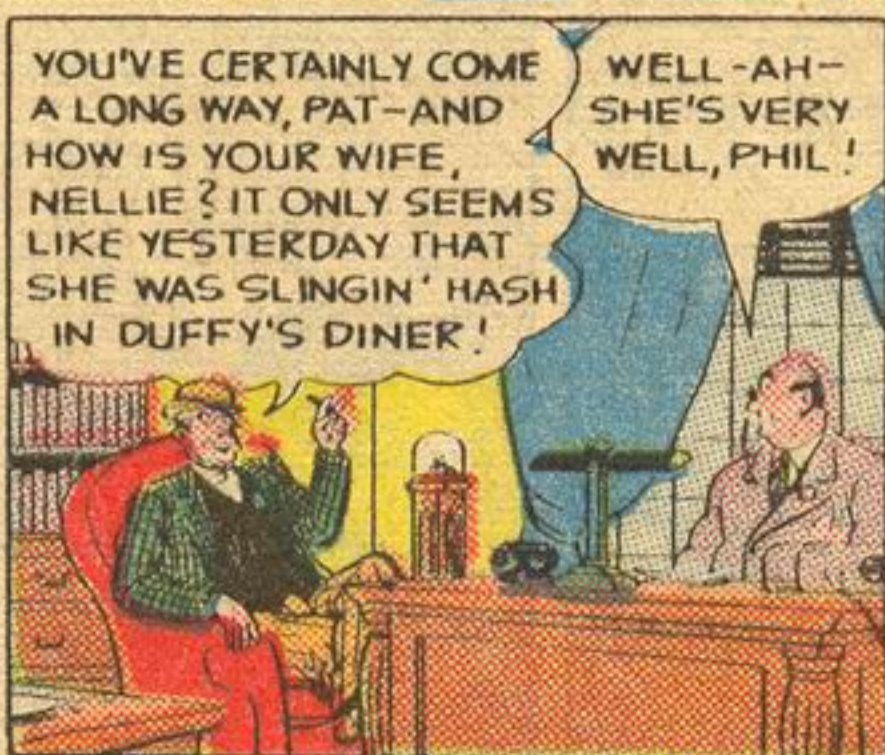
## NIPPIE

By Lank Leonard



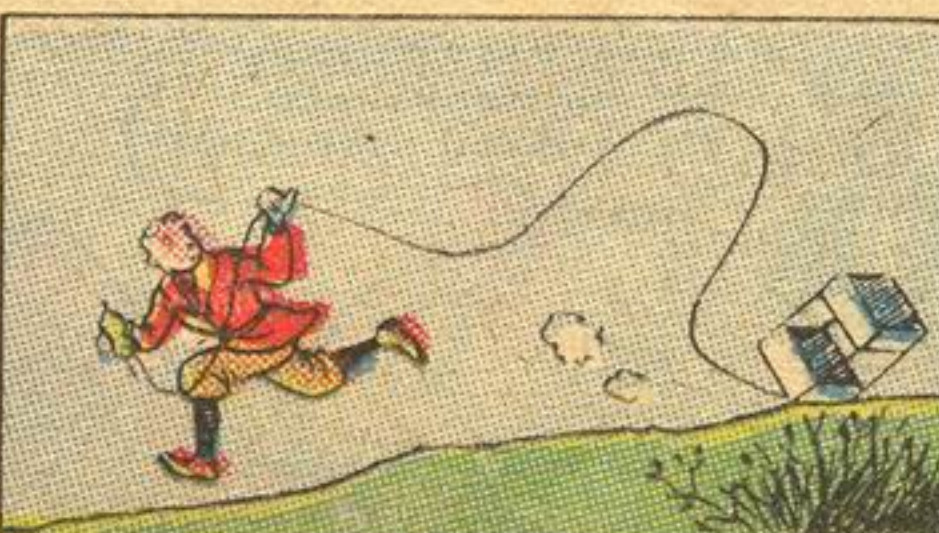


FEATURE COMICS



NIPPIE

By Lank Leonard





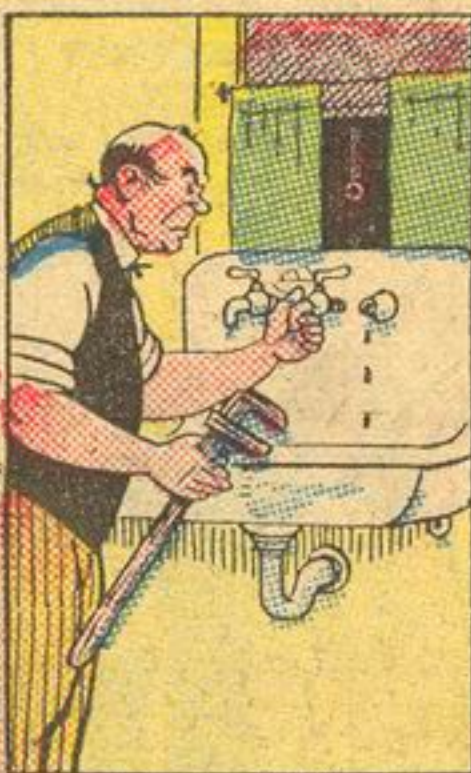
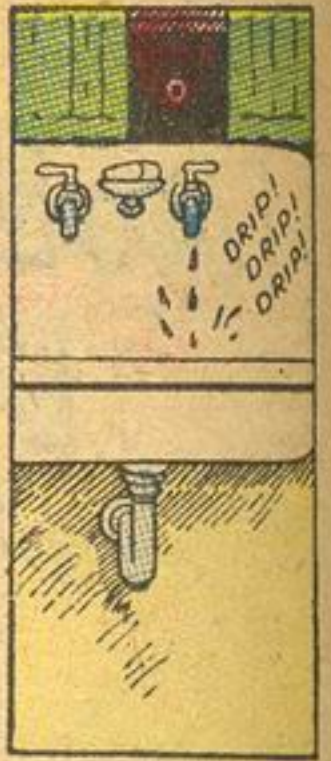
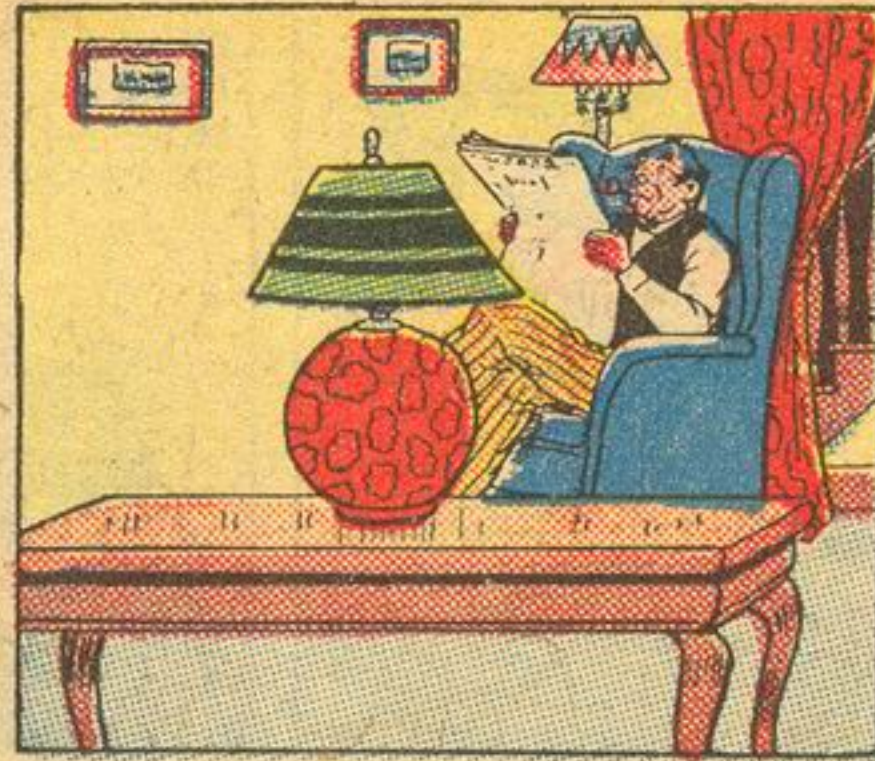
# FEATURE COMICS

## MICKEY FINN

by LANK LEONARD

WE'RE GOING TO THE FIRST SHOW, PHILIP— SO WE'LL BE HOME BY NINE O'CLOCK!

OKAY! A NICE QUIET EVENING ALONE WILL DO ME GOOD!



WELL, PHILIP— WERE YOU DISTURBED?

NO, NO— I JUST GOT READY FOR BED— AND SAT HERE READIN' AND DOZIN'!

## NIPPIE

By Lank Leonard

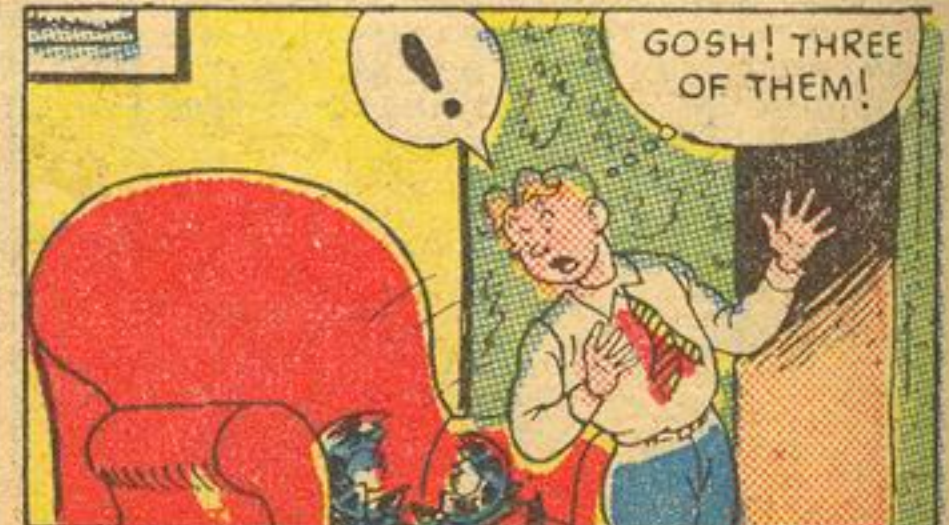


YOU OUGHT TO PUT YOUR RECORDS BACK IN THE RACK, AFTER YOU'VE PLAYED 'EM, NIPPIE!

OH, I'LL PUT 'EM BACK AFTERWARDS— I'M GOING TO PLAY THIS NEW ONE I GOT YESTERDAY!



IT'S A TRUMPET SOLO BY EDDIE HALLIGAN— AND BOY-O-BOY, IT SURE IS HOT!



GOSH! THREE OF THEM!



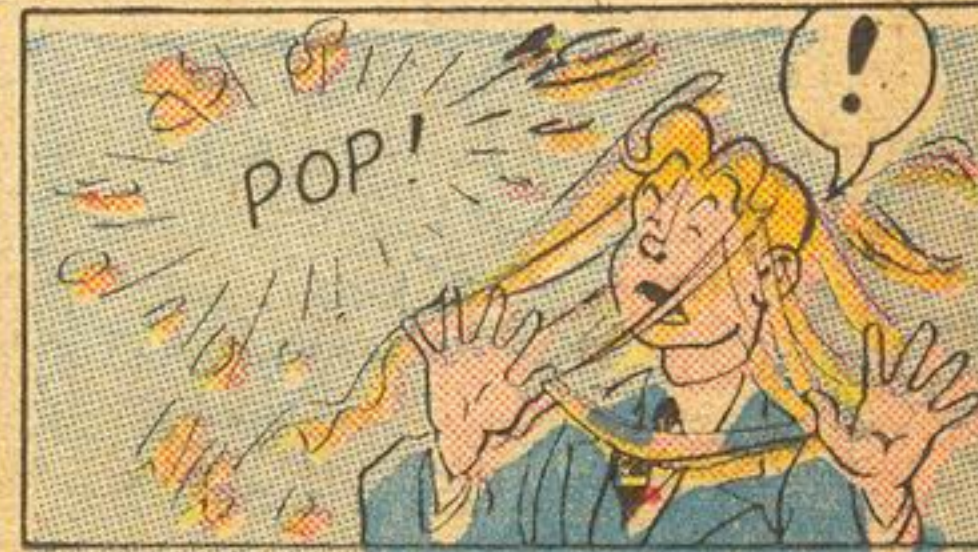
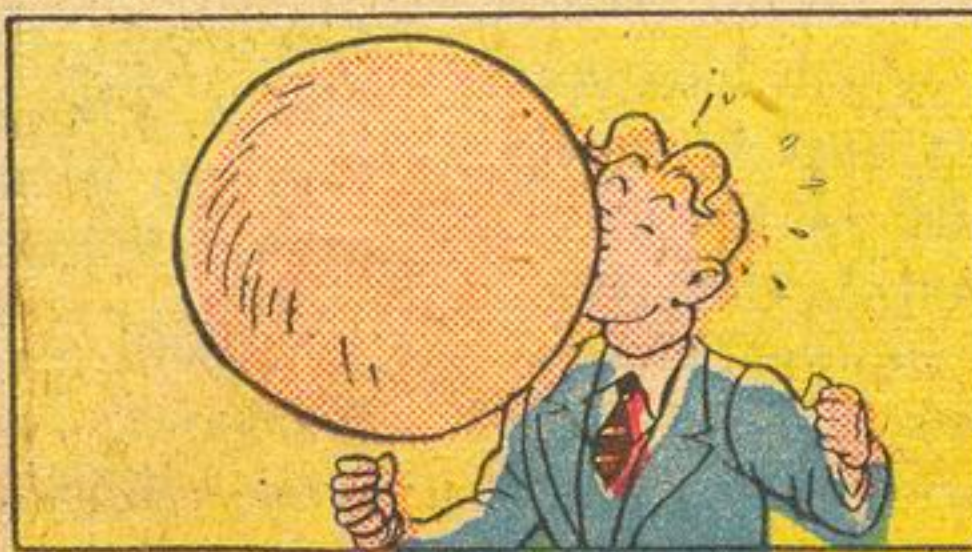
# MICKEY FINN

by LANK LEONARD



NIPPIE

By Lank Leonard





# DEATH *in* the temple

**N**O ONE will believe this story; it's too outlandish, too impossible. But I'm going to tell it anyway, let the chips fall where they may.

It happened in Yucatan about seven years ago. Perry Scott and I, with a party of some six young college archaeologists from Mandrake, went to Yucatan to check up on a weird story brought to civilization by the late Prof. Sieler of Paris.

We arrived in Yucatan on the evening of May 23, 1939. Our destination from the coast was exactly 300 miles south and west, in a part of that strange Mayan land seldom seen by white men.

Have you ever been to Yucatan? It's the real land of mystery on the American continent, let me tell you! It is a land of surprises, a land of ancient pyramids of immense antiquity, of strange mounds and jungle-hidden ruins, of temples so old that time itself has forgotten.

It is a land of murder, too!

For hauling our cargo, we had a tiny truck rather comparable to a modern jeep. It was a high-powered four-wheel-drive truck that could go almost straight up, through water that covered its hood, and was so insulated from dampness, wet and heat that it gave little trouble in any clime. We had had it specially built at the college.

It was now packed with a great assortment of gear, including cameras, food, sleeping equipment, and digging tools. We were left to carry only small packs, which was a blessing. You start lugging heavy packs in that deep jungle, with its steaming heat, and you're a dead pigeon in no time.

We were all given shots for fever and other jungle headaches; we had the best equipment that money and ingenuity can supply.

We left the little city on the morning of the 25th, striking due south.

The first few days were the usual hacking and slashing, because there was a sort of road only for about twenty miles south of the city. We kept to this road until it ended, then followed the dim chicle trail for another fifteen miles or so. The chicle trail was carved out, and kept in fair repair, by the native chicle

hunters of the region. Yucatan, you know, is one of the big producers of chicle, which is the latex from the sapota tree—the base of chewing gum.

When this trail ended, we were in deep, dark jungle. And now it was every man for himself. We had to leave the little truck at a point about fifty miles from the city, dividing the burden amongst ourselves.

There is no need to tell you of the long, hard trek through the jungle. It was horrible to us but might prove boring to you. It was mostly the same thing day after day—hacking and chopping with machetes, burning brush in places, dodging venomous snakes, and side-stepping occasional ocelots and tigers.

I don't know just when we arrived at our destination—I'd have to check the records and that is too much bother—but at last we were there. A mighty tired bunch we were, all with beards and red eyes, scratched and swollen; an ugly, bandaged crew.

Prof. Hagar was the head of this outfit. He knew what we were about, as did Perry Scott, who was with the party because of his considerable knowledge of this country. Besides, he is a swell chap.

We reached a large clearing late one afternoon. It was an odd clearing in many ways, being entirely treeless and with a growth of deep-green grass looking as if it might have been just cut.

There was a small lake in the middle of the clearing, and standing exactly in the middle of the lake was a mighty temple. At first I thought the temple was built on the bottom of the lake; but later findings proved that an island existed there, and that the lake was nearly 300 feet deep.

This lake was the bluest body of water I ever saw. The temple was composed of some white substance, such as alabaster; built in great blocks. The tower was all of 100 feet high, and topping it was a great golden flower, like an orchid, many of which grow wild in this country.

"Well, gentlemen," said the prof, waving his hand, "there it is—the Temple of Ixtlan, a noble edifice, eh?" Its architecture was of a sort



never seen by any of us. It was a really lovely bit of building. That golden flower on the tower had me plenty intrigued.

Scott said, "I've heard the legend that yon golden bloom opens at dawn and closes at sunset. We might watch it."

It sounded preposterous, but nevertheless we lined the bank of the lake to watch, it being near to sundown. I don't believe any of us really saw it close, but by dusk that gold flower's petals were all standing straight up—closed.

Prof. Hagar explained his theory: "No doubt the flower is actuated by some hempen device that expands, allowing the petals to fall when the sun's rays heat it, and contract when the dampness of evening falls."

Could be. We didn't question that. But it was a strange thing to see.

The next morning I made a discovery. In the exact tip of the flower was a brilliantly shining jewel, or it resembled a jewel, with its flashing facets of color in the early morning sun. We meant to explore that gem.

In a folding canoe, Prof. Hagar and two of the boys went across the lake and in a moment were inside the temple. They didn't return for more than an hour and when they came back they were bug-eyed with excitement.

"Gold!" cried one of the boys. "Tons of gold! And gems by the basketful! All down in the basement of the temple. Oh, boy!"

The other youth supplied: "And skeletons. At least fifty of them seated around a huge table. Must've been there centuries. I touched one and it collapsed into dust."

Prof. Hagar told us: "It is definitely a sacred temple, piled full of sacred objects. And it is Mayan. I presume those skeletons are old priests."

These were not the things we wanted to hear.

"How about the gold and jewels?" someone asked. "Can we get them?"

Perry Scott hadn't said much up to this point. Now he moved closer. "I've known of this temple for several years," he said quietly. "I can assure you that it is one of the most sacred temples in all Mayaland. I'd not disturb the gold and jewels."

He was vociferously shouted down. "Not disturb them? Pooh, Scott, we're gonna go back rich!"

Scott said nothing more, but it was plain

that he was uneasy. He moved off and sat on a case.

I felt something of Scott's uneasiness. I, too, wanted a share of that loot, but if Scott said it was tabu . . .

There was almost fighting in camp that night. Prof. Hagar was against disturbing the stuff, just like Scott. But there was no holding those young hotheads. They'd have their pelf or no!

In the morning there was a long arrow sticking in a packing case and attached to it was a bark strip with strange writing on it. Perry Scott easily read it: "Touch not the sacred temple objects. Go in peace or die!"

"It's Mayan," said Scott. "This is a warning, one I'd heed. There are priests hidden hereabouts. They mean what they say."

"Bosh!" snapped one of the boys. "We're going after that gelt. Come on, guys!"

Four of them piled into the canoe and shot across the lake. They disappeared into the temple.

The sun had come up now, hot and dazzling. Again I saw the gleaming jewel in the widely opened flower. Then I saw a bright flash in the hills to the north. It looked like a heliograph. Scott saw it too, and shook his head. "Wish those crazy guys would get back," he said.

Suddenly there was a grinding, rumbling roar. The great tower rocked, shook, leaned far over and collapsed with a mighty splash into the lake. Where there had been a vast building, there was nothing now but agitated water.

Gone! Those four boys. The warning was true.

"I think I know how it was accomplished," said Scott. "A hemp rope hung down from the top of the tower. There was a thick burning glass in that flower, centered on the rope. That heliograph we saw was a priest in the hills doing a very modern bit of sunburning. When the rope was burned through, it released a keystone in the arch far below, allowing the whole building to crash."

"My gosh!" I said. "They were killed."

"They should have heeded the warning," said Perry Scott.

And that is the story. That little lake is still there, but nobody has been able to find it. Oh, yes, many have tried. Why shouldn't they, with all that gold and gems in the bottom?

If anybody knows where that lake is, Perry Scott is the lad. But I doubt if he'll ever tell.

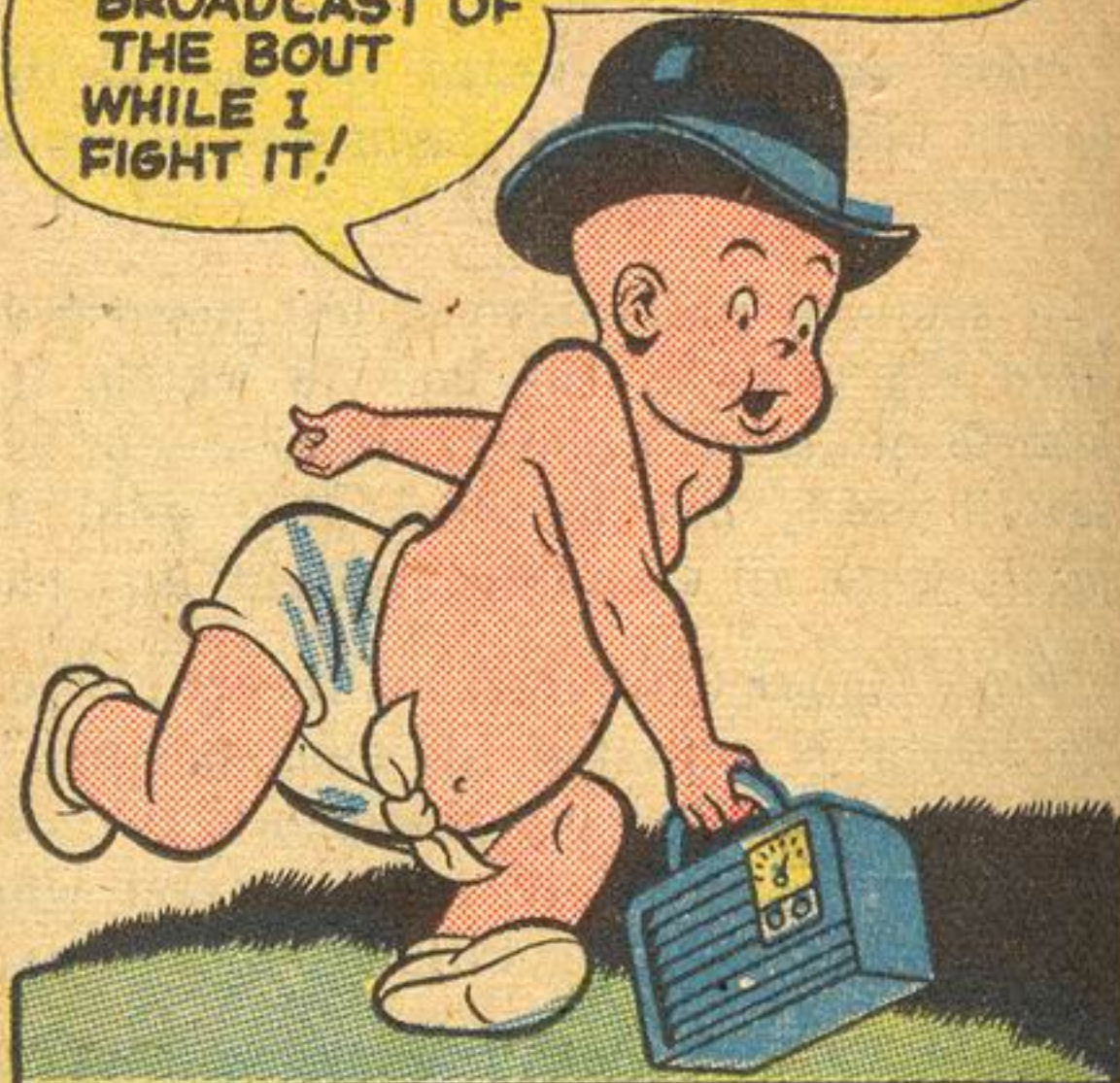


# POISON IVY

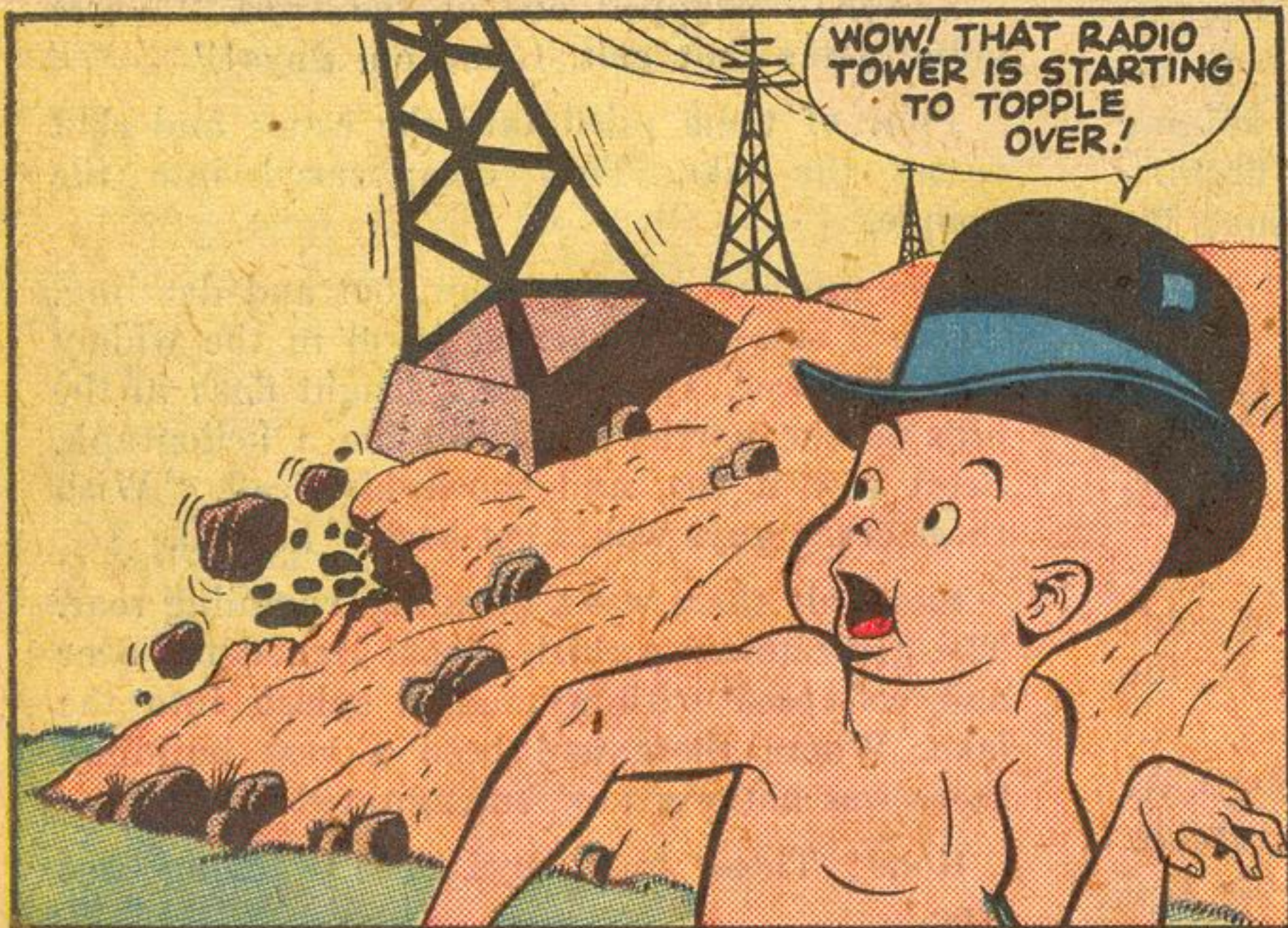
GOSH! I'M LATE!



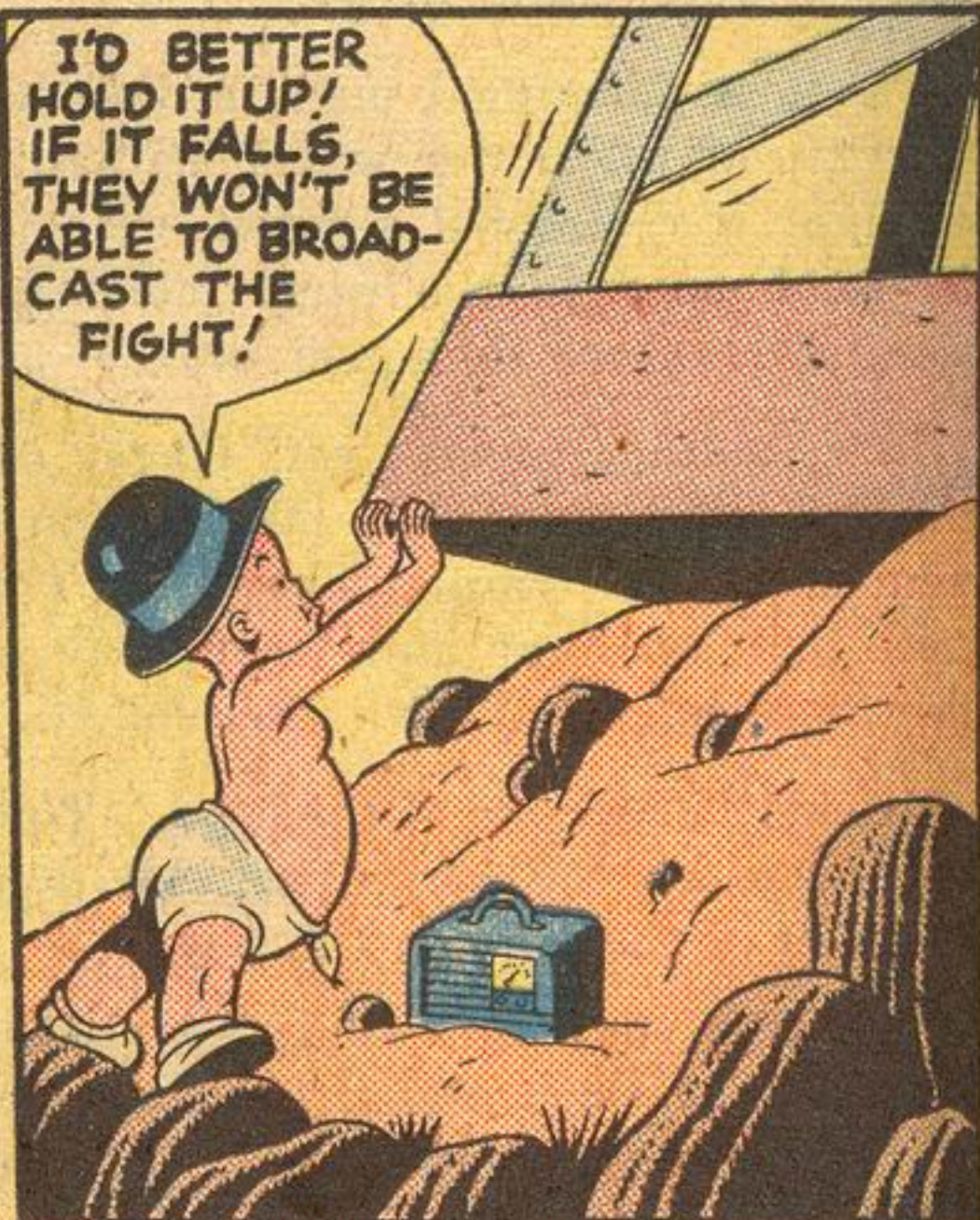
I'M BRINGING THIS PORTABLE RADIO SO I CAN LISTEN TO THE BROADCAST OF THE BOUT WHILE I FIGHT IT!



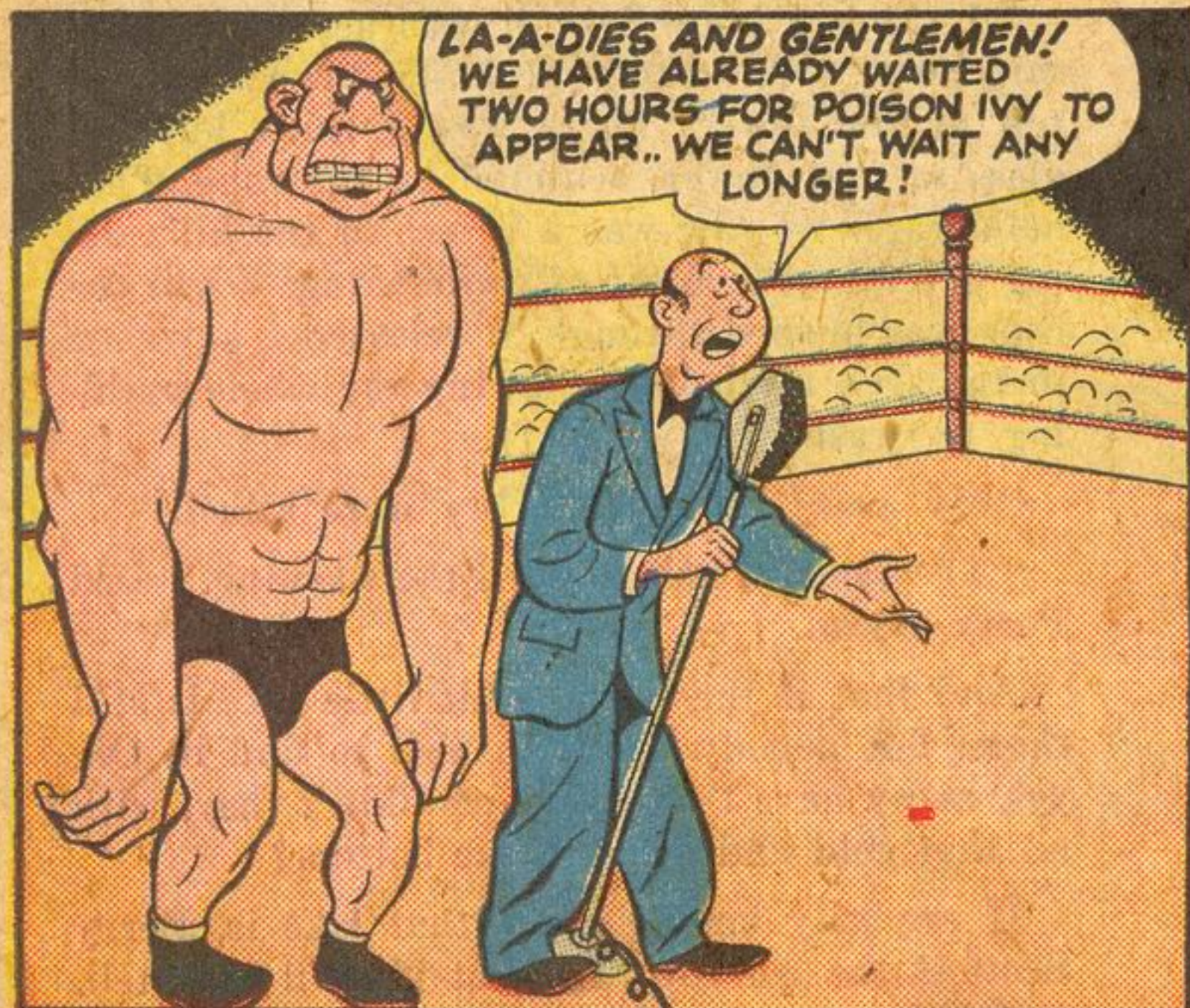
WOW! THAT RADIO TOWER IS STARTING TO TOPPLE OVER!



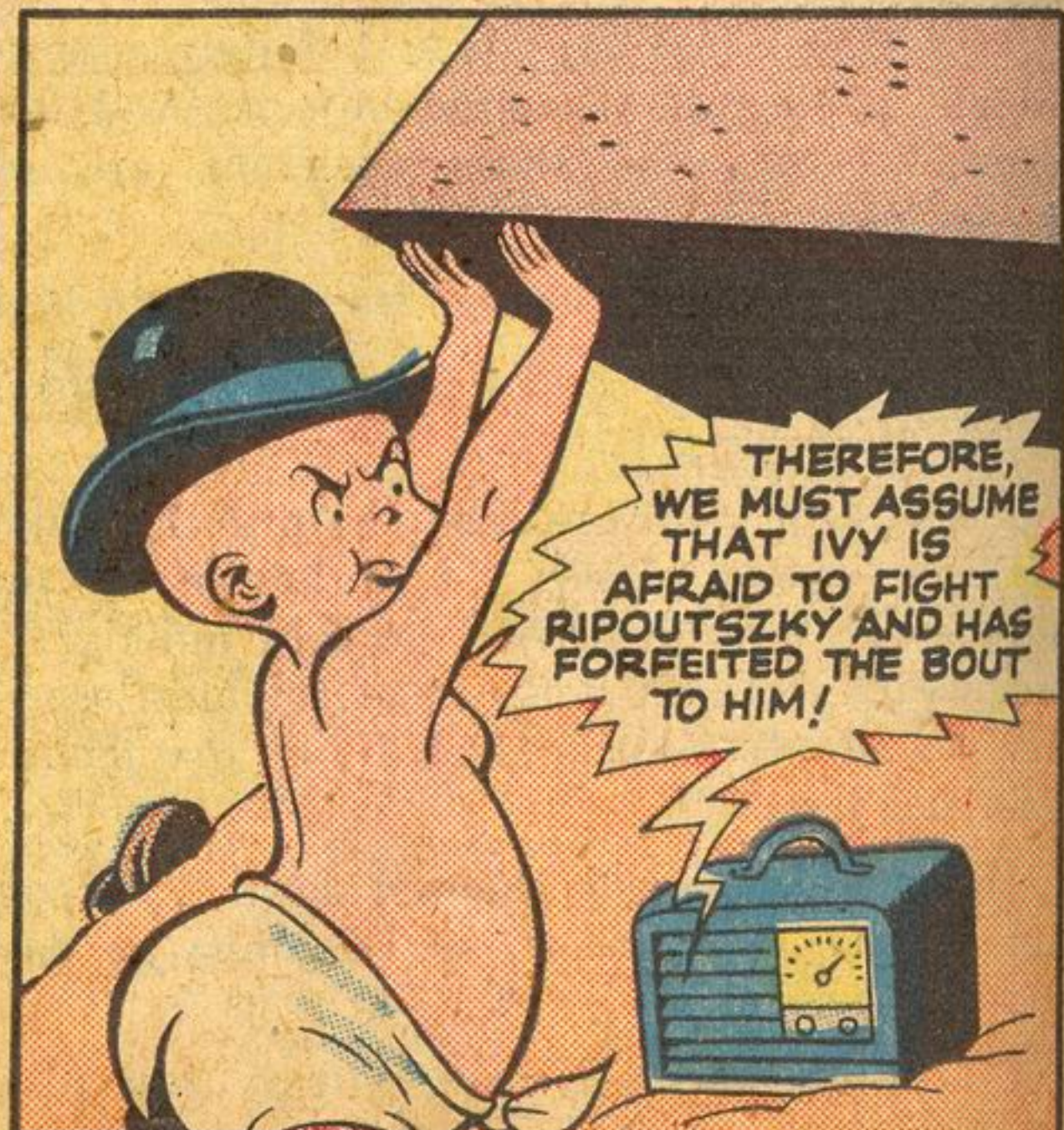
I'D BETTER HOLD IT UP! IF IT FALLS, THEY WON'T BE ABLE TO BROADCAST THE FIGHT!



LA-A-DIES AND GENTLEMEN! WE HAVE ALREADY WAITED TWO HOURS FOR POISON IVY TO APPEAR.. WE CAN'T WAIT ANY LONGER!

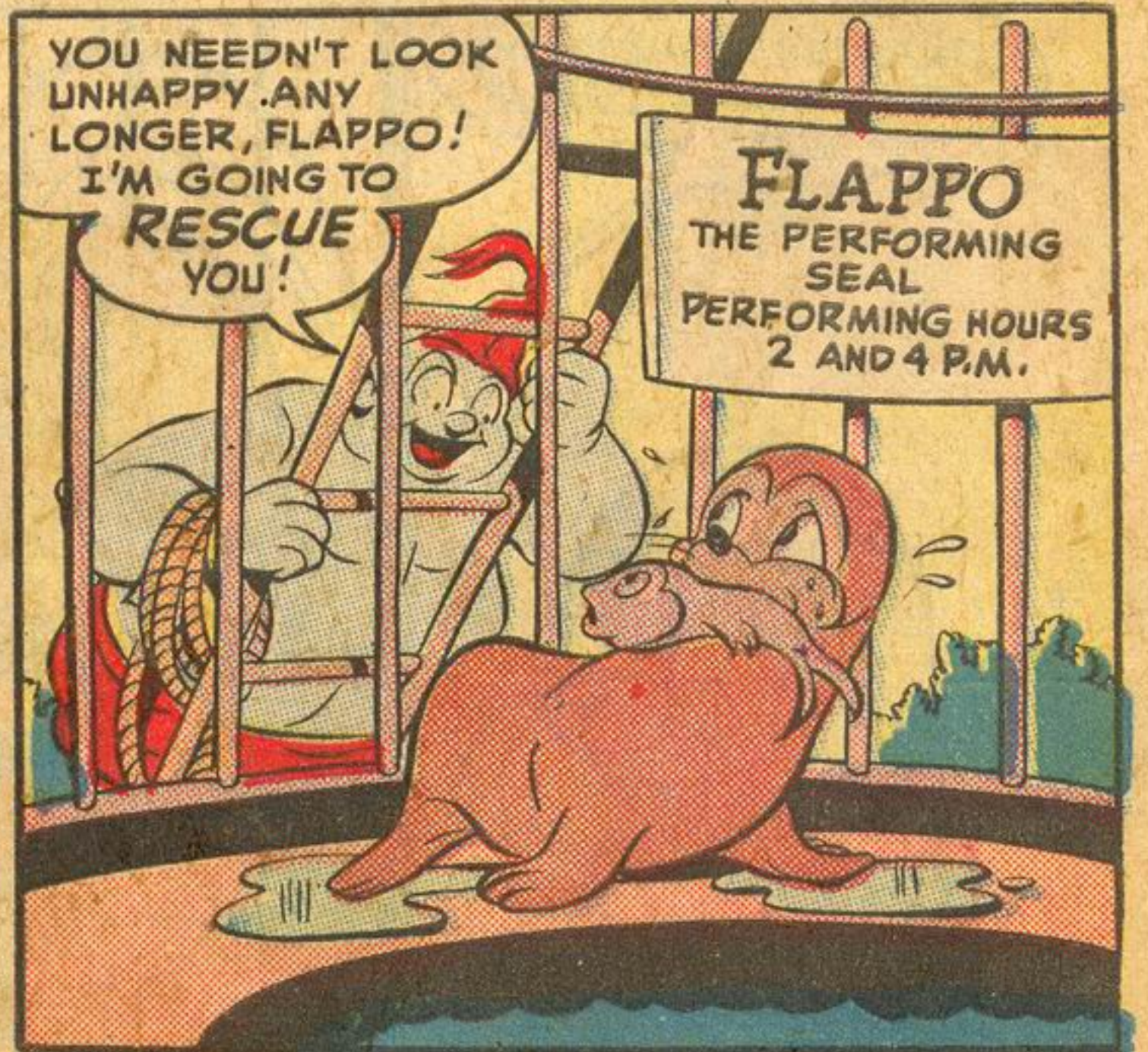
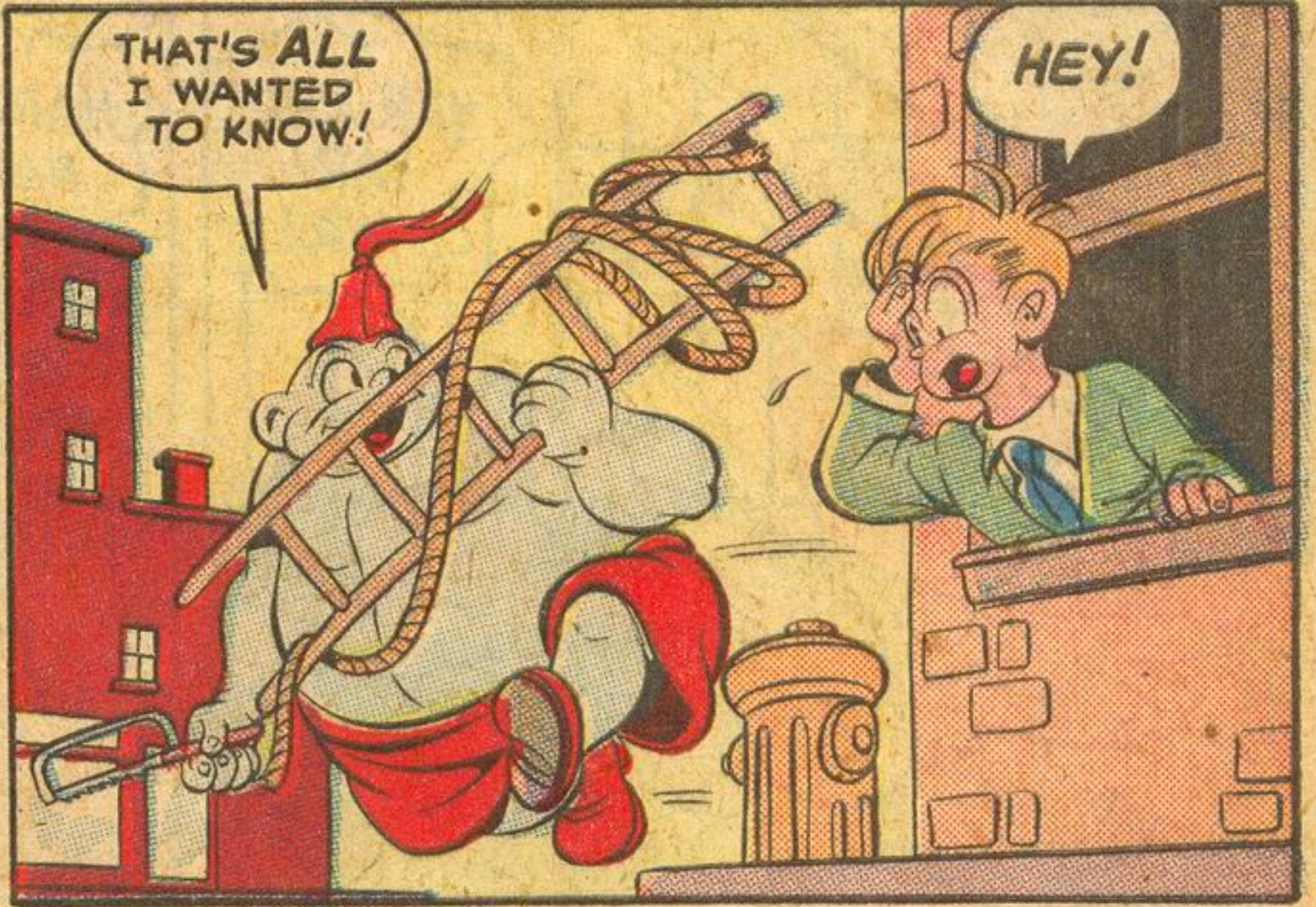
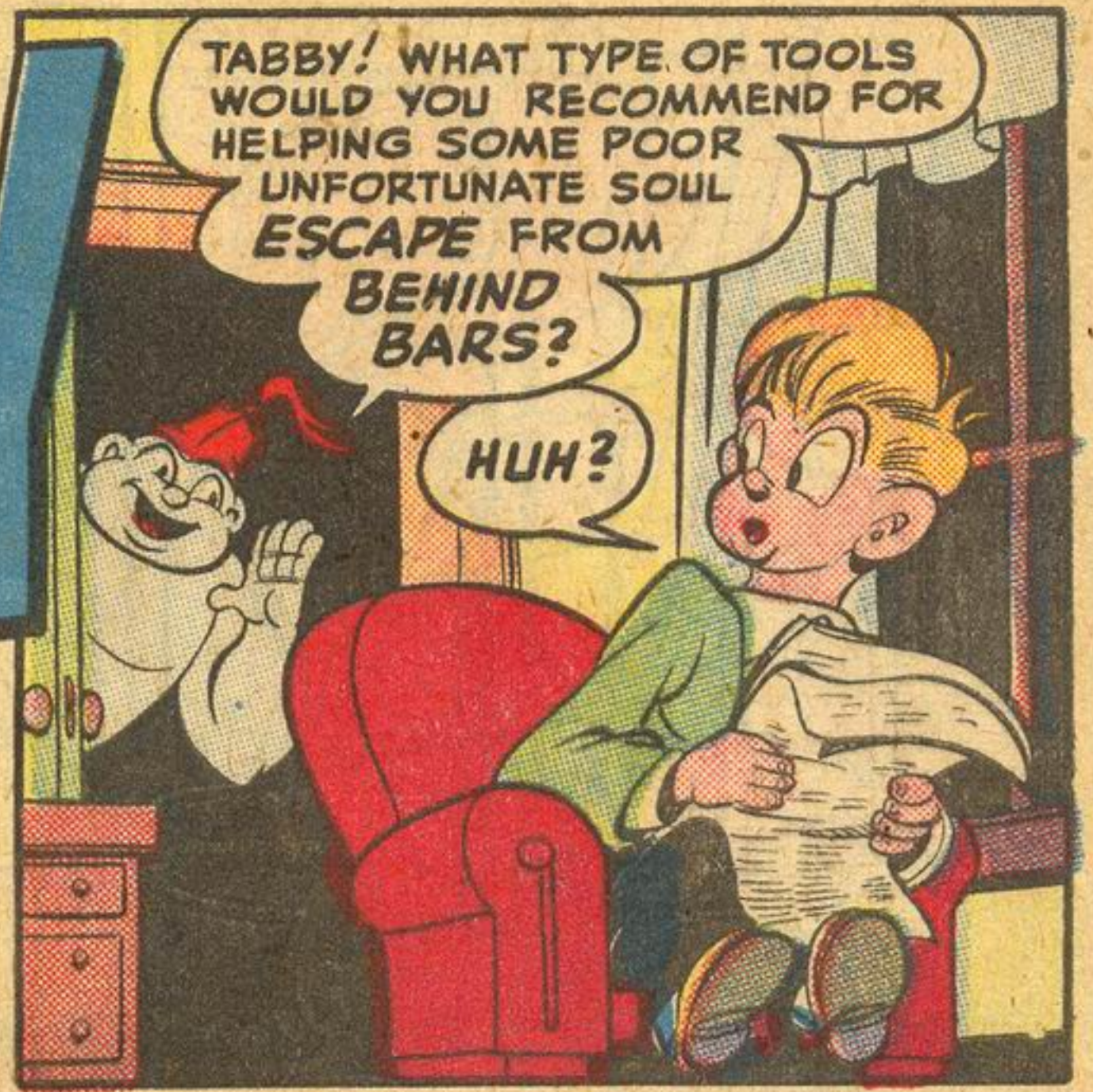


THEREFORE, WE MUST ASSUME THAT IVY IS AFRAID TO FIGHT RIPOUTSZKY AND HAS FORFEITED THE BOUT TO HIM!



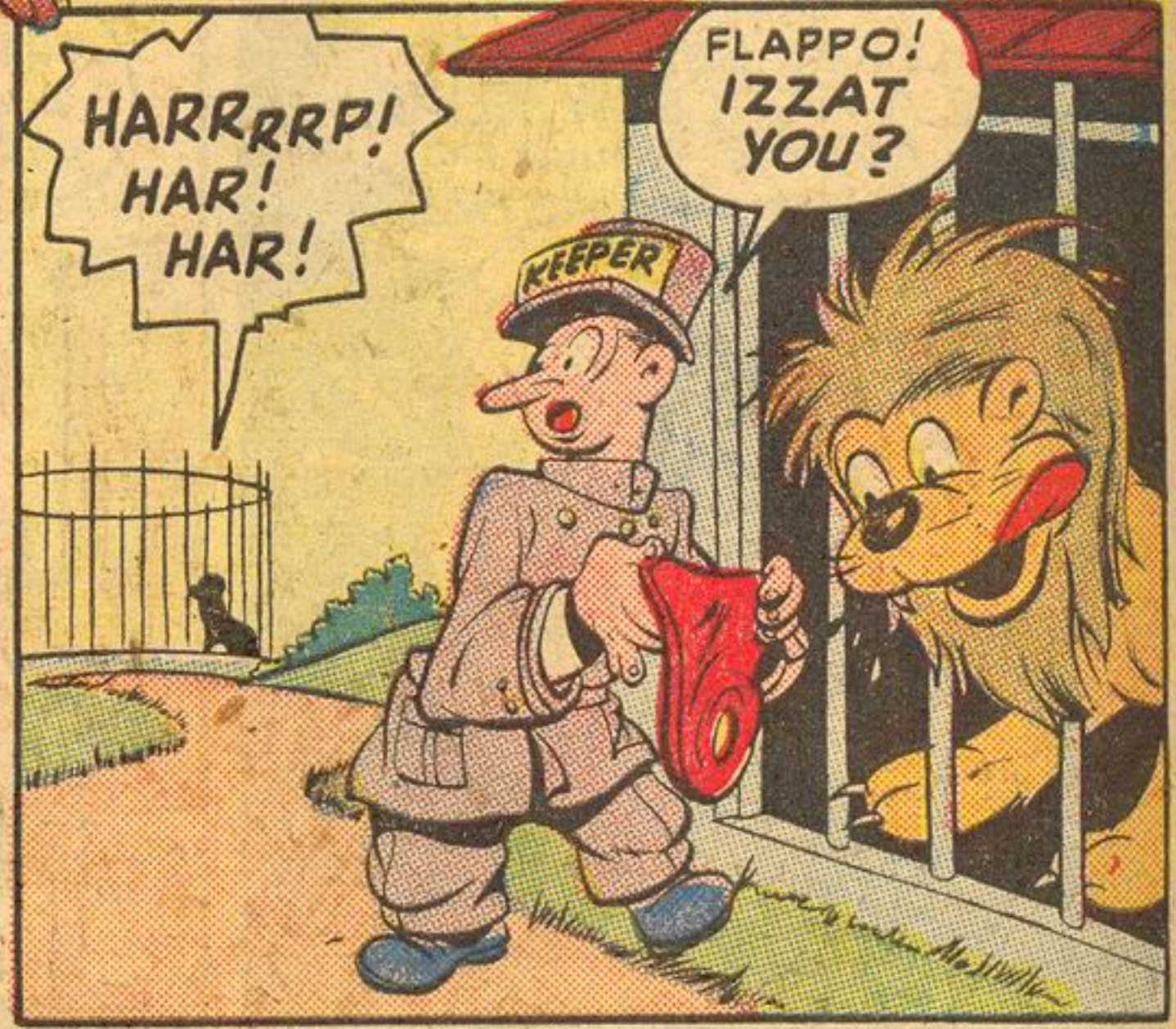


# BLIMPY



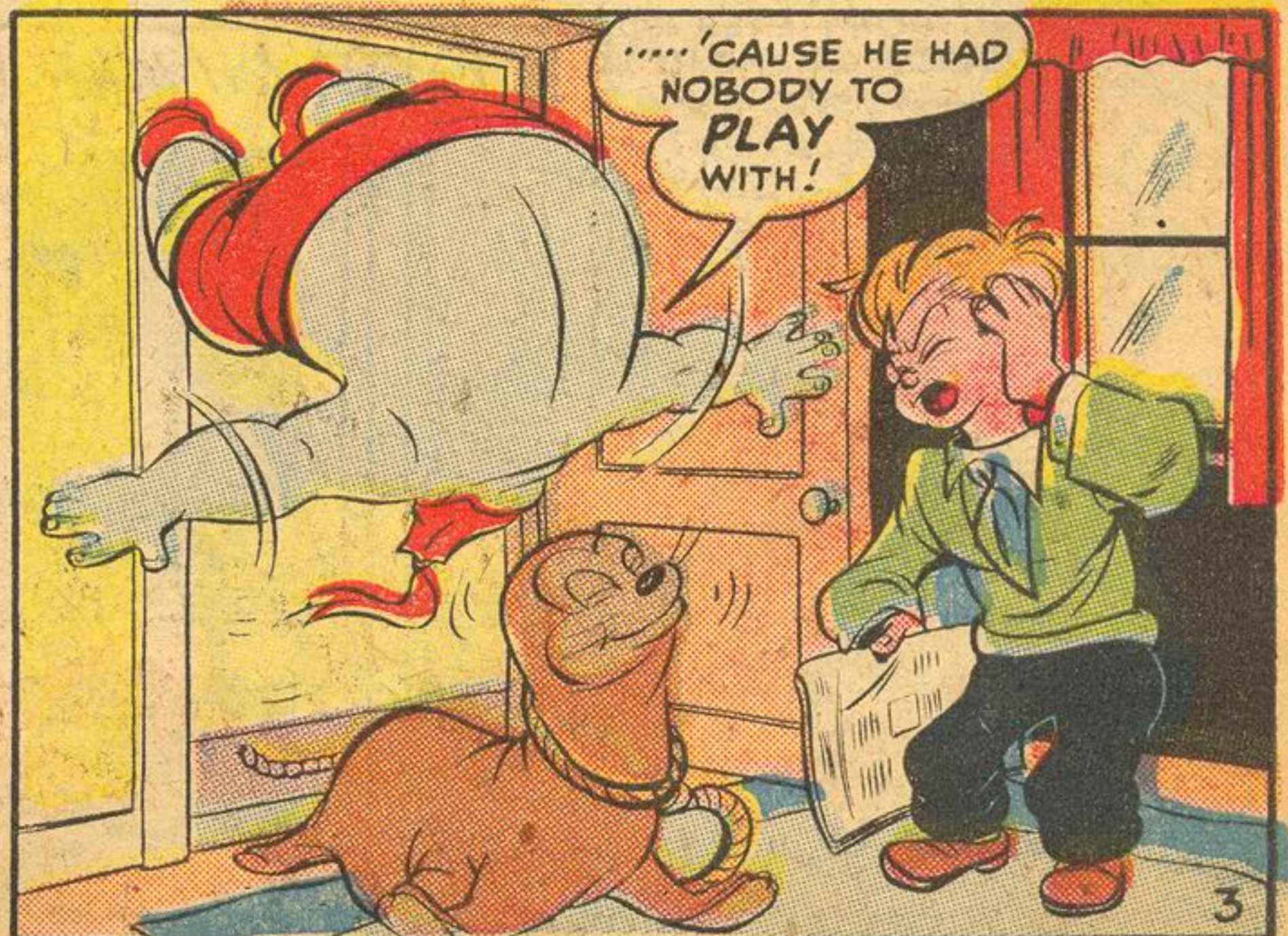
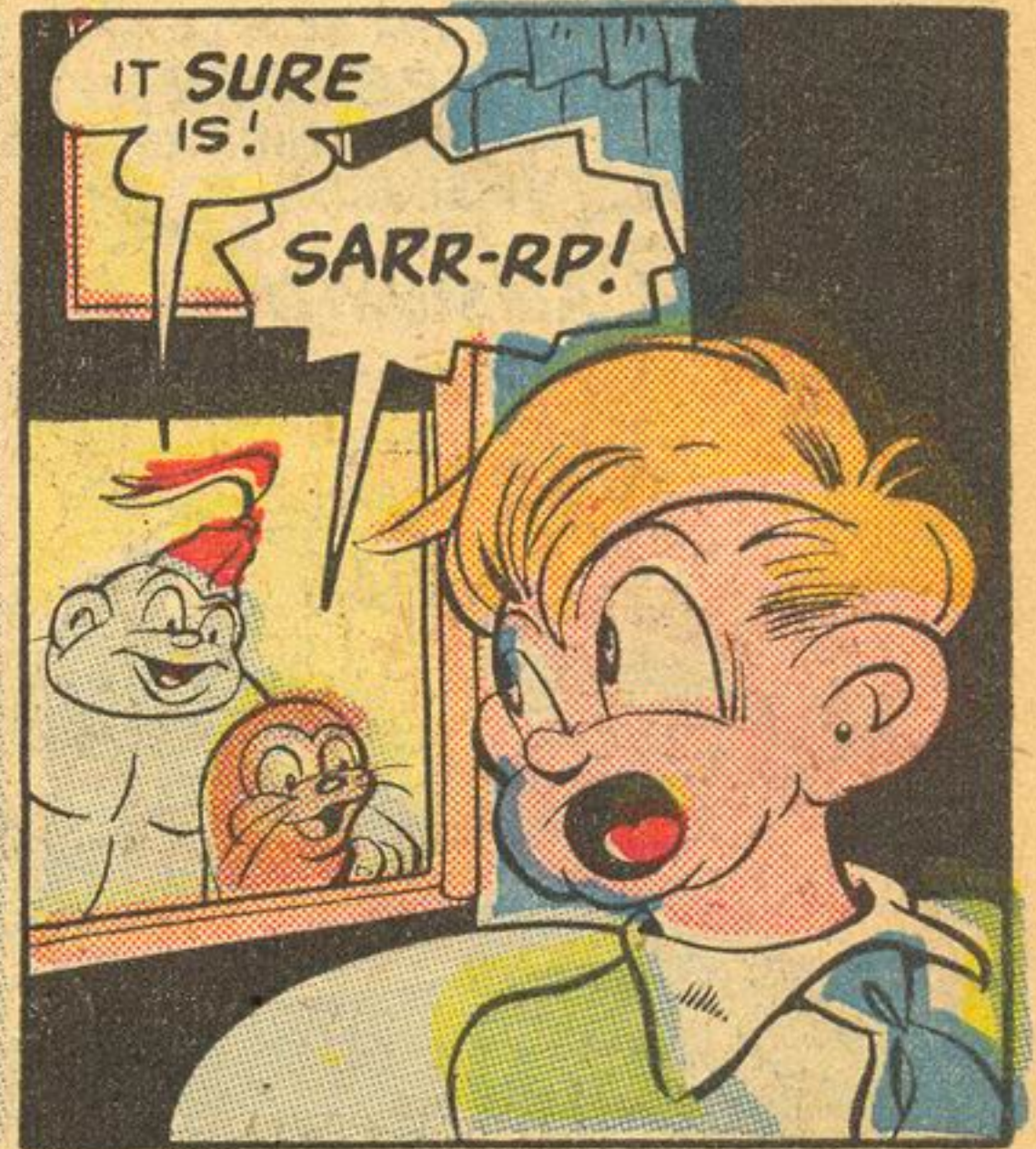
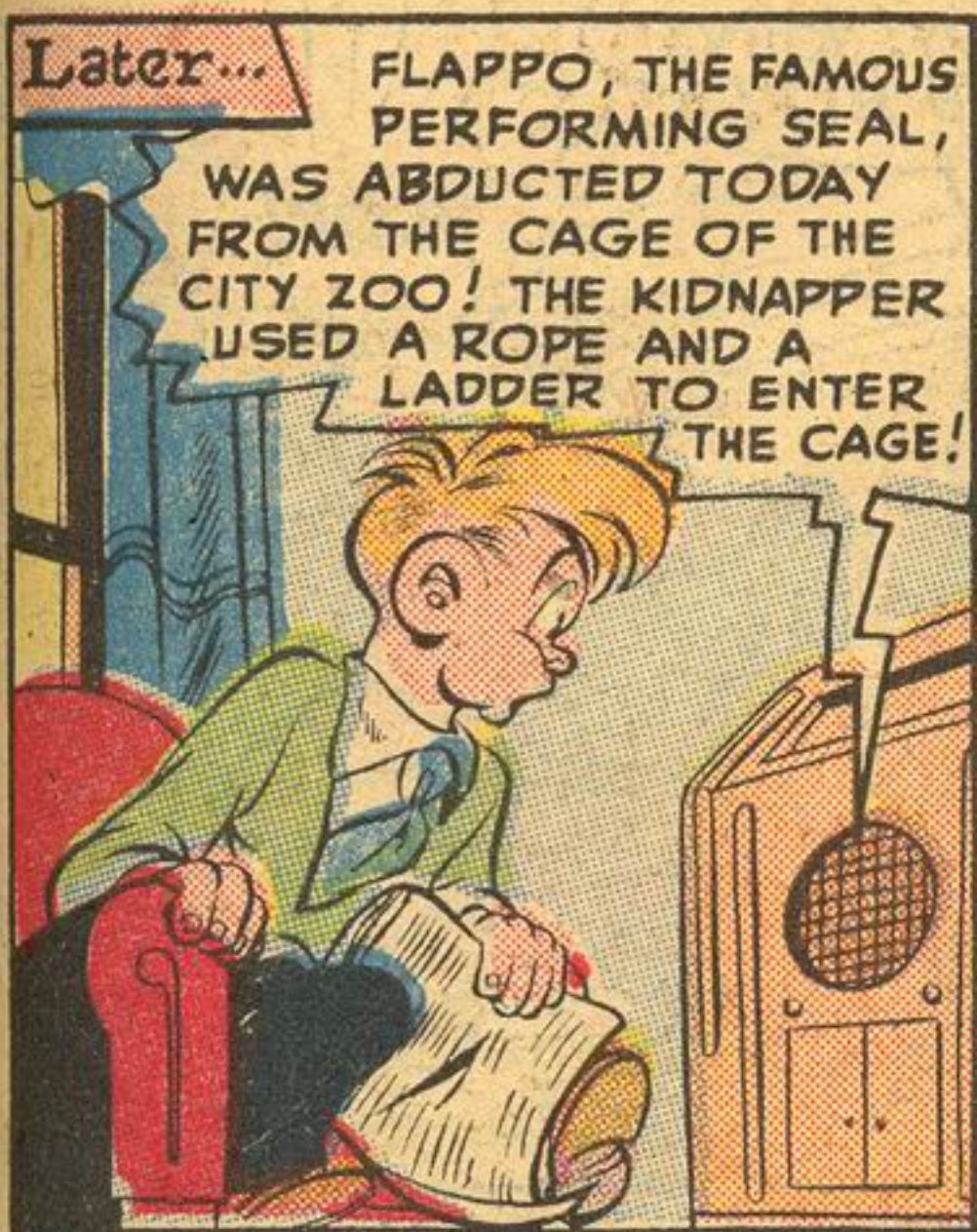


FEATURE COMICS



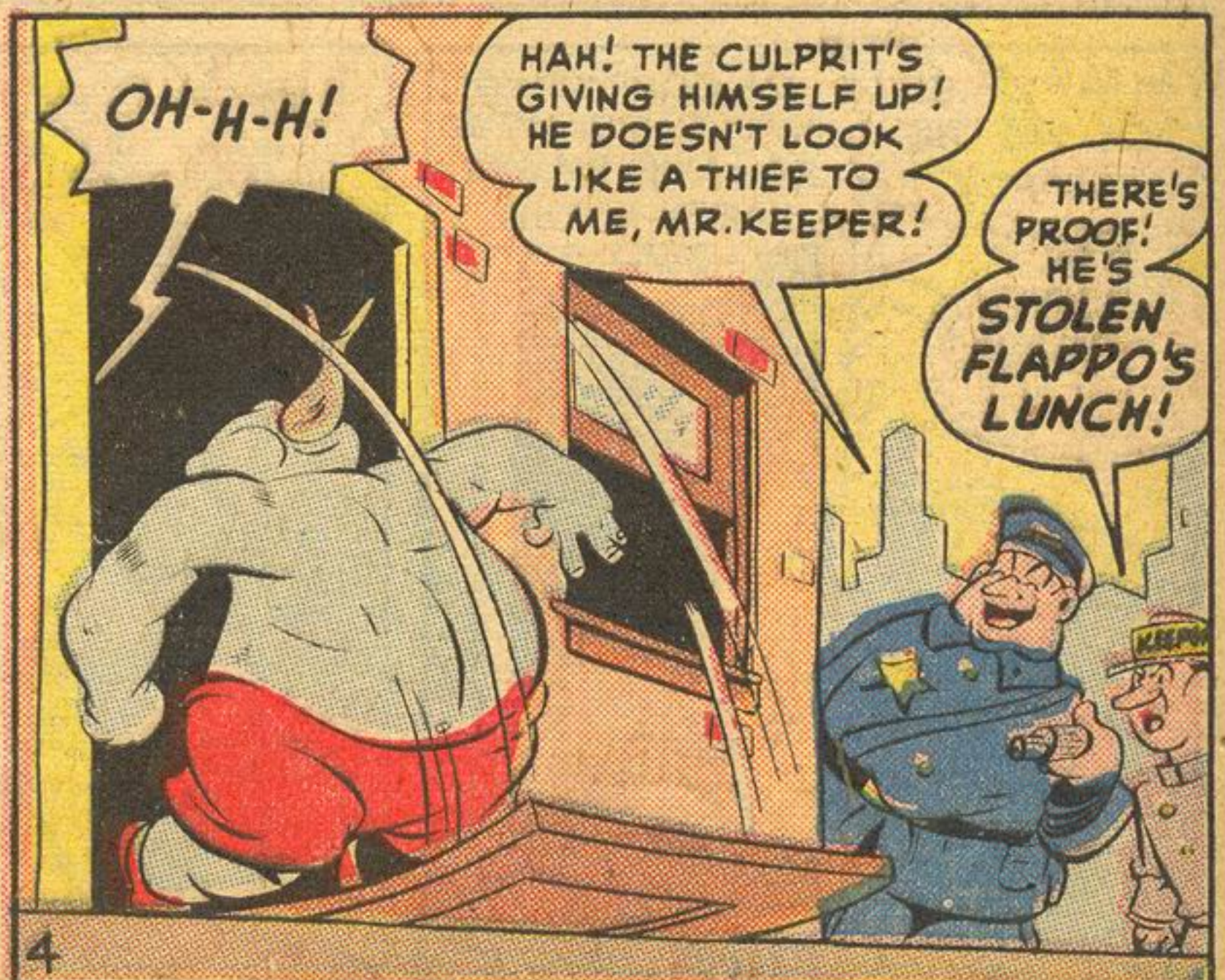
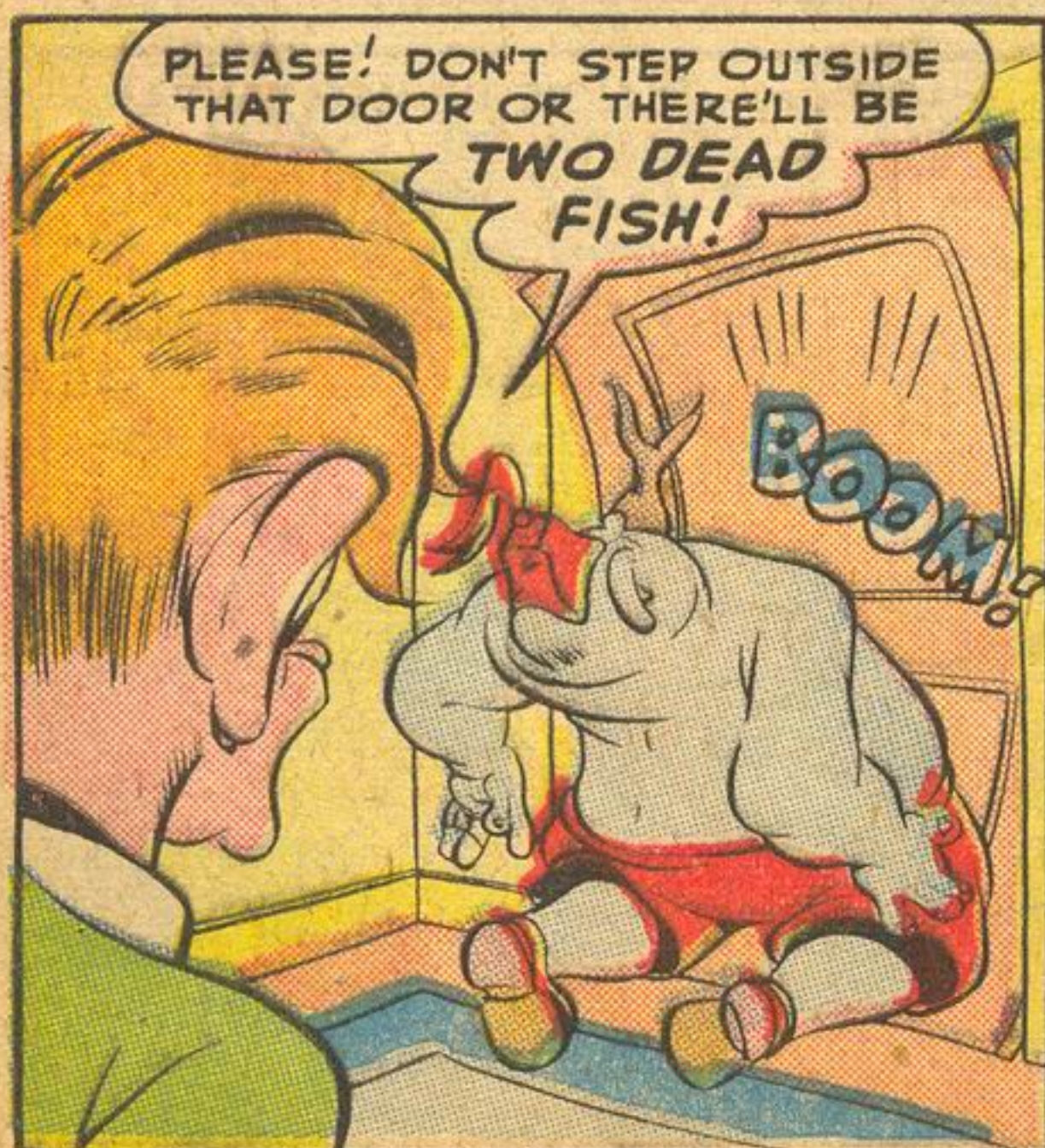
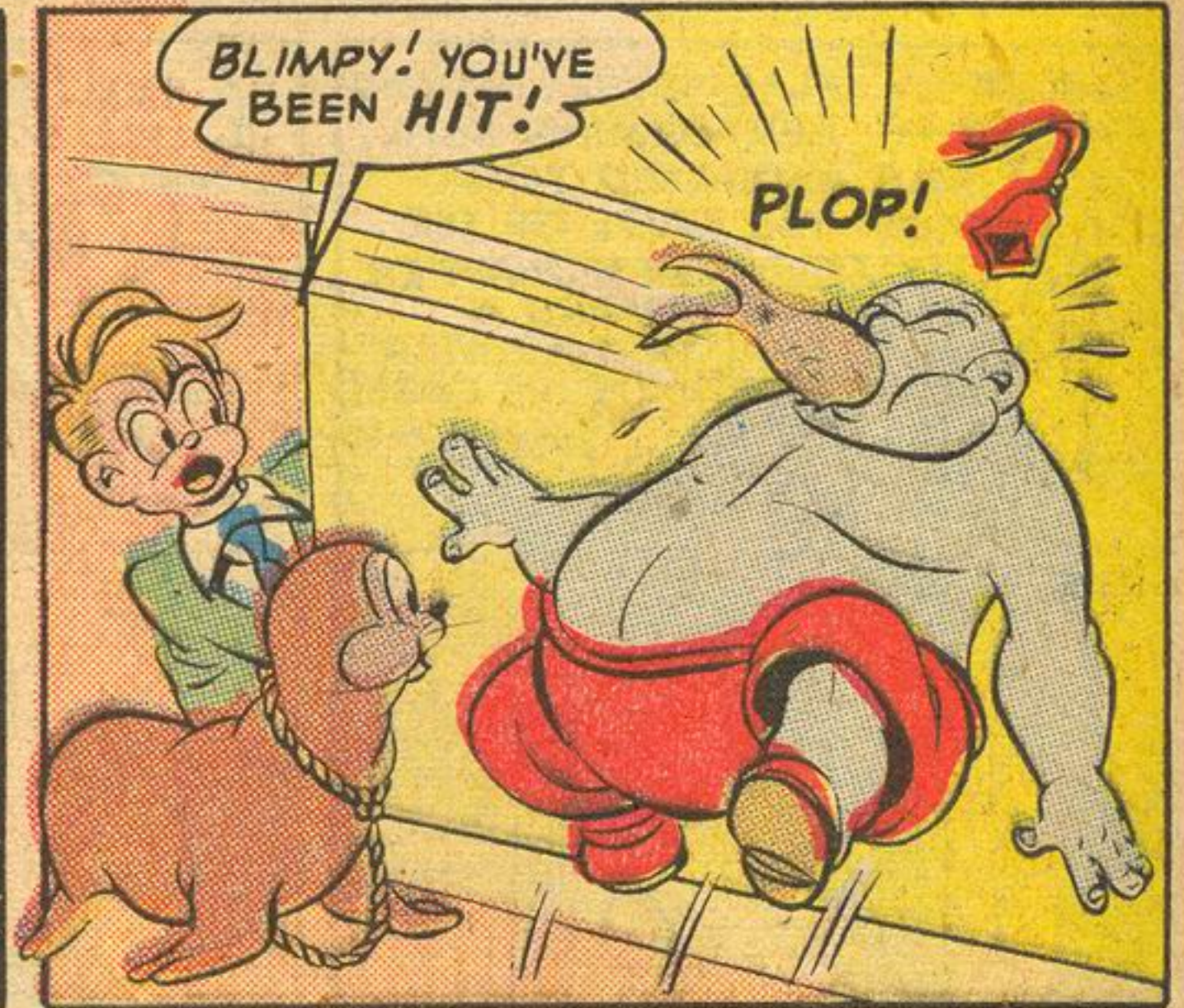
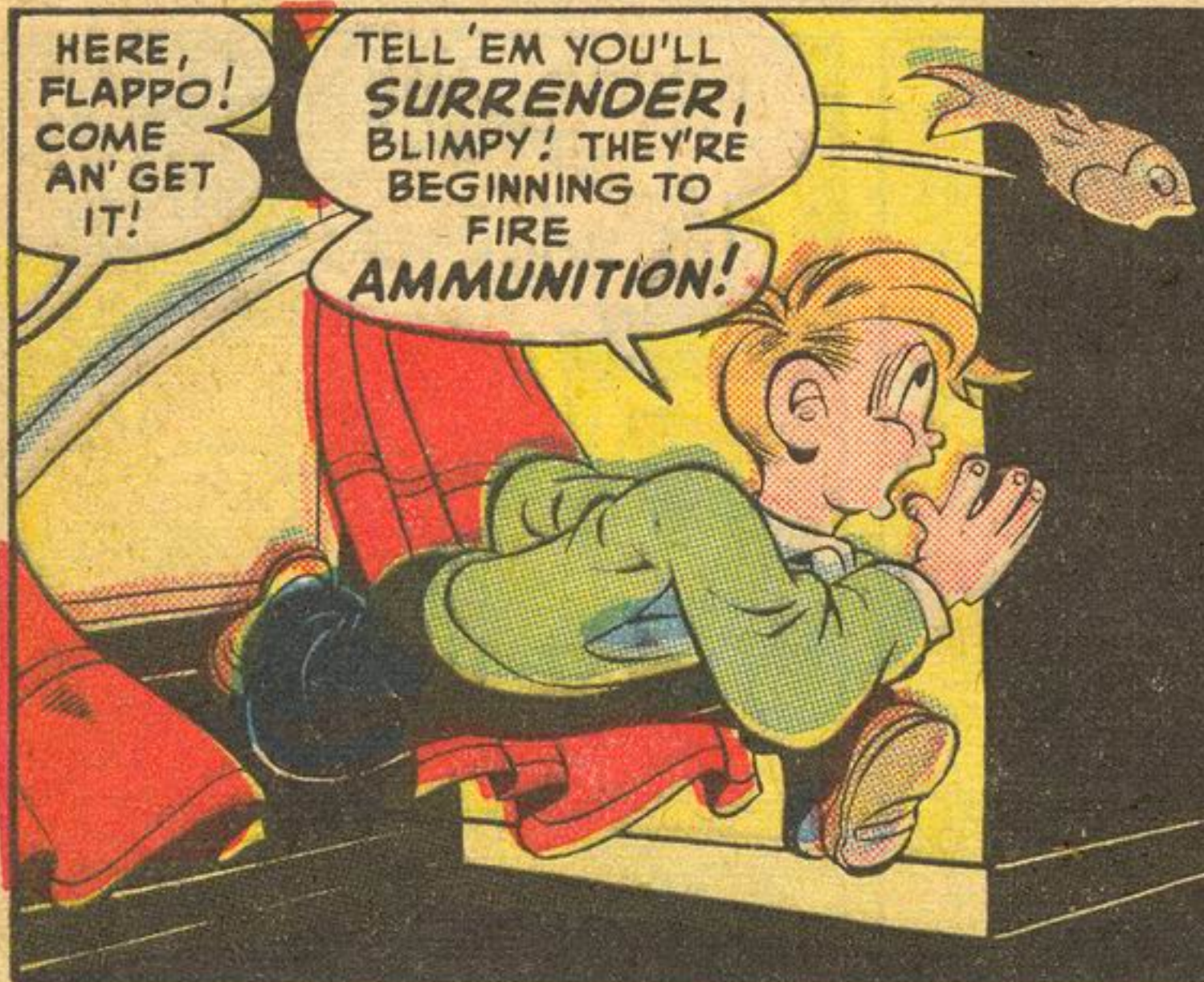
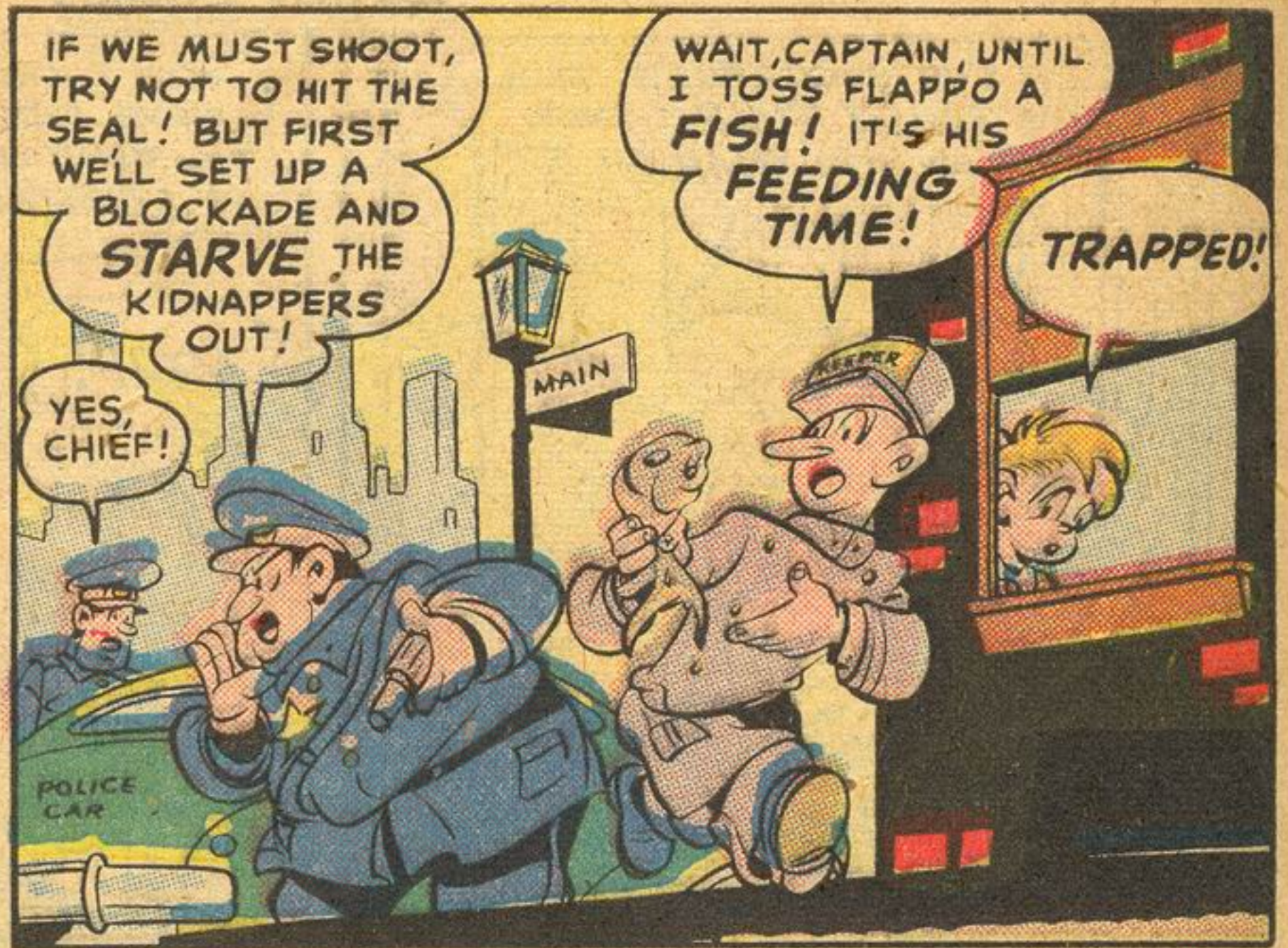


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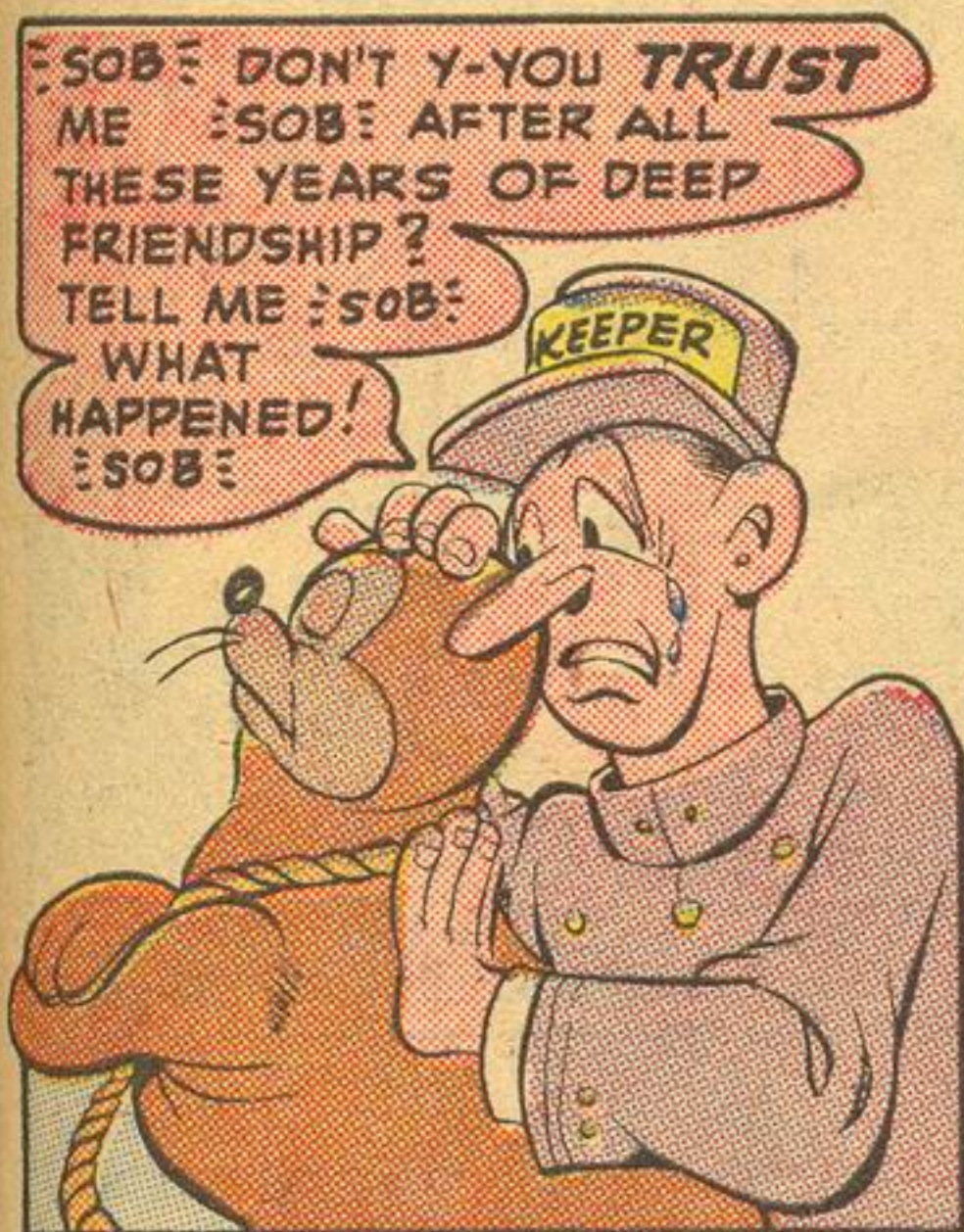


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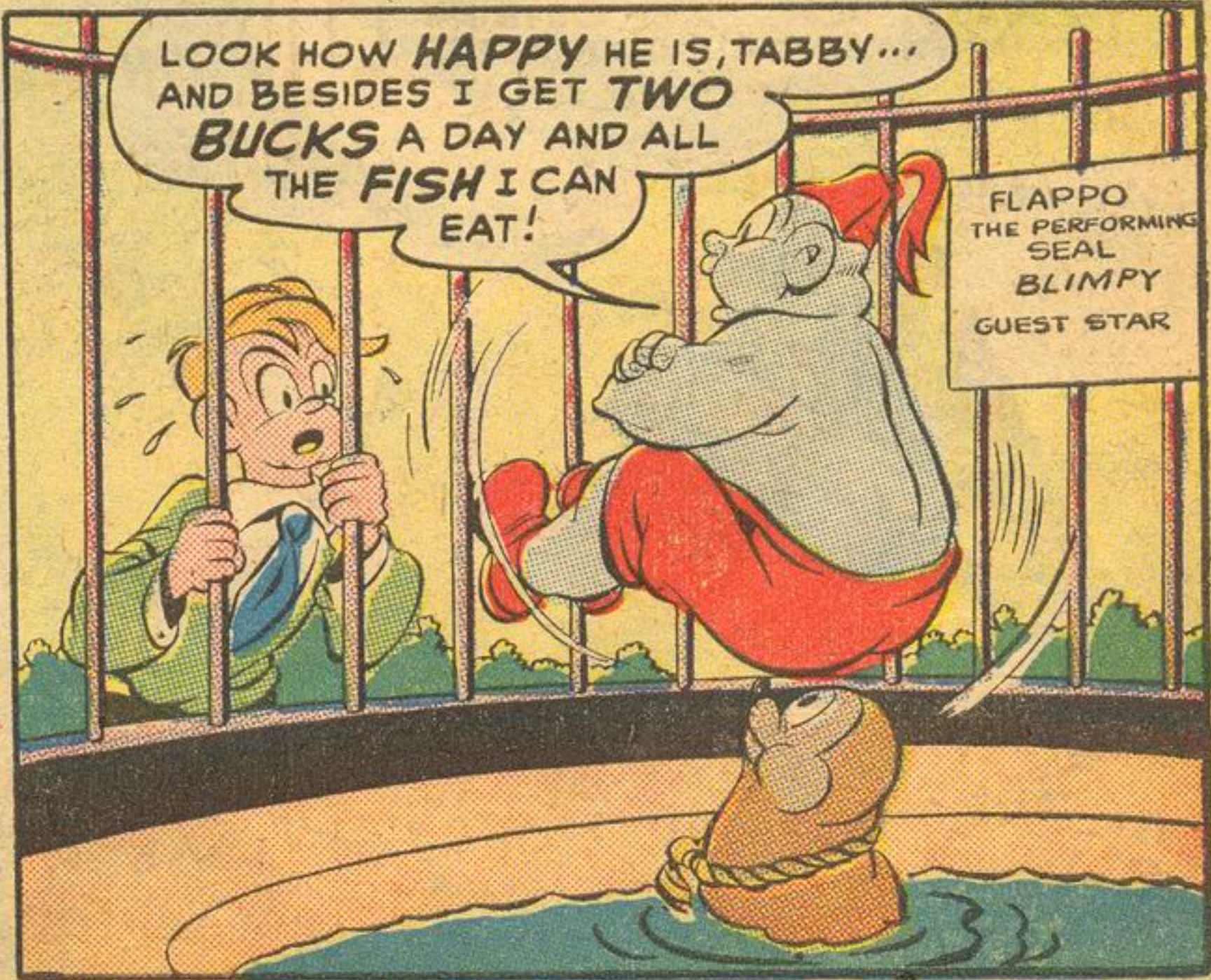




FEATURE COMICS



HE'LL RETURN ONLY ON ONE CONDITION!



LOOK HOW HAPPY HE IS, TABBY... AND BESIDES I GET TWO BUCKS A DAY AND ALL THE FISH I CAN EAT!

FLAPPO THE PERFORMING SEAL  
BLIMPY GUEST STAR



# RUSTY RYAN



AVAST, YE LUBBERS! GET TO WORK OR IT'S INTO THE **IRON ANNIE** WITH YE!

Our three friends, Rusty Ryan, Alababa and Pierpont Lee have decided to ship out as merchant seamen! They don't know it yet, but the trip they're going on is no joy-ride!



WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH **THIS** SHIP, RUSTY?

IT HAS A PRETTY BAD REPUTATION! ALL THE SAILORS IN PORT REFUSE TO SHIP OUT ON IT!



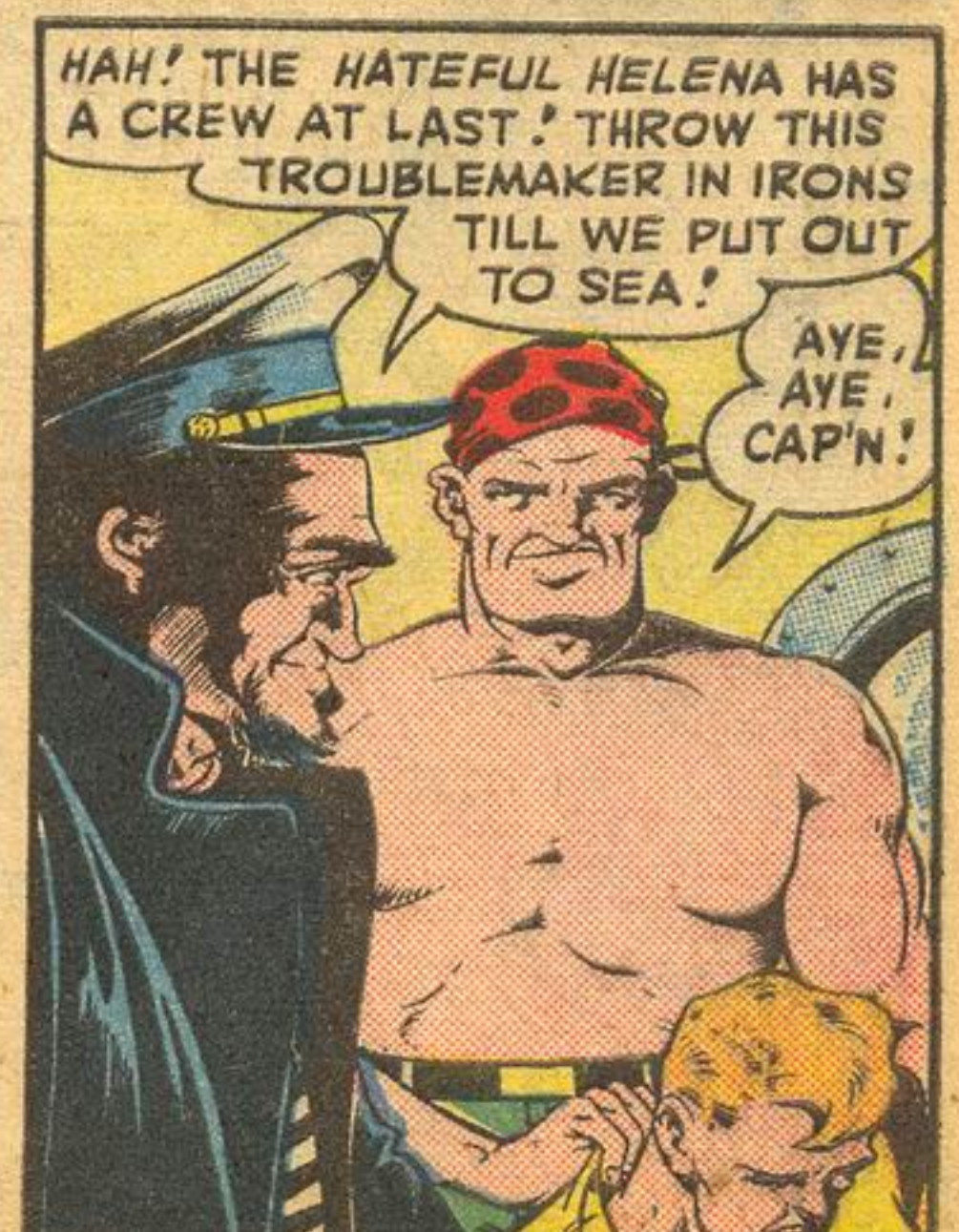
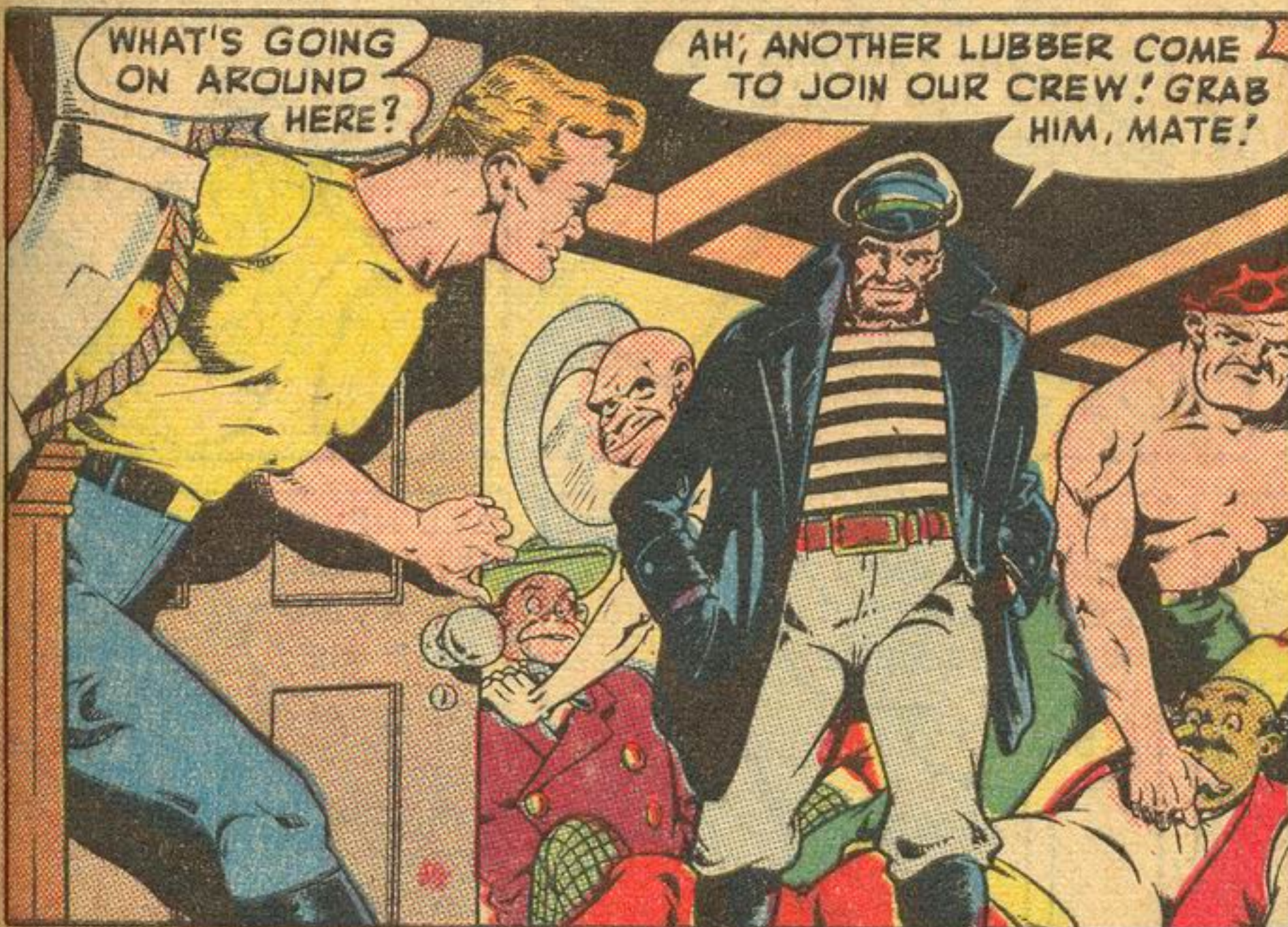
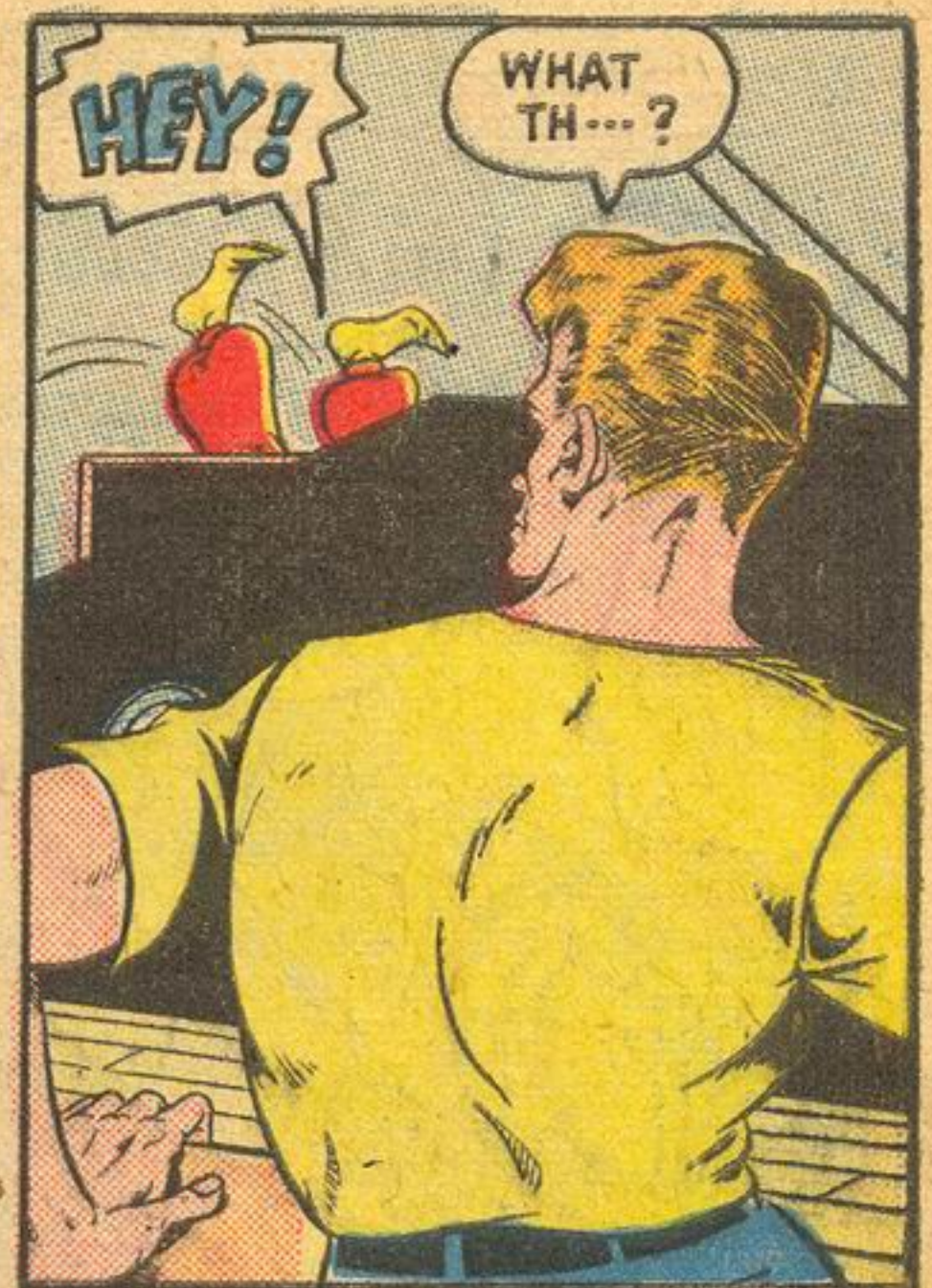
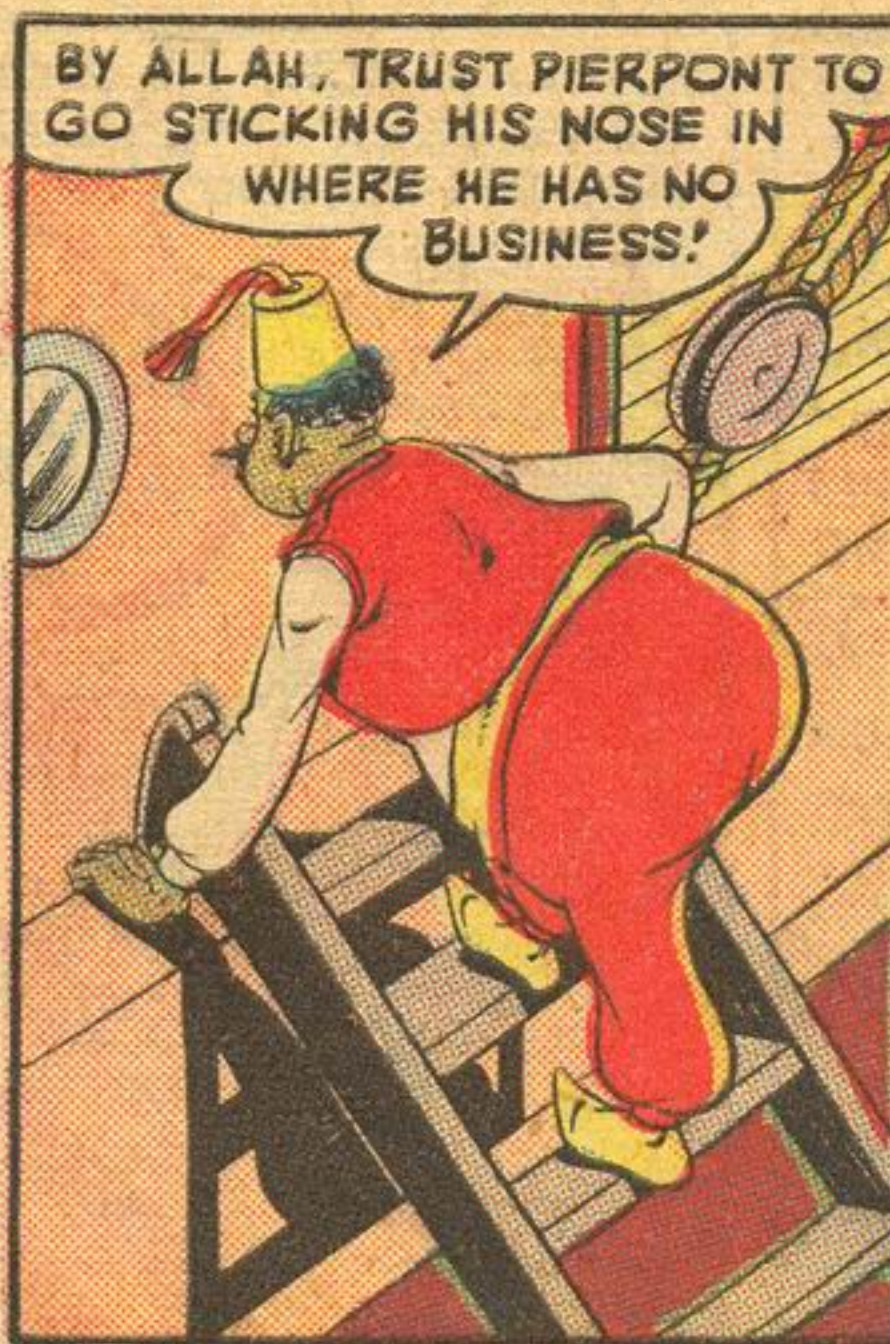
IT SHO' NUF LOOKS PURTY! THERE AIN'T NO BAD REPUTATION HERE THET AH KIN SEE!



OH-OH! IT MUST BE WHAT Y'CAIN'T SEE!

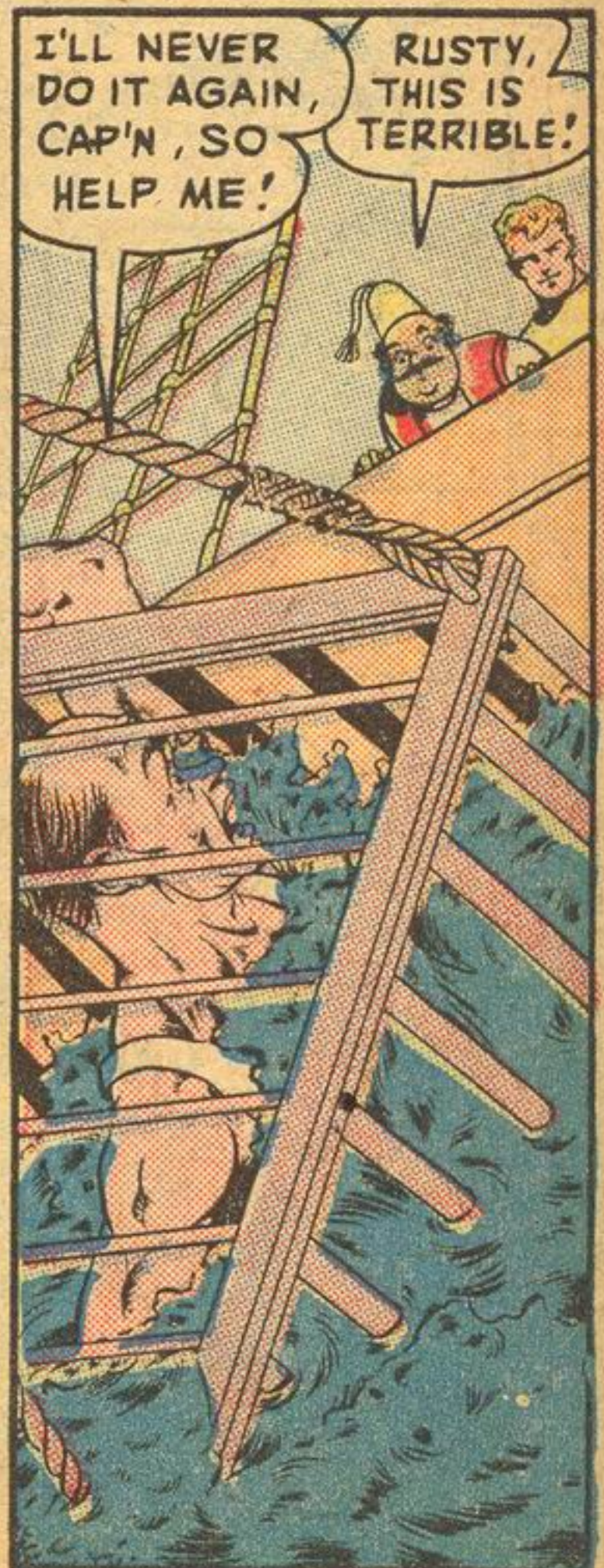
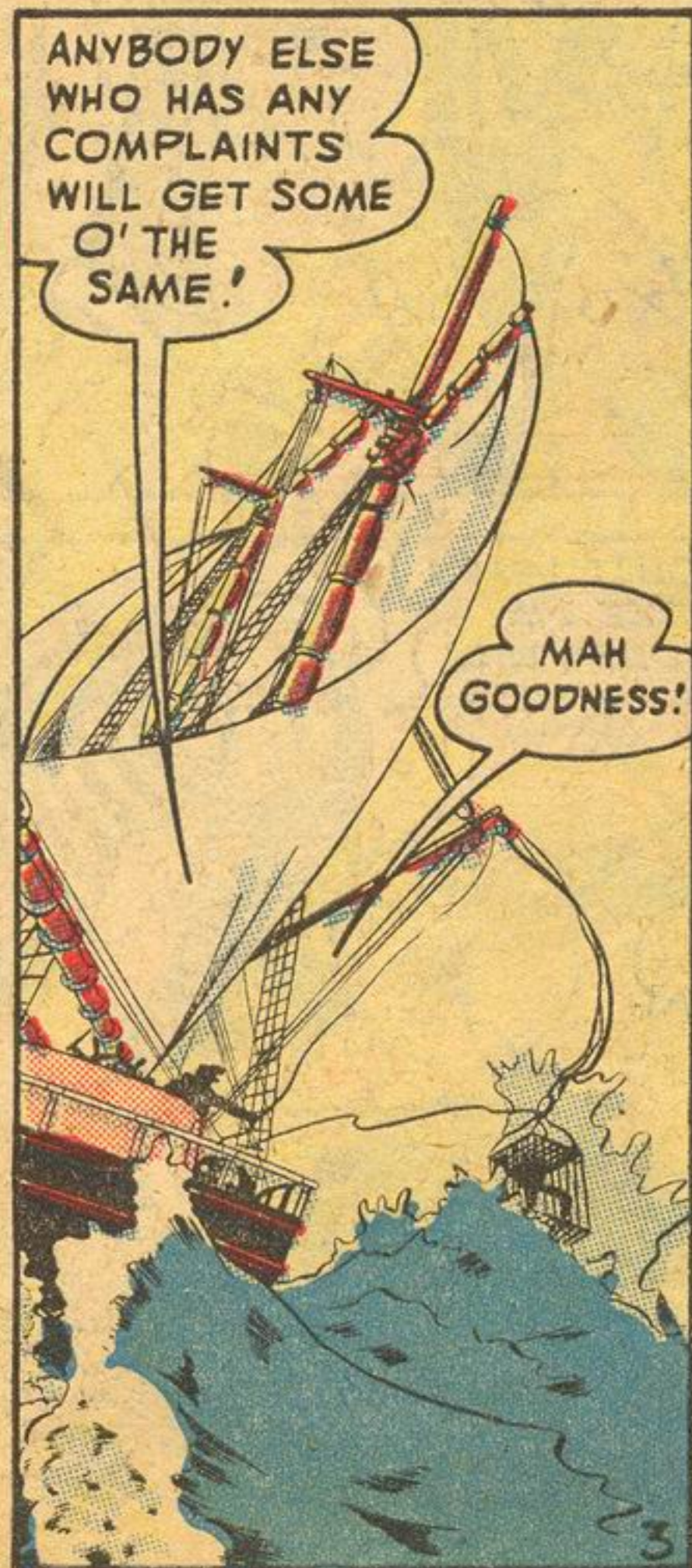


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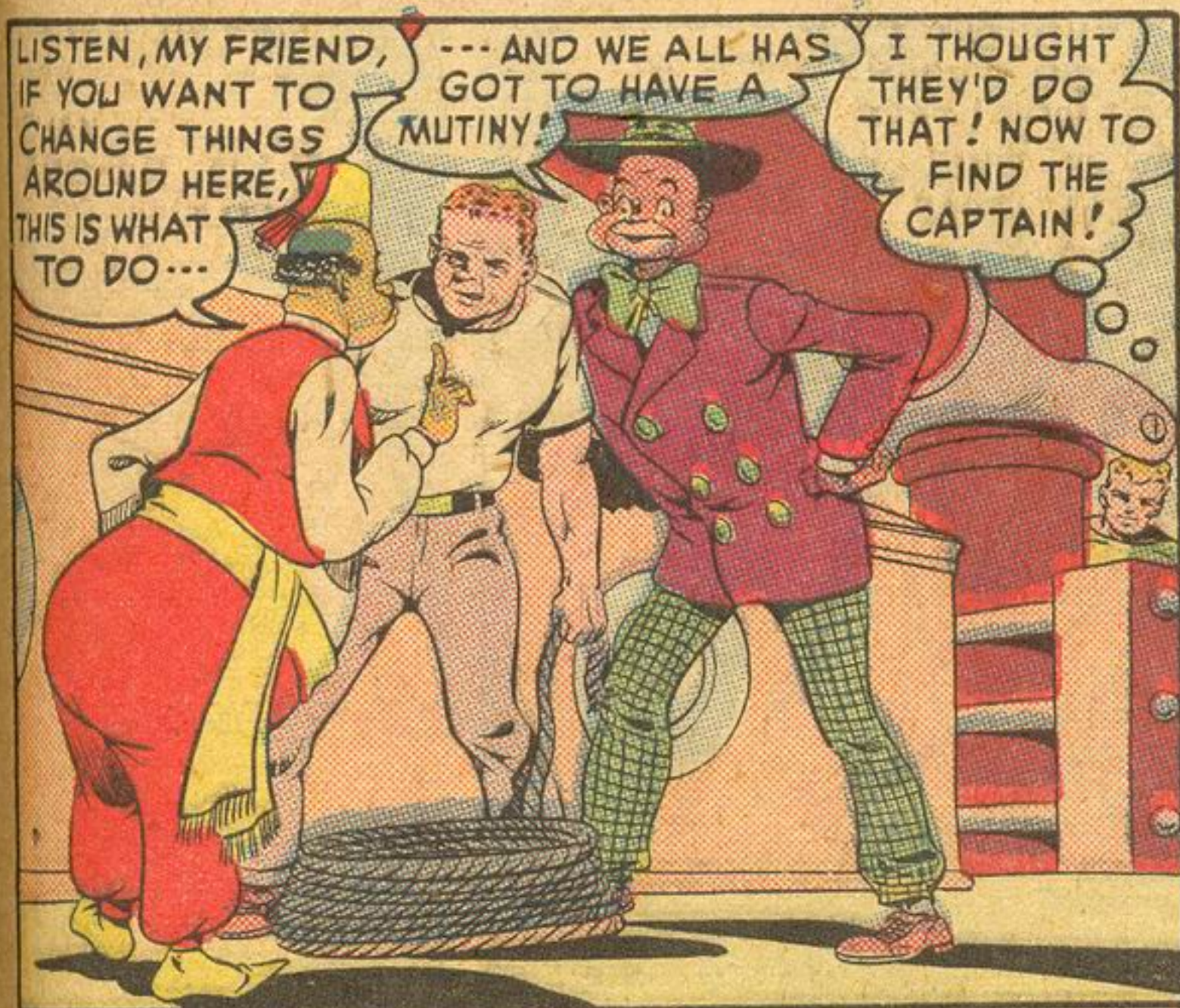
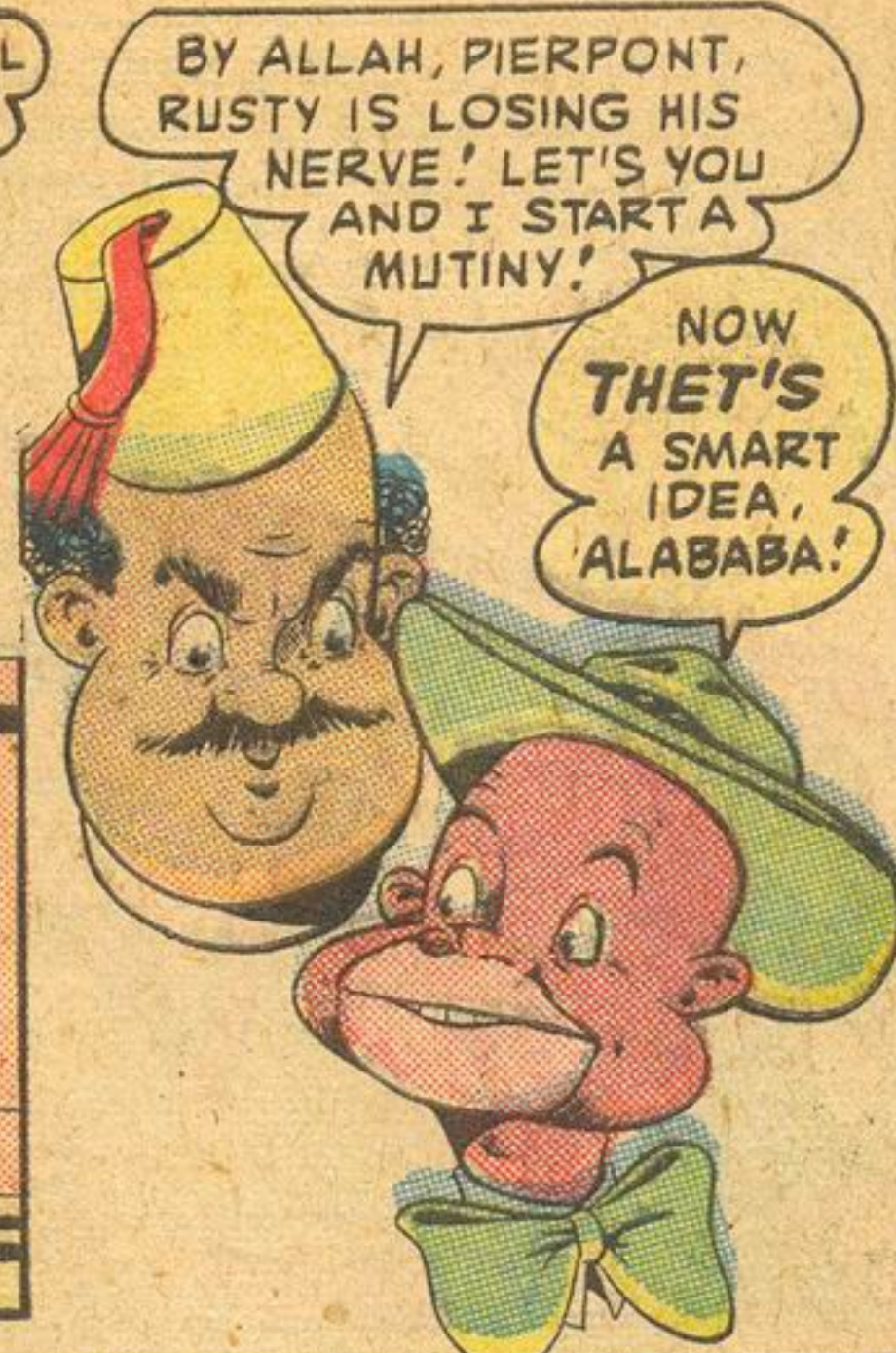


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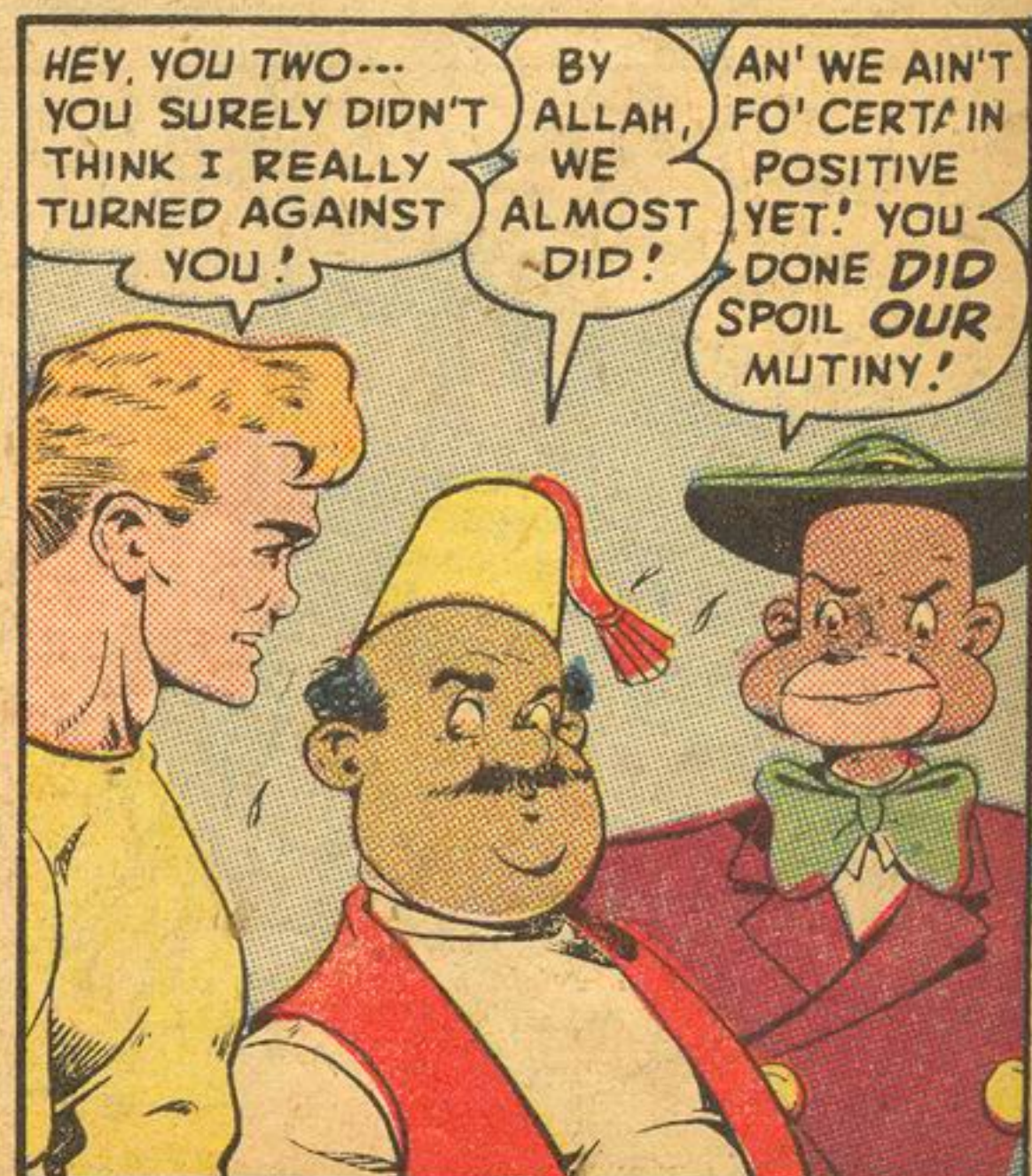
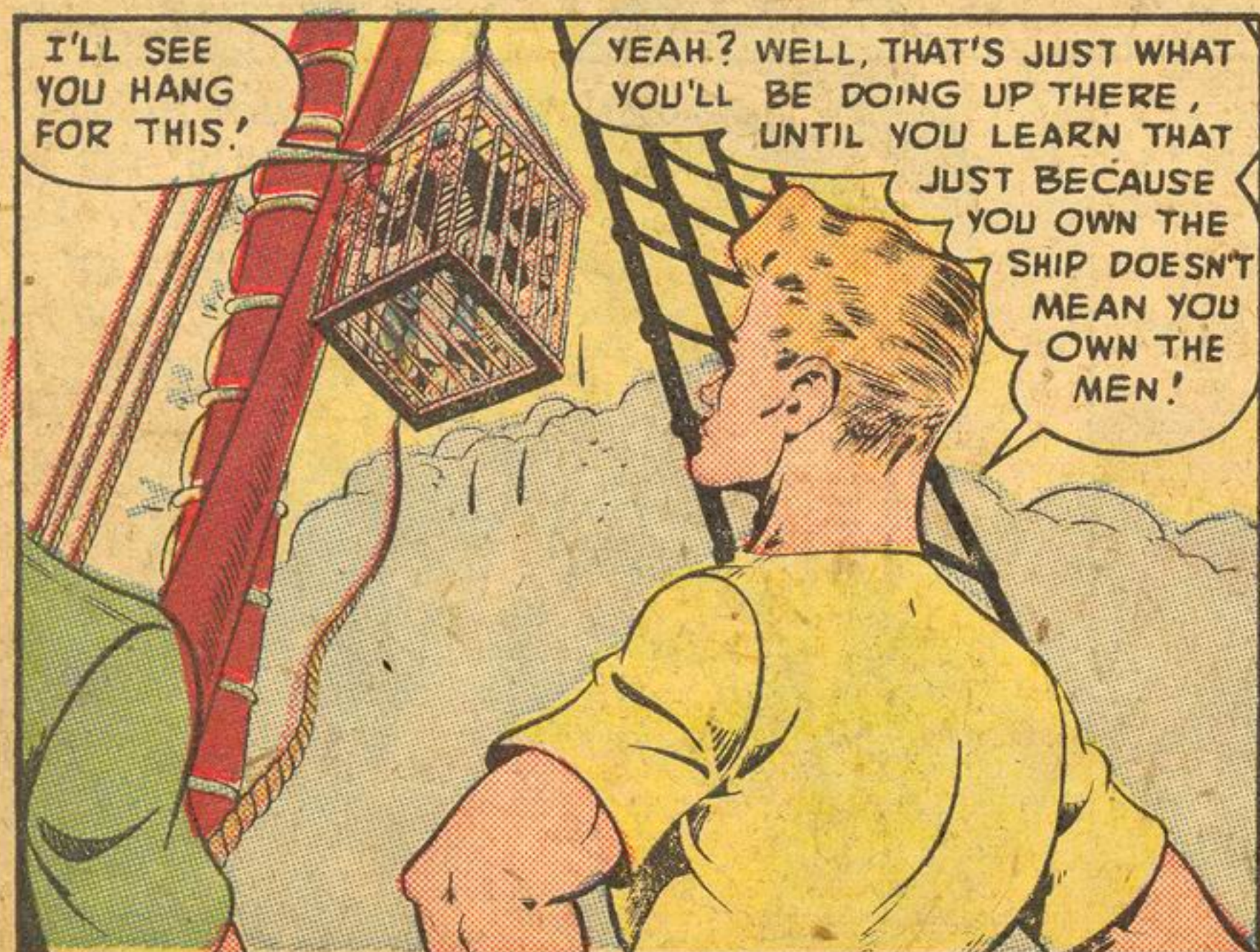
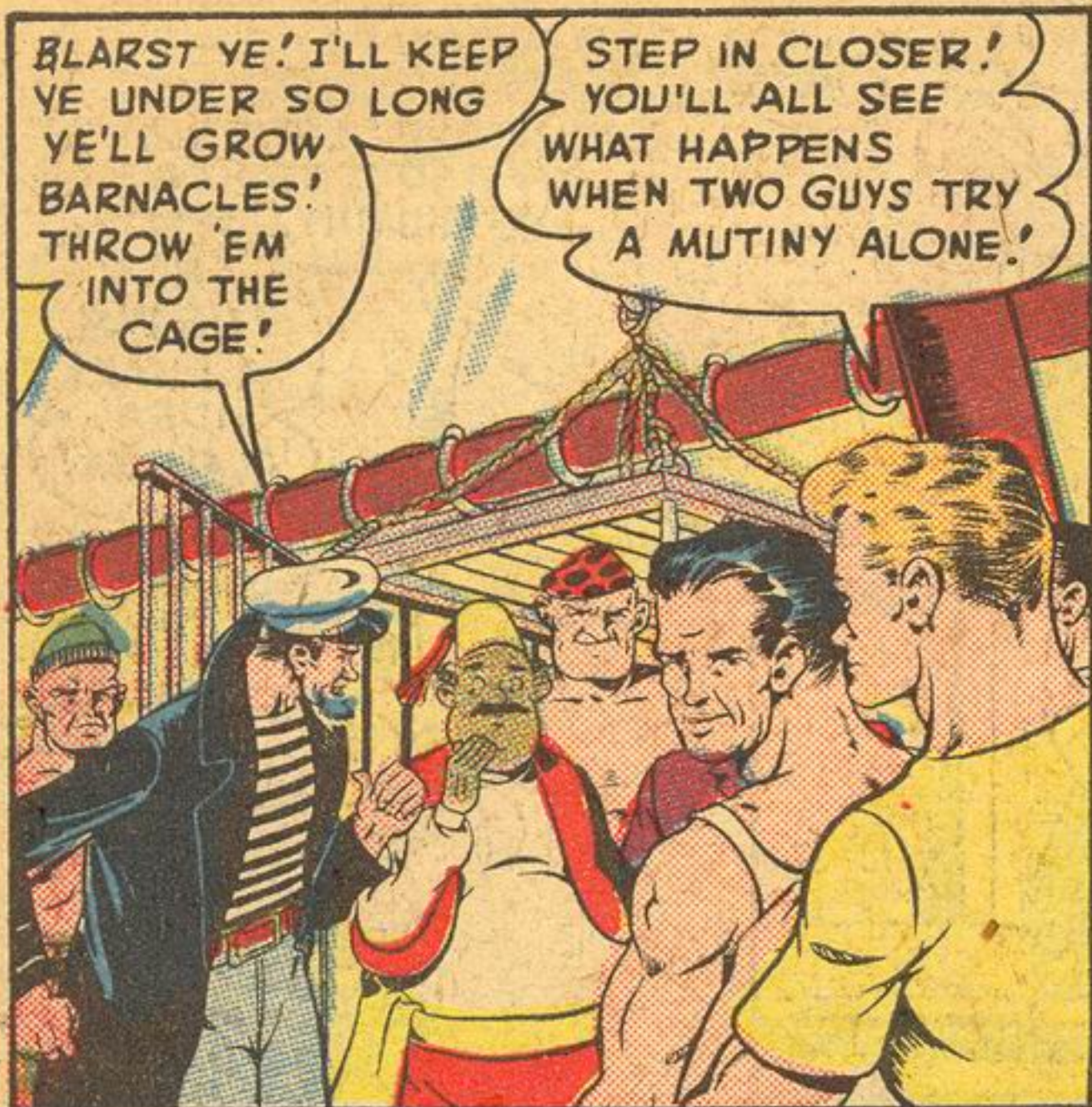


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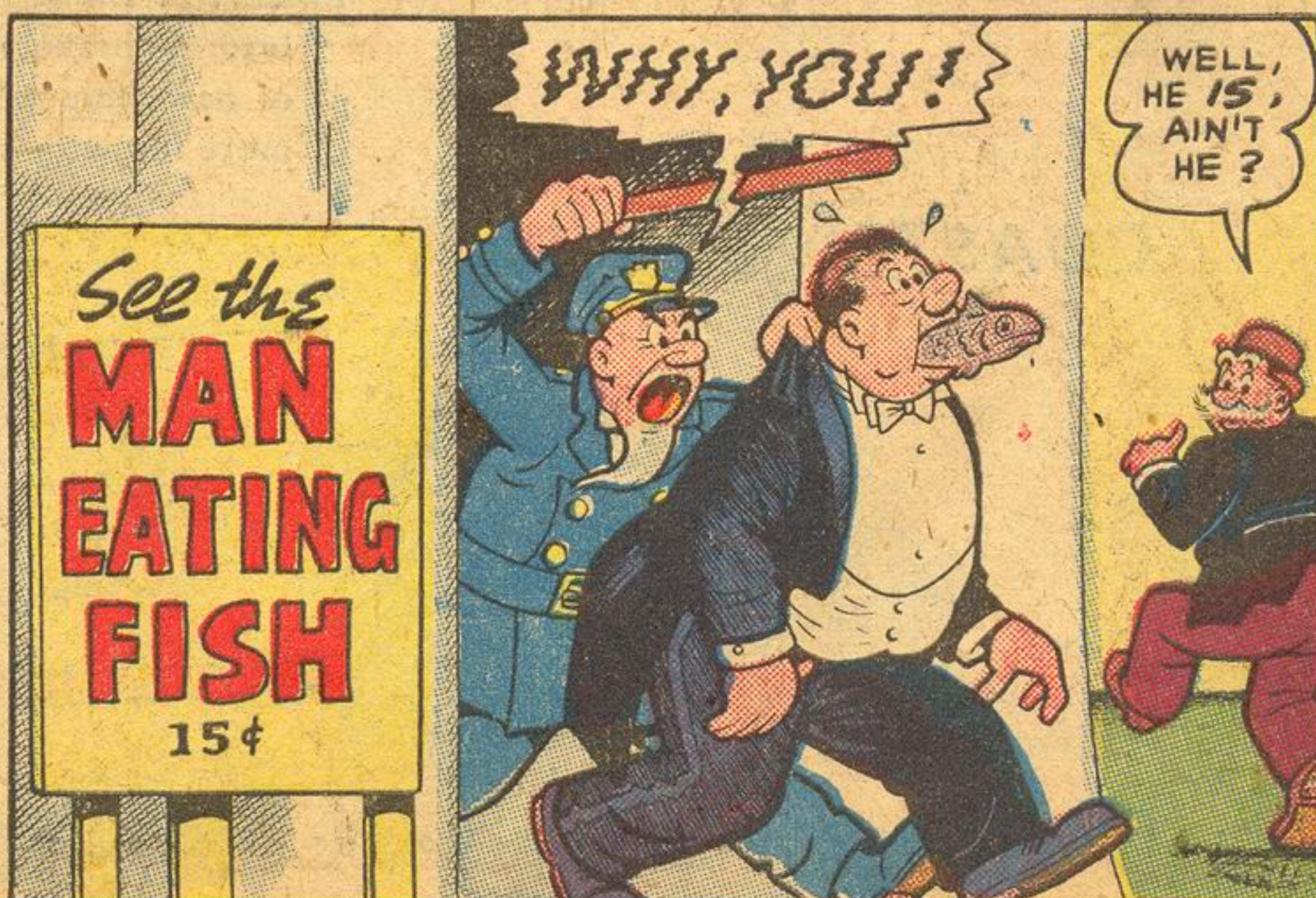




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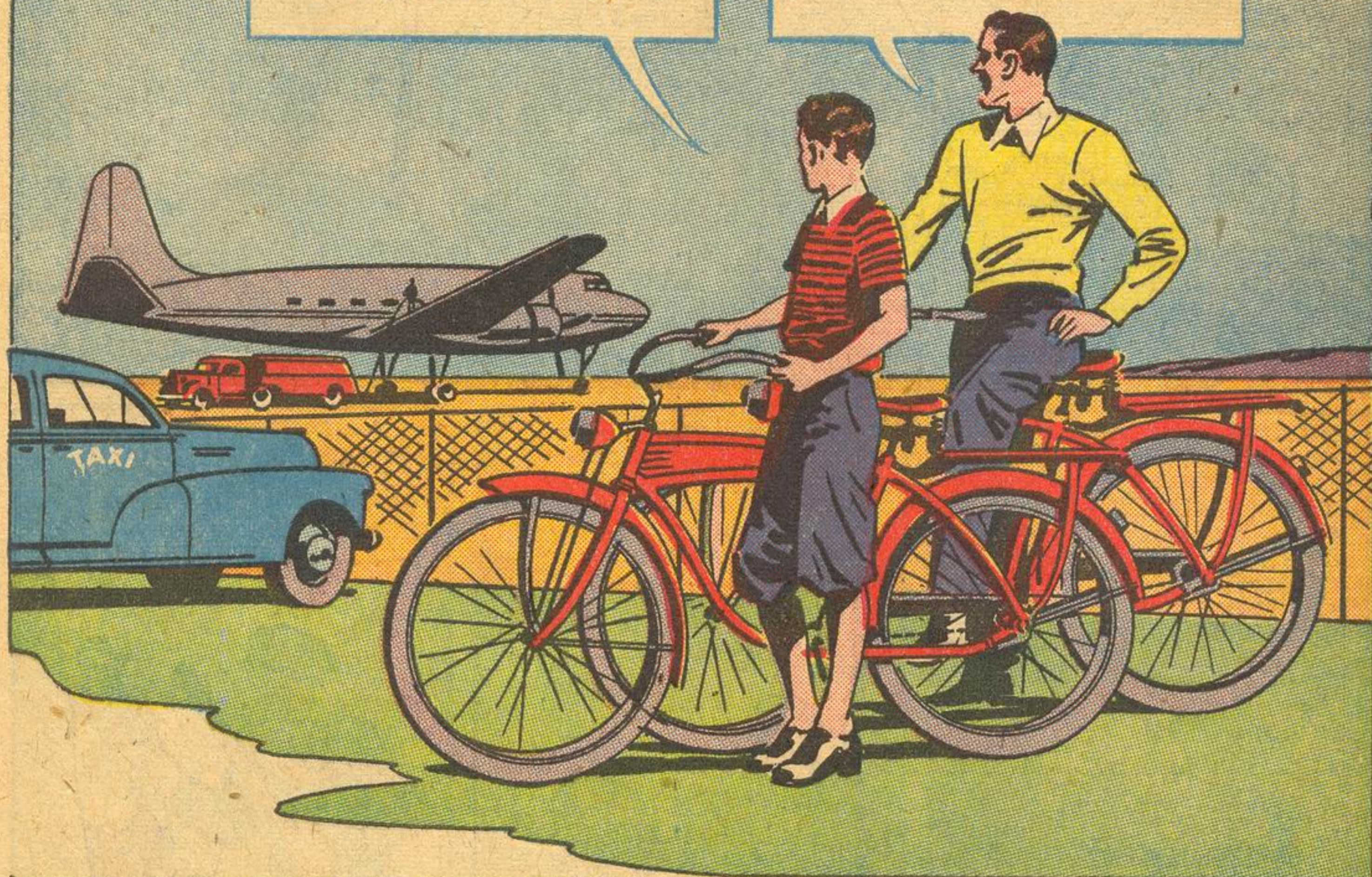






"Gosh Dad, you mean  
Bendix Brakes  
are on all three!"

"Yes Son—Bendix builds  
brakes for all types of  
planes, cars and trucks!"



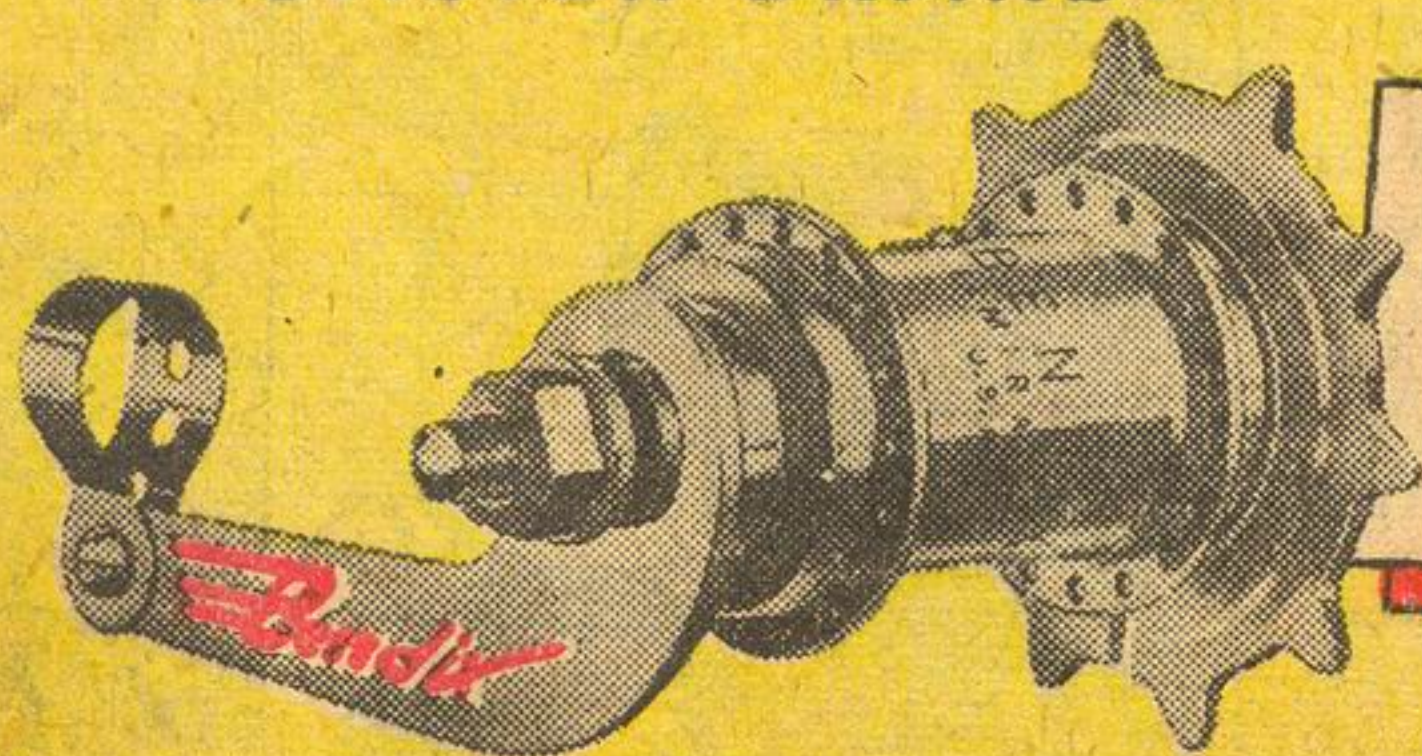
GET THE NEW

**Bendix**

COASTER BRAKE!

If you want the latest and finest coaster brake be sure that your new bike is equipped with a Bendix\* Coaster Brake. It is made by one of America's leading brake manufacturers and has all kinds of new features. You'll find bicycle riding a lot more fun with a Bendix Coaster Brake. \*TRADEMARK

IT COASTS LONGER • IT PEDALS EASIER  
IT STOPS QUICKER



JUST LOOK AT THESE FEATURES

- ★ Easy to put together and take apart
- ★ Longer Life
- ★ Fewer Parts
- ★ Easier to Pedal
- ★ Stops Quicker
- ★ Coasts Longer

ECLIPSE MACHINE DIVISION of

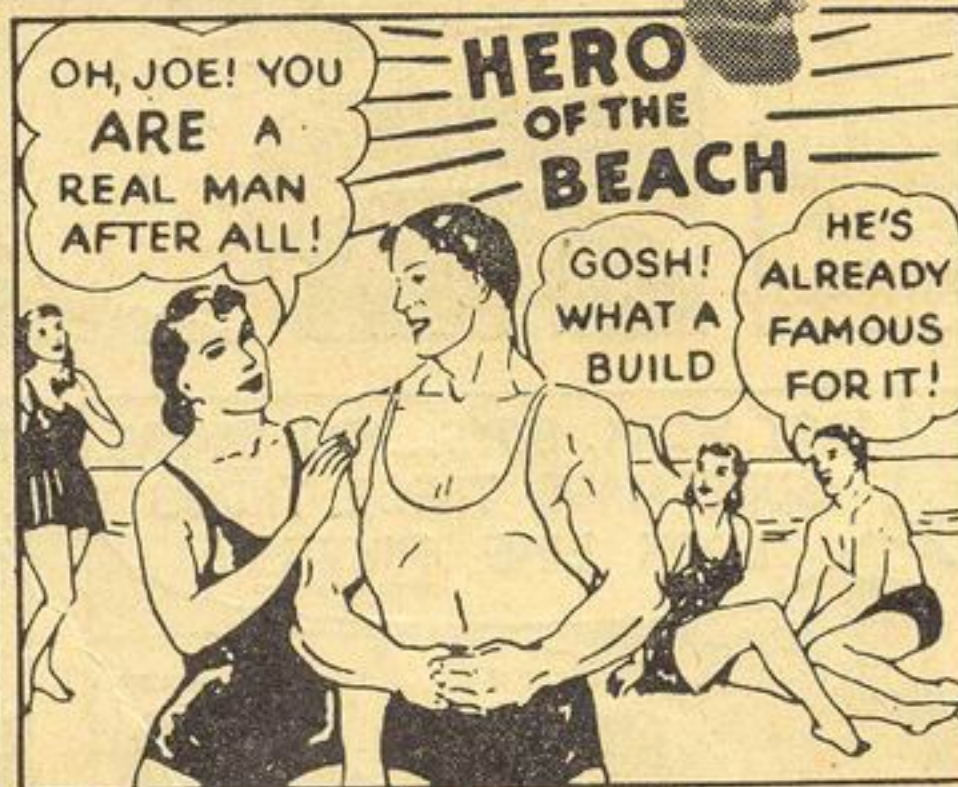
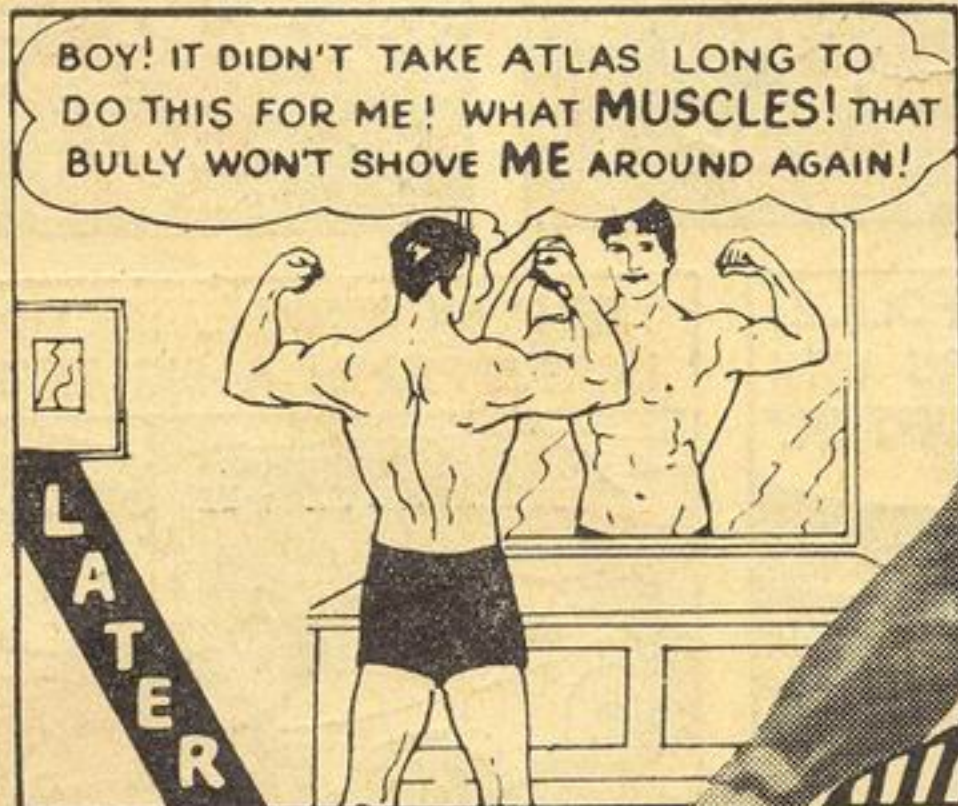
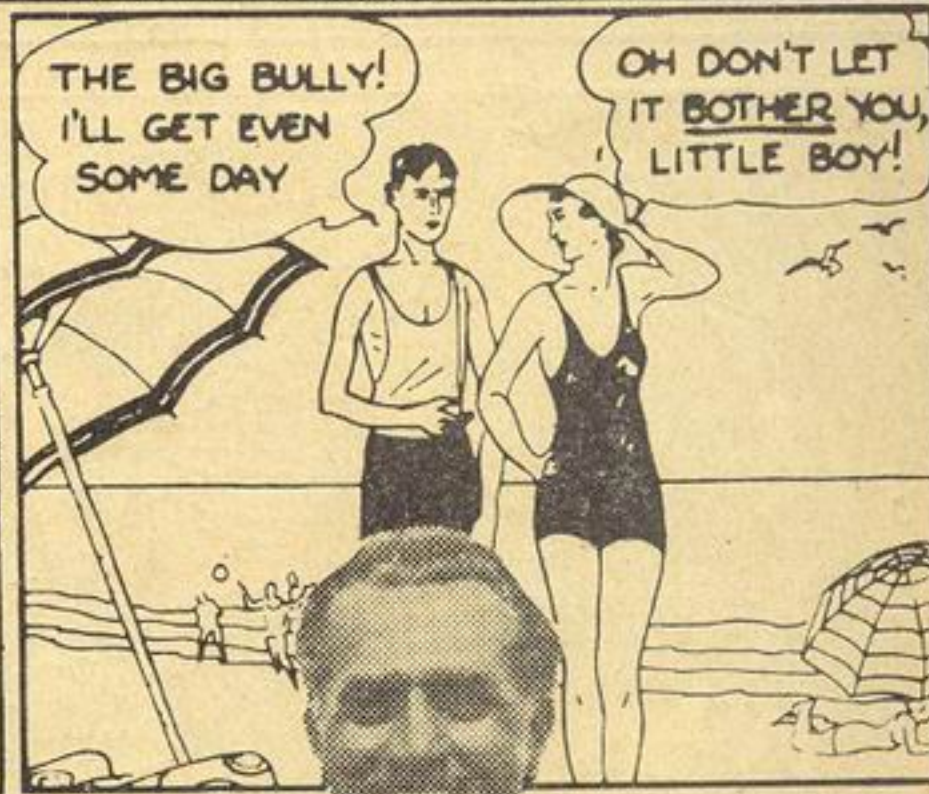
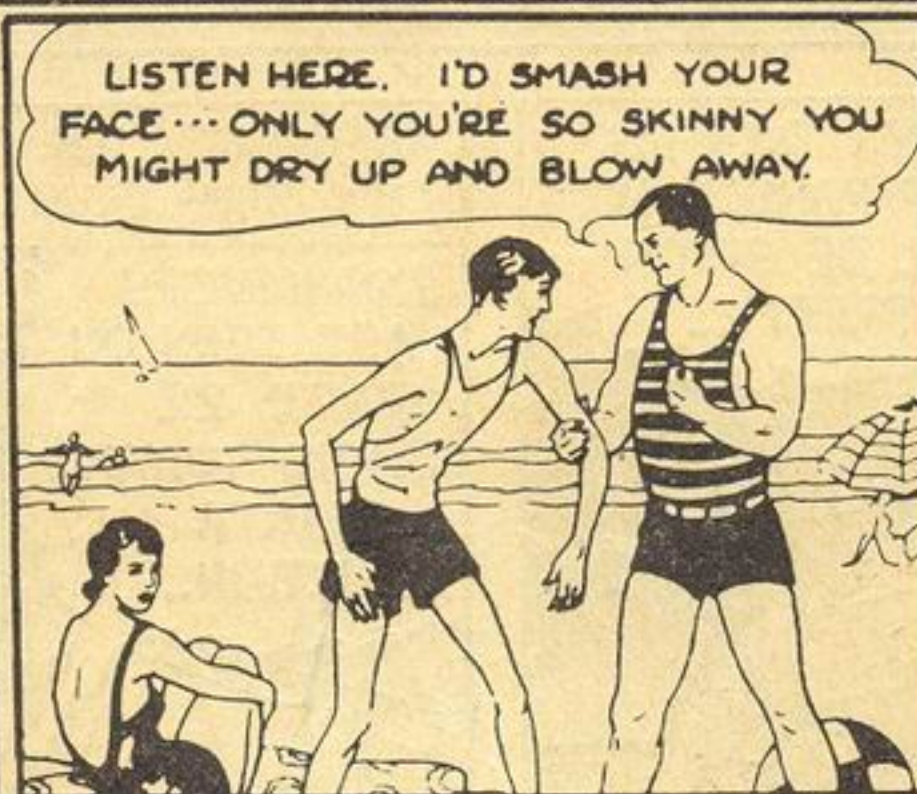


ELMIRA, NEW YORK



HOW JOE'S BODY  
BROUGHT HIM

# FAME INSTEAD OF SHAME



## I Can Make YOU a New Man, Too, in Only 15 Minutes a Day!

If YOU, like Joe, have a body that others can "push around"—if you're ashamed to strip for sports or a swim—then give me just 15 minutes a day! I'll PROVE you can have a body you'll be proud of, packed with red-blooded vitality! "Dynamic Tension." That's the secret! That's how I changed myself from a spindle-shanked, scrawny weakling to winner of the title, "World's Most Perfectly Developed Man."

### "Dynamic Tension" Does It!

Using "Dynamic Tension" only 15 minutes a day, in the privacy of your own room, you quickly begin to put on muscle, increase your chest measurements, broaden your back, fill out your arms and legs. Before you know it, this easy,

NATURAL method will make you a finer specimen of REAL MANHOOD than you ever dreamed you could be! You'll be a New Man!

### FREE BOOK

Thousands of fellows have used my marvelous system. Read what they say—see how they looked before and after—in my book, "Everlasting Health and Strength."

Send NOW for this book—FREE. It tells all about "Dynamic Tension," shows you actual photos of men I've turned from puny weaklings into Atlas Champions. It tells how I can do the same for YOU. Don't put it off! Address me personally: Charles Atlas, Dept. 3308, 115 East 23rd St., New York 10, N.Y.



Charles Atlas

—actual photo of the man who holds the title, "The World's Most Perfectly Developed Man."

**CHARLES ATLAS, Dept. 3308**  
115 East 23rd St., New York 10, N.Y.

I want the proof that your system of "Dynamic Tension" will help make a New Man of me—give me a healthy, husky body and big muscular development. Send me your free book, "Everlasting Health and Strength."

Name.....Age.....  
(Please print or write plainly)

Address.....

City.....Zone No. (if any).....State.....



# "U.S." ROYAL

WITH HIS  
JET-PROPELLED BIKE



"OUTWITTING  
The KIDNAPPERS"



WHEN THEY FIND  
THAT RANSOM NOTE,  
I'LL BE SITTING  
PRETTY...

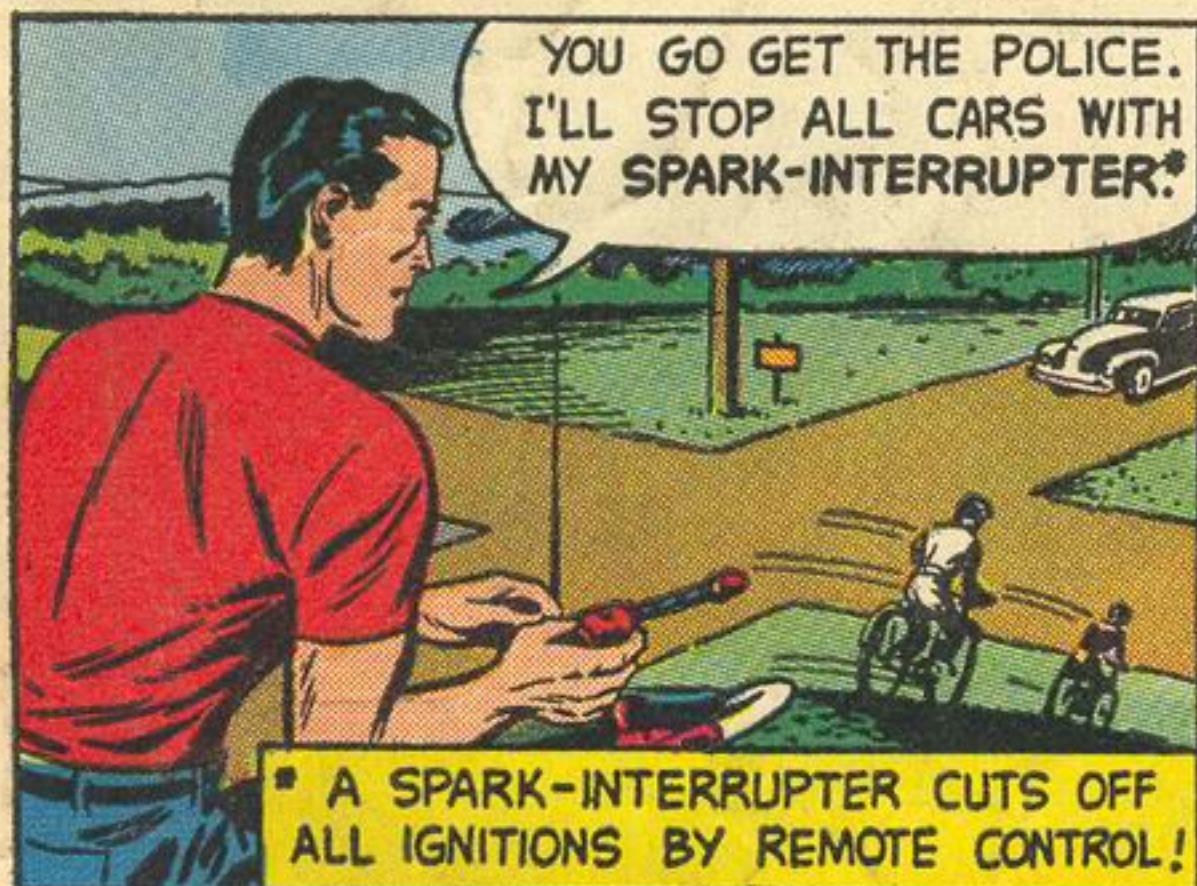


AS DEPUTY U.S. ROYAL AND THE BOYS OF THE ELM  
CITY BIKE CLUB HEAR POLICE RADIO FLASH...

...KIDNAPPERS  
LAST SEEN ON  
ROUTE 22  
DRIVING TOWARD  
SPARTA  
MOUNTAIN...

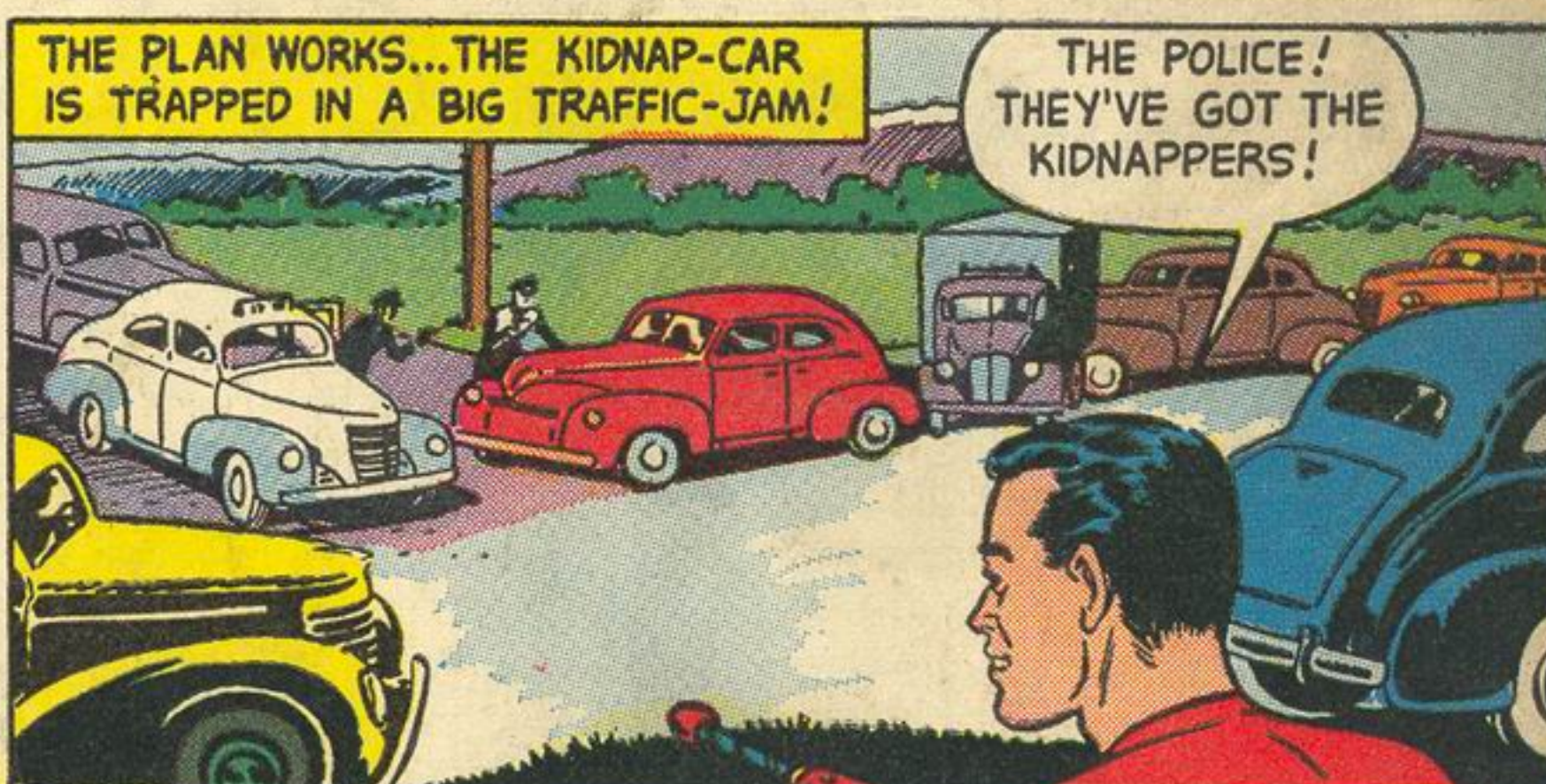
GOLLY...  
THEY'RE HEADING  
THIS WAY!

COME ON,  
FELLAS...WE'RE  
HEADING FOR  
THE CROSSROADS!



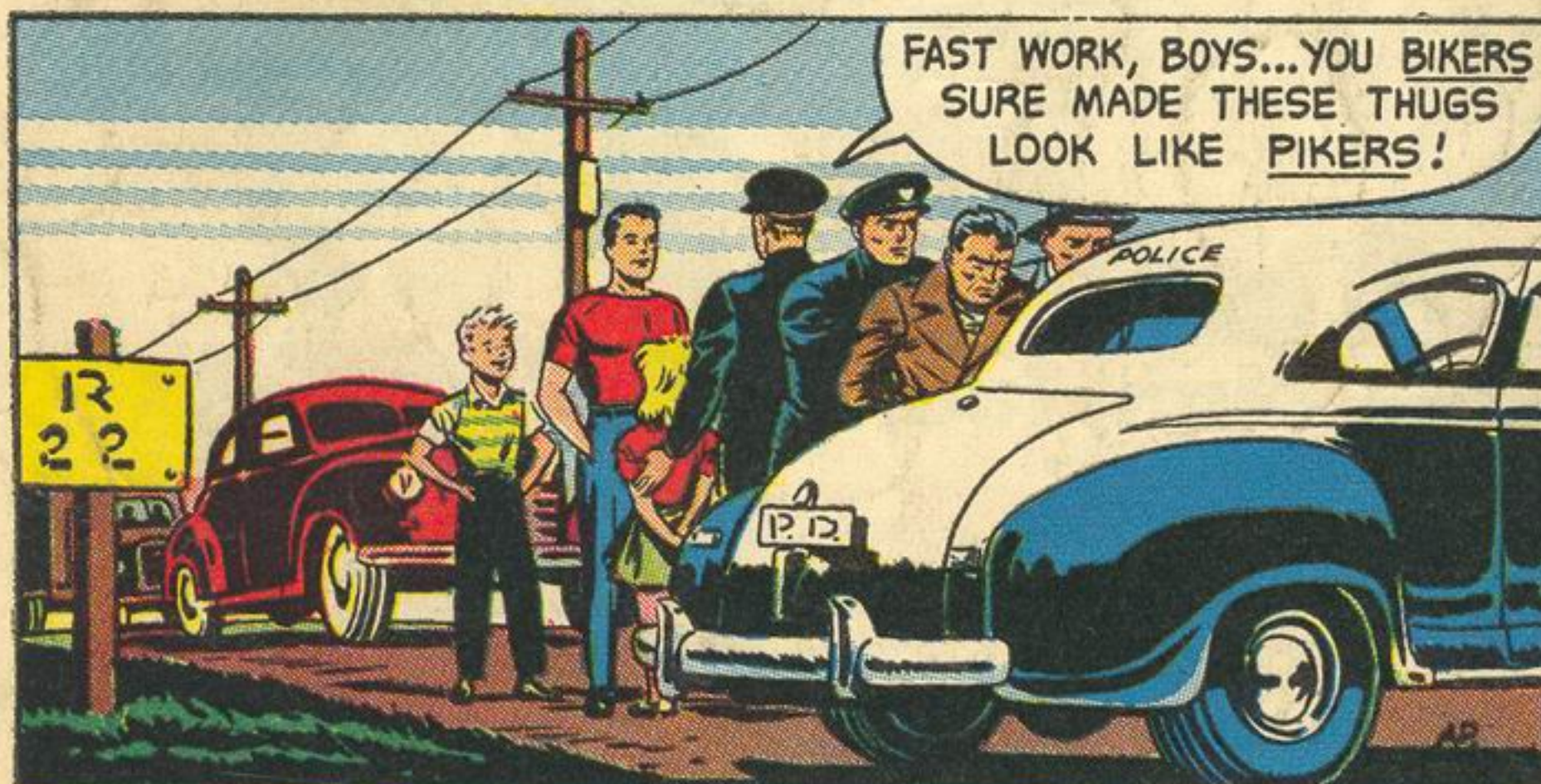
YOU GO GET THE POLICE.  
I'LL STOP ALL CARS WITH  
MY SPARK-INTERRUPTER!

A SPARK-INTERRUPTER CUTS OFF  
ALL IGNITIONS BY REMOTE CONTROL!



THE PLAN WORKS...THE KIDNAP-CAR  
IS TRAPPED IN A BIG TRAFFIC-JAM!

THE POLICE!  
THEY'VE GOT THE  
KIDNAPPERS!



FAST WORK, BOYS...YOU BIKERS  
SURE MADE THESE THUGS  
LOOK LIKE PIKERS!



FELLAS...THE BOYS OF THE BIKE CLUB  
AND I ARE MIGHTY PARTIAL TO U.S.  
ROYAL BIKE TIRES. THAT BUILT-IN  
SKID CHAIN GIVES US REAL  
CONTROL AT TOP SPEED!



"I CAN STOP FASTER-EASIER-  
WITH THAT BUILT-IN SKID CHAIN"  
--- SAYS "U.S." ROYAL.

U.S. ROYAL BIKE TIRES ARE THE FAVORITE  
WITH MOST BOYS. THE REASON? THAT BUILT-IN  
SKID CHAIN GRIPS THE ROAD--IN ANY  
WEATHER--GIVES QUICKER, SURER STOPS.  
WHY NOT TRY U.S. ROYALS ON YOUR BIKE?

NEXT ISSUE:  
TRAPPING A  
BANDIT!

## U.S. BIKE TIRES

America's Fastest Selling Tires



UNITED STATES RUBBER COMPANY  
Serving Through Science